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THE FONT OF LIBERTY

BY WILLIAM P. GEST

THE first General Assembly ever held in Pennsylvania, by the law passed at Upland in 1682, required that 'the laws of this province, from time to time, shall be published and printed, that every person may have knowledge thereof; and that they shall be one of the books taught in the schools of this province and territory thereof.' Here by this 'fit and wholesome ordinance,' passed with the 'providential circumspection' of the Quakers, it was contemplated that not only lawyers but even children should be drilled in the statutes from infancy; and in our happy State ignorance of the law excuses no one, because under the Upland Statute such ignorance cannot exist.

Moreover the whole body of our Pennsylvania legislation probably does not exceed 41,736 Statutes. The last Legislature passed only 451 new Acts. So that our children by reading, say, an act a day (omitting Saturdays and Sundays, and a moderate vacation) can keep abreast with current legislation; and, by reading four additional, or a total of only five a day, can readily catch up with the past Statutory Law of Province and State in about forty-two years, when they will be properly prepared for a review of Federal legislation. I do not guarantee this estimate, but anyone contemplating this course may count the laws for himself. He will find that (perhaps injudiciously) I have omitted joint and concurrent resolutions, in which our children would be equally interested.

At a time when 'capacity production' is regarded as the great desideratum, every well-wisher of his country must be interested in the widening scope of legislation, and the increased activity of our legislatures.

We stand at the threshold of a New Liberty. Liberty now consists in the voluntary subjection of the will of the citizen to law: —

> Naught nobler is than to be free;
> The stars of heaven are free because
> In amplitude of liberty
> Their joy is to obey the laws.

This sentiment must be politically true (I say nothing as to its physical truth), for the poet was seriously considered as Laureate. Webster stated the principle more prosaically in his Charleston Speech. 'Liberty,' said he, 'exists in proportion to wholesome restraint.'

It follows from this that the more laws we have, to which to subject our wills, the freer we are. The New Liberty then is not merely a liberty regulated by law; it is a liberty created by law. Let us examine the elements of our New Liberty.

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I

First. — We find that at its foundation lies the prohibitory principle. Government being founded for the general welfare, it follows since the days of Plato that the good citizen must be encouraged and the bad citizen restrained. This is most evidently so in a democracy, where each member has willingly committed his well-being to the State. It is a wrong, therefore, to our neighbor not to restrain him in proper bounds. In the words of the greatest of the humanitarian poets of the last century, —

> . . . Where we disavow
> Being keeper to our brother, we're his Cain.

We may congratulate ourselves that the smooth and satisfactory progress of the newest and greatest application of this principle points and paves the way to its extension. The inclusion of Prohibition in the Federal Constitution has gone far to make the United States a general legislative unit, in which the rule of the majority, or even of a minority, may now be given full play.

It is hoped by many that the prohibition of tobacco in every form may be the next step. Indeed it is difficult to understand why, with liquor, we did not also do away with 'the sooty handmaid of the vine.' Let us take a moment to show that such restriction is, in fact, more logical than that of liquor.

It is especially to be noted that tobacco is very exhausting to the ground, and the economical use of our agricultural lands in the face of an increasing population demands that they be put to more productive crops — such as arrowroot and spinach, both of which are recognized as nutritious; spinach indeed, on account of the iron which it contains, may be ranked as one of the noblest of tonics.

That large proportion of my readers which is addicted to religious reading will no doubt instantly recall the encomium which the Shakespeare of Divines passes upon spinach by classing it among the articles of a robust diet: 'And he that hath a sickly stomach,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'admires at his happiness that can feast with cheese and garlic, unctious brewages and the low-tasted spinage.'

I do not, however, insist on spinach as the only safe and prudent substitute. It may be that the majority of the American people prefer parsnips on account of their high value as a nutrient and antiscorbutic (and certainly tobacco is neither of these). So, let the fact be determined by a general vote and the crop be limited accordingly.

Yet in spite of these obvious facts, in 1922, in the United States, we had under tobacco 1,725,000 acres, which yielded 1,324,840,000 pounds of tobacco (not all of the best), equal to an allowance of one pound a month for every man, woman, and child in Continental United States. Think of 1,725,000 acres in a Christian land smoking to Heaven, like the plains of Sodom! And think, again, of 1,324,840,000 pounds of tobacco converted into 1,324,840,000 pounds of arrowroot and distributed among the undernourished children of our land!

The tobacco habit, moreover, though now more widespread, insidious, and continuous than drunkenness, is comparatively recent. Man had been the slave of wine since the days of Noah — our second universal fallen ancestor. I follow tradition, and disregard the suggestion of the Higher Criticism that there were really two Noahs — a dry Noah and a wet Noah. *The* Noah — *our* Noah, he of the water-wagon — was, according to this theory, bone-dry, and depended, he and his family with him, for months on water alone. Understand me: I emphasize the evi-

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dent universality of the beastly habit, and I appeal therefore from Noah sober to Noah drunk. It makes little difference in what degree of consanguinity he may stand to us, or at what generation the family-failing, by a kind of atavism, became the inheritance of all our relatives. In this I am a Lamarckian. How difficult, therefore, the complete triumph of Prohibition may prove!

Tobacco in comparison is a mere chance habit, a whim of a passing day; for it was introduced only three hundred and forty years ago — an affectation borrowed from a sluggish and savage race, unfit for civilization! It at once excited the disgust of many. Its ardent opponents counted among their number 'the wisest fool in Christendom.' The wisdom of James the First was canny Scotch wisdom. His proclamation of 1619 was quite in accord with the economical advice I have given above; for therein he urged the settlers of Virginia 'rather to turn their spare time toward providing corn and stock, and toward the making of potash or other manufactures.' He carried his opposition so far that in order to protect his people from the noxious drug he preëmpted all that was imported and sold it again at higher prices. (MacPherson: *Annals of Commerce*, II, 302.)

But that which a despotic government could not control in a distant colony may be readily achieved by a free and highly centralized democracy.

Note especially that the habit of drinking, however loathsome to the drinker, is not so offensive as that of smoking to his fellows, whom it is the function of Government to protect. What right has the smoker to discharge his by-product in my face? Why should I, drugged against my will, lose my sleep because another smokes? If the particles of smoke were larger, like stones, it would surely be assault and battery; but the size is merely a question of degree, and not of principle. No one, nowadays, throws whiskey at me in the street. There is, moreover, a real precedent in Pennsylvania for the prohibition of tobacco. (Act of October 28, 1701, *Statutes at Large*, Vol. 2, p. 68.) The Act is probably in force now, for I find no record of its repeal. It provides that if any person shall presume to smoke tobacco in the streets of Philadelphia, either by day or night, he or *she* shall, for every such offense, forfeit twelvepence, et cetera. Alas, how soon salutary legislation falls into desuetude, unless protected by heavy penalties, or enforced with eternal vigilance!

Moreover, in the ingrained prejudice of the people, liquor is, or is alleged to be, quite beneficial in some diseases, and even necessary to save life in others; but no one, I believe, or if any certainly only a few, can be considered absolutely dependent upon nicotine for existence. If by the prohibition of wine a few old, feeble, and useless members of society are rightly sacrificed to the public good, how much more readily the fewer and more offensive victims of their own vice?

There are precedents for such action in the cigarette laws of many States, in our own Act of 1901 providing that tobacco is not to be sold or given to any person under sixteen years (Act July 10, 1901, *Purdon's Digest*, p. 1014) and that of 1903 against selling cigarettes to any person under twenty-one (Act April 4, 1903, *Purd. Dig.* p. 917.) This Act recites: 'Whereas the smoking of cigarettes is injurious to the young.' This opinion, being the law of the State, cannot be now legally controverted. There is also an early precedent for the absolute prohibition of the public smoking of tobacco in the Connecticut Code of 1650.

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If, however, this reform is attempted, it is important that all stocks of the offending substance should be destroyed. This precaution was omitted in the present Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act, and the occasional infractions of that Act may be attributed to the fact that it is merely prohibitive and does not strike at the basic fact in the production of liquor. Readers of history will recall the decree of Domitian, who, on account of a plentiful wine crop attended with scarcity of grain, forbade anyone planting any more vines in Italy, and ordered the vineyards in the provinces to be cut down, or but half left standing. Unfortunately the attempt was abandoned by that Emperor.

Ahab, King of Israel, on a smaller scale but with stronger arm than Domitian, displayed a similar enlightened policy. For he expropriated the vineyard of Naboth in order to eradicate its vines and replant it with potherbs. (I Kings xxi.) It is to be noted that Ahab offered Naboth the value of his vineyard in money; but this would not be necessary in this country where the expensive method of condemnation is avoided and the property is taken under the police power. A similar policy, broader than Ahab's, less vacillating than Domitian's, pursued in our country would materially diminish infractions of the Prohibition law. It would only be necessary to prohibit the growth of every substance out of which alcohol can be made, such as wheat, corn, rye, barley, potatoes, apples, peaches, and other fruit.

II

Any act of this character will require teeth, and this brings us to the second principle of the New Liberty, which is that all reform legislation must have the sanction of severe penalties vigorously enforced.

I pause to explain that this expression 'to put teeth into an act' had its origin in a very early prohibitory measure. That was the act prohibiting mice from eating cheese. According to the ancient story as related in an old law book, 'The women were much concerned at the continued depredations on their stores. A body of very wise men had an Act passed with half the words in the English language and backed by all the rhetoric of Lincoln's Inn, that it should be death without benefit of clergy for a mouse to eat cheese. Still the pantries were robbed and the lawgivers laughed at. A sage cat armed and clad in scarlet, having crept into the Senate House through a borough, urged that he be allowed to execute the decree.' The rest of the story is well known. Since then the language has been enriched with the phrase a 'law with teeth in it,' and mice are on their good behavior.

The policy of putting teeth in laws, according to the feline system was formerly very frequent. The Israelites adopted it in the law punishing with death the gathering of sticks on the Sabbath. King Charlemagne followed it in the law which made eating meat in Lent a capital crime. English law adopted it in King Henry the Fourth's law for the burning of heretics, and it is an ascertained fact that the countries in which men do not build fires on Sunday, and never eat meat in Lent, and never turn heretic, are the same countries in which mice never eat cheese.

In order to put teeth into a law, it is, fortunately, not necessary to resort to capital punishment; according to the papers a judge at New Castle, Pennsylvania, has just sentenced one John Bowie, accused of transporting liquor, to attend church every Sunday for two years, apparently with no time off for good behavior. So I suppose the sentence will be carried out, unless the ac-

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cused obtain a release by habeas corpus, on the ground of the constitutional inhibition of cruel and unusual punishments.

III

Third. — Another principle of the New Liberty is the principle of Administrative Authority. Under this more and more power is being granted to Federal, State, and Municipal Officers, enabling them to carry out the laws of all kinds.

The General Government has a supervision, now ripening into control, of transportation, banking, and in general of trade. These powers, joined to that over the mails, the secret service, and a number of bureaus, enable the Washington authorities to trace out and prevent any machinations of the individual that are seen to be contrary to the general interest. Closer teamwork is still desirable between the Federal and State Governments, but the latter are naturally learning that the greater must direct the less.

An example of this principle is the Act passed by the last Legislature of Pennsylvania, authorizing the Secretary of Banking, whenever he is of the opinion that a Banking Institution is 'in an unsafe or unsound condition to continue business,' to enter upon its office and close it up. Under the present law the Commissioner takes immediate possession without recourse to the Courts and the Banking Institution is entitled to reëstablish its credit by application to the court afterward.

It is remarkable that no such law has yet been adopted for food inspection and destruction. If the Board of Health were given authority not only to seize and destroy bad food, but to close the shop of the offending seller, preferably with a padlock, it would effectually put the wrongdoer out of business, probably permanently, and thus improve the conditions of life.

If any mistake is made by the administrative official, the individual has immediate recourse to court, and the burden of proof is thereby shifted to the accused, where according to many systems of legislation it rightly belongs.

Another Act of the Pennsylvania Legislature of 1923 provides the number of pounds to the bushel in some eighty-one articles, and the close observance of this law would no doubt make for much regularity in merchandising. It provides that a bushel of spinach shall contain twelve pounds, and a bushel of sand one hundred pounds. What weight shall be satisfied when the spinach contains sand — alas! too often the case — is not provided. The Act is patterned upon the principle of the Act of 1797 (*Purd. Dig.* Vol. 1, p. 540), which provided that all loaf bread made for sale within this Commonwealth shall be sold by the pound avoirdupois, under penalty for infraction. This Act is still in force. It is true that the Bread Act, so far, has had no appreciable effect, except to allow a dishonest purchaser to avoid payment of his debt, but this is because the Act stands alone. If there were similar acts dealing with all articles, and requiring all to be sold by weight, and each of these acts was diligently followed up by a corps of Government Agents, zealous, patriotic, well-paid and incorruptible, there would be a different story to tell. Some exception might have to be made in the Act as to selling by the pound such articles as gas, electric current, and real estate.

It is difficult to deal with such subjects by State Legislation, as all eyes look to Congress; and it is evident that remedial legislation on this subject should be general because there is no State in the Union in which bread is not sold. Accordingly Charles H. Brand, a Member of the House of Representa-

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tives, introduced into the last Congress a bill for the Federal Regulation of the size and sale of loaves. A survey made by the Director of the Bureau of Standards revealed a fact which few would have imagined — that one hundred and five different-sized loaves of bread are made in Pennsylvania alone; four thousand loaves of bread varying from ten to forty-eight ounces each were weighed and found to be sold to the public at varying prices.

This is quite at variance with the legislative policy of the State from its earliest times. The Act of November 27, 1700, provided that all bread should be sold by Troy-weight; that only three kinds should be baked, *viz.:* white, wheaten, and household, and no more; 'and the loaves shall be a penny loaf or roll, a five-penny loaf, and a ten-penny loaf; and that if any of these exceed the assize in fineness or weight, it shall be equally seizable as if it were under the fineness or weight.'

Now it is a fact about bread that the heavier it is the more it weighs, and therefore the more it would cost if sold by weight; and the lighter it is the better it is, and yet would be sold for less; but everyone would of course buy the cheapest, so that a proper Act would not only ensure fairness in dealing, but would bring the best bread within the reach of the poorest persons — an end not always attained by legislation.

Acts of Assembly, in fact, should not be allowed to become obsolete, for laws are like bread and eggs. *Pan d'un di, ovo d'un hora,* says an old proverb. (Bread one day old, an egg one hour.) A number of these 'moth-eaten' laws call loudly for enforcement. I might mention those against blasphemy, gambling, baggage-smashing, pool-selling, as well as the Act of 1919, providing a penalty for selling *as* fresh eggs, eggs which are *not* fresh eggs.

There was an interesting law passed many years ago in South Carolina, which is an illustration of the dangers of laws becoming obsolete, unless re-enacted. The law provided that every male citizen of age should attend church, fully armed, and this law may still be on the Statute Book, the legislators not thinking it safe, perhaps, in that jurisdiction, to repeal it. The peculiarity of this enactment is that it is directly contrary to the rule of early Christian times, which forbade bringing arms into the church.

Locke in the celebrated constitution which he drew for Carolina provided that any laws not reënacted should become obsolete in a hundred years. But as this constitution never went fully into effect no harm was done.

IV

A fourth principle of the New Liberty is Uplift; that is that adequate laws shall be passed for the Welfare of the People. President Coolidge expressed in his message of December 1923 the opinion that the Government was not doing enough for the general welfare. Carrying out this policy the President, on April 13, 1924, appointed a Commission to formulate a National Out-of-Door Policy. We may rejoice then in one great step taken by the Pennsylvania Legislature, in passing the Act creating an Athletic Commission. This Act provides for three Commissioners, at a salary of $5000 each; and a Secretary, with a salary of $3000; also, for the appointment of Referees to superintend prize fights. It was modeled, I believe, upon the legislation of New York State. It was, indeed, somewhat of an inconsistency that the same Legislature reduced the appropriation to sundry hospitals, in which the participants in these fights may expect to be treated. Some will think it also an inconsistency that

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prize fighting and boxing had been made illegal by the Acts of March 16, 1866, and March 22, 1867; but we must not allow ourselves to be dismayed by those slight inconsistencies which are the essential mark of a progressive legislative policy.

Although in the right direction the Act was a mere step. The modern world fully realizes the need of clean, compensated, and professional sport, and there should indeed be similar acts providing for commissions for baseball, golf, and also, and probably especially, for games of chance. A proper encouragement should be extended to new games. Mah Jongg is struggling for recognition, and should be protected, as an infant amusement.

It is a matter of great regret that, while considerable time has been devoted by the legislators to sport, they neglected to pass an Act, presented with almost providential forethought by Representative Eaches — namely the Act allowing fishing on Sunday with one line and two hooks.

A great advance in the direction of welfare has also been made in the creation of holidays, which increase, and never diminish. In general, idleness is of benefit to a nation; Aristotle says that leisure is the first object of the legislator — which is one of the few judgments in which ancient and modern sentiment agrees. Much of this advantage is lost, unless leisure is made universal and compulsory. As the law stands now, a man may work or not on a holiday, as he pleases, and so it happens that certain people, animated by aggressive self-interest, and a plentiful lack of social instinct, work on holidays, and thereby gain an advantage over their fellows; this destroys the balance of equality, which is so essential in a free country. A law should therefore be passed, preventing work on any part of a legal holiday. This is in accordance with the policy of the Trade-unions, which is now established by general acceptance, and has become regular in all the principal trades. The Sunday laws could readily be extended from holy days to holidays, the old distinction between the two having passed away.

The suggestion that laws be passed for the sterilization of criminals is highly scientific, and there are precedents for it in our Colonial laws. Once adopted the principle is capable of extension to even more necessary fields. We all know that it is not criminal people that annoy us so much as it is disagreeable people. Criminals are rather favorites with some. Criminals are indeed a meaningless category to many in a democracy. Says 'the good Gray Poet' in voicing the New America: —

> To me any Judge or juror is equally criminal, and any respectable person, and also the President is.

In fact in a democracy the popular, and therefore the true, idea is that what is disagreeable by the Vox Populi is criminal by Vox Dei. What, therefore, shall be done with bores, and talkative people, who perhaps outnumber the criminals, and often incite to crime? For those who believe that comfort and health-giving environment are necessary to civilization, the bore is a menace, not only to contemporaries but still more to succeeding ages. What particular bêtes noires should be prevented from intruding their posterity upon the next generation should be decided by a mixed commission made up of both sexes and all parties, so that no mistake could be made.

For the improvement of the race also, it would be well to enact laws based upon the laws formerly in vogue in many cities of Germany, preventing

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the poor from marrying without the permission of the commune. Such laws were formerly in force in Norway, the Canton of Berne in Switzerland, and in Saxony, Württemberg, and Mecklenburg, but have fallen into disuse. Indeed it may have occurred to the legislators in these cities that it would be easier to support poor children in families than in foundling asylums, but this, if it occurred, would be merely the result of enforcing the law in a lame and inconclusive manner.

With this it would be consistent to join a law such as existed in Sparta, fining men who married women of insufficient size. Such a fine was imposed on King Archidamus. Whereas in our own insufficiently regulated country the little women in utter defiance of all civic virtue get married without even waiting for the supply of larger specimens to be exhausted.

Speaking of uplift in general, we may say that while it is unfortunately true that we cannot elevate ourselves by tugging at our own bootstraps, it is fortunately equally true that we *can* elevate others by tugging at *their* bootstraps. Herein lies the salvation of Democracy. The spirit of the time admonishes us to abandon the attempt to improve our own lives — an irksome task carrying no salary — and to give ourselves whole-heartedly to the improvement of others, being conscious that our outlook is broader and nobler than theirs. Our country is being mobilized into innumerable groups in which each member is fully at grips with his neighbor. Let us, then, tug away valiantly, with Old Glory floating above us, and the prayer 'Save America!' upon our lips, knowing that no matter who is successful the national level must be raised — unless indeed the bootstraps should break, in which case there would be a lamentable loss of energy.

V

A fifth principle of the New Liberty is uniformity in public and private life. This can be best accomplished by standardization in various departments. The standardization of spelling and language, as well as of the tone, taste, and character of our literature, might be relegated to some central authority, some 'sovereign organ of opinion' as Sainte-Beuve called it, of which the French Academy may serve as an example. The benefits of the French Academy have so clearly been laid before the English-speaking people by Matthew Arnold that the advantage of a similar institution need not be here enlarged on.

The licence system opens an inviting way to standardization. It is sufficiently established to ensure its ultimate universality. We now require licences for most of the activities of our national life; *inter alia*, Lawyers and Dogs; Surgeons and Butchers; Bankers and Jackasses; Taverns and Detectives; Plumbers and Midwives; Carters and Accountants; Gunners and Nurses; Automobile-drivers and Undertakers; Intelligence-offices, Menageries; Dentists and Amusements in general; Omnibuses and Operas; Pawnbrokers and Clam-sellers; Dealers in Renovated Butter, and Fertilizers, which no doubt might have been appropriately included in the same act. In fact, practically the only portions of our population allowed to roam at large without licence are clergymen and cats. Yet the anarchy that prevails in religion is notorious. Hegel, nearly a century ago, pointed out the anomalous and ridiculous position of America in this respect. 'Everyone,' he said, 'may have a religion peculiar to himself. Thence the splitting-up into so many sects which reach the acme of absurdity. . . . The various

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congregations choose ministers and dismiss them according to their pleasure. . . .' Yet no reform has been attempted since this was written (1830).

The Licence Acts cited above represent an unconscious movement toward more universal regulation, and have been merely instinctive, gradual, sporadic. In the modern systems for zoning cities, now spreading over the country so rapidly as to give evident proof of the trend of the civic mind, we find a method for developing the principle into a complete and articulated system. Under this a permit may be required for the occupancy or use of any property, and by this means a complete method of centralized and scientific control of every business can be exercised by a wise and competent City Bureau; which will also, after the system has become permanent, lend itself to a complete control and elimination of methods detrimental to the civic interest.

VI

There are many departments of legislation on which I have not even touched, for 'a man may dive deep and long before he finds a bottom when there is none.'

I might speak of the ingenious invention of transferring the tariff-regulating power from the Legislative to the Executive, a power recently exercised to prevent the importation of Canadian wheat. The method is so very similar to the sliding scale of the English Corn Laws that it may reach a similar degree of popularity.

As the result of this action may be to put the price of flour up, the complementary step should now be taken, *viz.*, a price-fixing regulation, to keep the price of flour down. This regulation might be extended to all commodities. In imitation of the famous decree of Diocletian (A.D. 303) issued in a similar period of high taxation and rising prices, we might set up a tariff inscribed in stone in every market in the Union, limiting the price of every commodity from schoolmasters' salaries to salt. You see that by engraving the prices in stone all possibility of fluctuation is eliminated.

This transfer of the Legislative power to the Executive need not be confined to the tariff, for in principle it is equally applicable to internal taxes. It would furnish an obvious method to balance the budget. The rate on different articles could be left uncertain until Congress had adjourned and then raised or lowered by the President, according as Congress has spent more or less. Indeed it is not easy for members of Congress to know exactly how much has been appropriated until after adjournment.

I might mention compulsory voting, which is now advanced by many with great force. Voting in a republic is a duty, complementary to paying taxes, and it is evident that either voting should be made compulsory or tax-paying should be made voluntary.

I might mention compulsory Americanization. This would involve a special department, which, having first determined what Americanism is, would set about making over all immigrants into virile, red-blooded, two-fisted, English-speaking, one-hundred-per-cent American He-Men.

Whatever stands in the way of this ideal must go down. The Constitution was at best a compromise and is in its nature temporary. Let us press on, remembering the words of that accurate constitutionalist, H. G. Wells: 'A time may come when the people will regard the contrivances and machinery of the American Constitution as the political equivalents of the implements and contrivances of neolithic man.'

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VII

I shall close by mentioning a necessary reform — fundamental to health and morality. This is the reintroduction of the curfew. By a mistaken policy, the curfew was abolished in the reign of Henry the First, but it is mentioned long after his time, so hard was it to do away with such an excellent custom. If it should be thought at first impracticable to adopt the ancient limit of eight o'clock, the law might at first be made for half-past eight, and the wholesome rule gradually drawn more tightly. How sweet it would be again to hear the curfew toll the knell of parting day. But as such a law might be supposed to infringe Constitutional Rights in some backward States, it could most effectively be introduced as an amendment to the Federal Constitution. In order to ensure its passage it would probably be necessary that the franchise be extended to babies. In spite of opposition in a small minority, whose alleged rights should not stand in the way of a great reform, I assume that the majority of American babies would vote for such an amendment; the theory of the curfew is quite in line with our laws for daylight-saving, and should appeal to all intelligent and patriotic infants. Its effect on the moral and physical health of the people would be prodigious. Under such an influence I see a transformation of America — 'A noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after' a long and well-regulated 'sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.' The very idea conjures up the picture of a vigorous race, standing in the forefront of progress, a lesson to the backward peoples of the earth, realizing the picture which Pericles drew of the Athenian polity in its most glorious period: —

> We live under a constitution such as no way to envy the laws of our neighbors, ourselves an example to them rather than mere imitators. It is called a Democracy, since its permanent aim tends toward the Many and not toward the Few. . . . Moreover our social march is free. . . . We are not angry with our neighbor for what he may do to please himself, nor do we ever put on those sour looks which, though they do no positive damage, are not the less sure to offend. . . . We have provided numerous recreations from toil.

But enough of Pericles. Our American statesmanship far outsoars the petty policy of Athens. Here no civic jealousy impedes the progress of the National Idea. Here slavery, the 'Nemesis of Nations,' has been eradicated and our colored brethren (more recently our colored sisters) have been rendered legally competent to sit in the highest councils of the land. We are in no danger of stagnation from homogeneity; with 340,000 Indians, 1,300,000 Porto Ricans, 10,000,000 Filipinos, and 10,000,000 Negroes, our population is sufficiently diversified. Our electorate is educated and able to express an opinion on every question. Bands of quick-witted men and noble-hearted women accomplish continuous reforms with a fine 'apotheosis of instinct' which renders the slow and laborious methods of experience and study quite unnecessary. I behold the vision of a political structure too vast to be called a nation, too democratic to be called an empire — patriotic because paternal; permanent because progressive, which devises its legislation with a noble imagination, and enforces it in serene majesty.

This future it is ours to form and to re-form. Let us address ourselves to the task, taking for our motto the apothegm of Voltaire, 'No Government ever perished except by suicide.'

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THE NEW PREPAREDNESS

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

In the World War man power was one year ahead of matériel. Men can be trained for war much faster than they can be equipped for war. Dwight F. Davis, Assistant-Secretary of War, recently said, in an address to the General Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth: 'You can draft an additional million men in a well organized and disciplined nation within ten days, but to supply these men with rifles is a task that takes many months of careful preparation, because every step in the manufacture must be planned in advance. . . . We went into the World War without any definite plan of mobilization.'

This was true even though, for months prior to April 1917, the American government had recognized the certainty of conflict, and the American people, in the main, had accepted eventual participation as inevitable. We were prepared for war psychologically but not materially. In Great Britain, where hostilities broke more suddenly, the gap between man power and supplies was even greater.

In his *World Crisis* Winston Churchill says of this: 'There were no rifles, there were no guns, and the modest supplies of shells and ammunitions began immediately to flash away with what seemed appalling rapidity. . . . We had nothing but staves to put in the eager hands of the men who thronged the recruiting stations.'

Time is the essence of preparedness. It is little short of murder for a nation to put into the field ill-supplied troops. Thousands of lives and billions of money were tossed into the abyss that stretched between ready men and tardy munitions. If the industrial-preparedness plan of the Army and Navy functions as well as it appears on paper, never again will the United States be guilty of this appalling waste.

I

The National Defense Act, as amended June 4, 1924, changed fundamentally the business organization of the War Department, making the Assistant-Secretary of War responsible for the procurement of all military supplies and for the mobilization of matériel and industrial organizations. The incumbent of this office, interpreting this amendment broadly, accepts under it responsibility for preventing profiteering in war supplies. Both Mr. Davis and his predecessor, J. Mayhew Wainwright, now a member of Congress from New York, have taken the view that special training is required for a task so vast and complex. As a result of this belief there came into existence the Army Industrial College, established by General Orders No. 7 (February 25, 1924), 'for the purpose of training Army officers in the useful knowledge pertaining to the supervision of procurement of all military supplies in time of war and to the assurance of the adequate provision for the mobilization of matériel and industrial organization essential to war-time needs.'

In the Munitions Building at the

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national capital, the student officers of this unique college con production charts with the same zeal that their brother officers at the War College study campaign maps. Their instruction is based mainly on the work of the former War Industries Board; their training is to fit them to direct the marshaling of the nation's economic resources in accordance with the general plan of mobilization in which both Army and Navy departments coöperate.

The foundation of this plan consists of approximately ten thousand allocations to manufacturers for the production of essential supplies. Over six thousand plants have been allocated so far. It is hoped and expected that a contract form will be distributed to these manufacturers so that at the outbreak of a major emergency it would merely be necessary to sign 'on the dotted line' and after this, unless there is a breakdown, the United States will be well prepared industrially, except, as will be shown later, in airplanes.

The new preparedness programme is an attempt to organize production so that sufficient troops for a major military movement can be supplied promptly and continuously with all the materials for effective action. That is primary. But, secondarily, the plan provides for doing this with a minimum of interference with the steady, normal production of socially necessary goods. The recognition that production is a social process, that 'the home front' must be mobilized efficiently and yet without disturbance, is a novel element in the Army's present point of view.

The basis of action is, of course, the modern paraphrase of the Napoleonic maxim: Heaven fights on the side of the most complete supply train. But a second maxim is hardly less important: Heaven fights on the side of the less distressed populace. Not again, if the Army can help it, will war needs send prices soaring in open markets or force manufacturers to drastic changes in plant-equipment. Another conflict will find the production facilities of the United States neatly card-indexed. Available reserve stocks are tabulated. From the very outset of war, supplies will be kept moving in orderly progression from shelves, factories, and loading-docks, from forest, field, and mine, to military depots.

Disturbing though this solution of the economic problems of war may seem to many minds, let it be balanced against its alternative. The alternative is a situation approaching chaos, in which profiteers thrive, numbers die to no purpose, public funds vanish in a sea of waste, and a public partly overworked and overpaid and partly underworked and underpaid thrills to the lurid promises of social revolutionaries. In such emergencies the choice is not often between war and peace; but between a long war and a short war, between much distress and little; possibly between defeat and victory. At any rate, it is as clearly the duty of soldiers to make war as it is of statesmen to keep peace; the military begins to function fully only when statesmen have failed. The Army, therefore, enters upon this preparedness programme, not with any delusion of grandeur, but rather as a stern and difficult duty, a duty forced upon it by the lessons of experience.

The duty is rendered the more difficult by reason of the very size and intricacy of the problem. Both manufacturing and raw-material resources have been surveyed, roughly to be sure, but none the less comprehensively. Industrial mobilization will be administered, as far as the War Department is concerned, by a staff of from sixty to one hundred officers who will be commissioned from the leaders of

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America's industry. A class of fourteen regular officers is taking a special training course in the Army Industrial College to train them in similar work. Busy men of affairs have been drafted from their plants and offices to teach the Army how to mobilize the basic industries of the country. Many competent industrialists are also being enrolled as reserve officers ready to act in specially important niches upon call.

By no means all of the industrial leaders who are coöperating in the industrial mobilization plan are optimistic. All accept the general idea as sound, but some doubt that such a broad plan can be administered by men trained in army methods and out of touch with civilians. More than one has addressed his class after this fashion: —

'It is ridiculous for you army officers to attempt to run industry in an emergency. Even when everything is moving serenely, business is a rough-and-tumble game, in which experience is the only safe guide. You lack incentive. The government guarantees you homes, salaries, pensions. You are promoted by seniority, not by reason of anything you may have accomplished. You have n't the faintest conception of the realities of competition. This should be a civilian enterprise.'

These student officers take these criticisms smilingly and keep on trying. After all, they say, the Army does not contemplate chasing the industrialists out of their plants. That would be futile, and at any rate is unnecessary. All that the Army seeks to do is to substitute coördination for competition in the production of supplies. The industrialists will go right along hiring and firing and producing, as long as they give the fighting forces what they need in sufficient quantity and proper quality at just prices. This is no attempt to supplant civilian specialists; but rather an effort to create a national synthesis of their diverse, and on the whole competent, activities. The Army thinks it can do just that. It has sent several officers to the Harvard School of Business Administration, not with any idea that they will actually produce and distribute goods in time of war, but in order that, with a background as broad as the country itself, they may keep the industrialists pulling together for the general welfare.

II

In return for the measure of control which industry yields, the Army expects to give value received, not in money, because economy is a ruling factor, but in security. It is now obvious that the war boom had to be paid for. Profits mounted rapidly at the outset, but did not last. Living costs and wages advanced; labor troubles multiplied; and delays in securing raw materials caused heavy losses. Then came the post-war depression. Inflation spells eventual deflation. Rather than ride through such stormy waters again, experienced industrial leaders would gladly take the Army aboard as pilot. Consequently, as the Army's industrial tutors come to understand the new preparedness, the majority of them accept it heartily.

For its effective administration, the plan depends upon prior distribution of contracts among manufacturers for enough supplies to equip an army for a major operation, and upon the tracing of the various components of the finished product to their bases of supply, to make certain that in time of war there will be an unlimited flow of raw material from source to factory.

A moment's consideration of but the first half of this dual programme will be sufficient to convince the reader of its

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difficulty and magnitude. Take, for example, shoes. It is simple enough to say that if a military unit is composed of ten thousand men a like number of Munson-last shoes must be ready for it. But in that calculation, only the original equipment is considered. The average war-service record of a pair of shoes is one quarter as long as that of the same shoes in civil life. Private Citizen John W. Doughboy wears out a single pair in a given space of time, but when he drops the 'Citizen' to become Private John W. Doughboy, he goes through four pairs in exactly the same period. This knowledge, born of World War experience, is part of the data which will enable the Quartermaster's Corps, when Private Doughboy discards his first pair of shoes, to furnish him promptly with a new pair from its reserve supply.

The second step has required a complete survey of the plants now engaged in the shoe-manufacturing industry, scattered, for the most part, over eastern Massachusetts, southern New York, and the Middle West. In the first stampede of the World War, rush contracts were awarded either competitively or noncompetitively on a 'cost-plus' basis, depending on the urgency of need. No study had been made of the facilities available. No figures had been compiled to show what part of the total output each factory could be depended upon to produce. But there is to be no more guesswork. The Army knows how much of each plant can be devoted to manufacturing army shoes without disturbing too much the normal output, and orders have been allocated among factories in every production-centre, which become operative only when war is declared. Munson lasts are available in the factory storerooms; a stipulated production programme, experimentally proved, is ready in the safe. No manufacturer is required or even requested to devote his entire plant to making military shoes. A part of each factory will continue commercial production. Noncombatants also wear shoes and prefer to buy them at reasonable prices.

But with production taken care of, only half of the dual programme has been satisfied. It still remains for the government to guard against delays resulting from an insufficient supply of raw materials flowing from their original sources to the manufacturer of the finished product. During the World War, when buyers went into the open market to procure hides for the shoes required by the Army, prices rose rapidly. Consequently the hide market has now been surveyed with an eye to war-time control. The Army knows how many hides are in hand, how many can be secured from domestic sources in an emergency, how many Canada and Mexico might furnish at reasonable rates, and how many would be required from overseas sources. The military importance of a productive and friendly Mexico is not to be overlooked in this matter of hides, and the calculation is affected by the possibility that the trade route to the Argentine might be closed against us or interrupted. Here as elsewhere the Army plan encounters a Naval problem. But all the factors possible to foresee have been weighed, in order that every soldier engaged in this major military movement — the exact number is a military secret — shall have proper shoes in plenty.

Hides are but the beginning. Thread, eyelets, canvas, and other findings have been considered in equal detail. Anxious eyes have even been cast upon our dwindling domestic output of tanning extract. A blight, accidentally introduced into the country from China, has ruined our chestnut forests, as a result

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of which our tanners must import Argentine quebracho. Experiments are now under way to discover a substitute not subject to ocean risks, and the Department of Agriculture is growing on its Maryland farm seedlings of the blight-free chestnut discovered in the far interior of China by one of its scouts. This illustrates the thoroughness with which the economic survey is proceeding.

III

Essentially the new preparedness plan calls for the synchronizing of the three essentials of victory: man power, munitions, time. In the World War time was the deadly unknown — x. Now x, according to the Army's industrial survey, varies with each manufacturing process: x may be one month for shoes and two months for clothing and three months for machine-gun ammunition. Reserve stocks are to be maintained accordingly, with time as their measure rather than mere quantity as heretofore, because the reserve supply must maintain the units until deliveries can be begun on the immediately operative contracts. The success of the whole programme depends upon production overtaking dwindling supplies before wants develop. When you consider that a modern army uses everything from siege guns to pins, from precision instruments to picks, the magnitude of this survey and the intricacy of the calculations made thereunder are alike impressive.

Thus far we have been considering the problem of management. There are other factors — capital, labor, and transportation. It is planned to finance war contracts through an organization similar to the War Finance Corporation in order to prevent congestion in the banking system. Proved production-costs, which occupy prominent places in the card index, together with governmental control of markets, will be a safeguard against profiteering.

Mr. Davis has strong opinions on this question. He says: 'The War Department is giving most careful attention to the ways and means whereby profiteering may be controlled in time of war. The principle that men at home shall not make inordinate profits from war while their fellows are staking their lives and health for their country is a fundamental proposition of common justice. It is a fixed national policy for the future.'

Both the Democratic and Republican parties have committed themselves without reserve to the draft of capital. The Democratic platform reads: 'In the event of war in which the man power of the nation is drafted, all other resources should likewise be drafted. This would tend to discourage war by depriving it of its profits.'

The Republican plank is even more explicit: 'We believe that in time of war the nation should draft for its defense not only its citizens but also every resource which may contribute to success. The country demands that, should the United States ever again be called upon to defend itself by arms, the President shall be empowered to draft such material resources and such service as may be required, and to stabilize the prices of services and essential commodities, whether used in actual warfare or private activities.'

Theoretically, the control of capital is easy; actually it bristles with difficulties. Nevertheless we appear to be committed to the experiment if occasion arises; indeed, the American Legion has already asked Congress to pass the necessary legislation and will renew its effort in the next Congress.

Labor is usually considered the bad boy of the Martian family. Labor disputes are bound to arise under any sort of regulation, and coercion of labor

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is foreign alike to our sentiments, traditions, and laws. Obviously the machinery for the adjudication of labor disputes will have to be immensely improved. But the minds behind the new preparedness plan accept as basic the patriotism of American labor. Furthermore they are convinced that with the cost of living kept under reasonable control by orderly production and distribution of commodities, wage disputes will be less frequent. They believe that labor, if not distressed by shortages or inflamed by profiteering, will do its part with right good will. In this prognosis it is of course taken for granted that the call to arms will never be sounded except for due and solemn cause appealing to the public conscience — only after all possible pacific overtures have failed.

Transportation problems will be met through government supervision of railroads, rolling stock, waterways, and highways. One of the greatest difficulties of the World War arose in connection with the blockades that occurred at every great terminal.

It remains for the government to apportion the fruits of industrial mobilization among the seven supply branches of the army. These function as follows: —

The Quartermaster Corps clothes, feeds, houses, and transports all mobile troops and their animals.

The Ordnance Department supplies rifles, pistols, cannon, bombs, tanks, tractors, and all ammunition.

The Signal Corps is responsible for all lines of communication and must supply telephone, telegraph, radio, photographic, and meteorological instruments.

The Engineering Corps assumes responsibility for all construction projects. It provides for water supply, builds camps, constructs highways, and bridges transportation lines.

The Air Service must provide airplanes and balloons with their attendant equipment.

The Medical Corps provides hospital supplies, surgical, dental, and veterinary instruments, drugs, chemicals, and hospital furnishings.

The Chemical Warfare Service supplies war gases and gas-defense equipment, including masks for the civilian populations of cities.

In these seven services, requirements often overlap. Hitherto they competed one against another for supplies. While the new plan was being worked out, confusion arose when representatives of several departments asked for too large shares of highly specialized products, notably precision instruments and camera supplies. These conflicts have now been adjusted, and each department knows what it may expect.

The actual production of war munitions is the greatest difficulty which faces the Army at this time. Government factories, idle until the emergency, are clearly out of the question. Government arsenals cannot produce in sufficient quantity. They meet the Army's limited peace-time requirements, but lack the capacity to supply a major military effort. In effect, they are little more than experimental laboratories, developing and perfecting types of weapons. Under the exigencies of the World War, thousands of factories were called upon to change their industrial activities to meet war-time needs. If the plan of the Industrial Board is ever required to become operative the dies, jigs, and gauges of the bromidic 'ploughshare' will be laid aside, and those of the 'sword,' carefully and experimentally found to be the nearest approach to the commercial output of the particular factory, will be substituted. The heavy-machine shops of the Middle West, for example, will begin turning out shell-casings for

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which New England will be coincidentally making fuses.

An example of the method used in the survey is that of a manufacturer of bird-cages whose facilities can be used for the production of artillery fuses. The Army furnishes him with a copy of specifications. In spare time, at his own expense, he has dies and jigs made. He produces a few fuses experimentally as a basis of calculating his shop's capacity and the unit cost, variable only with wages and the price of raw materials. The result of his test, together with a sample of the fuses, is delivered to the War Department, where the sample is rigidly tested by specifications. The result being satisfactory, another 'complete' card may be dropped in the index file, and the bird-cage manufacturer is listed for war production.

Changes in design of weapons present special problems to the Ordnance Department. It is impossible to alter specifications with each change. A general policy has been accepted upon the assumption that war weapons will not vary materially during the next ten years. Necessities of war make mass production imperative — a process which is based upon the use of patterns constant in their design. Months of labor and tons of material were wasted during the World War when even minor changes were ordered. The present plan will admit of few if any substituted processes during war-time mass production unless the variation seems vital, the improvement epochal. Of course, standardization has its dangers as well as its advantages — both clearly recognized at Washington.

Slowly, indeed, but with sureness, the Army Industrial staff, supplemented by government experts in many departments, is solving the problem of industrial preparedness. In six of the seven departments approximate perfection is but a matter of time; a critical condition exists only with relation to the Air Service. Unlike necessities of the Ordnance and other military supply-departments, an airplane, as yet, cannot be built in different factories and later assembled from interchangeable parts. Too much specialized workmanship is required. Official reports for the past two years have repeatedly warned that our supply of aircraft is almost exhausted and that the aircraft industry faces extinction. A military board has supplemented these statements with the declaration that the air force must be recognized as of equal importance in our scheme of national defense with either the Army or Navy. To which officers of the Industrial Staff have replied that we must have more facilities for airplane construction, pointing out that in an emergency it would be at least eight months before any airplanes could be supplied. Still, no constructive measures have been adopted to meet the situation, which might prove critical.

The quiet precision and efficiency with which the economic survey has been carried on by our generals in the trenches of industry — the important contributions they have made toward the nation's security in the unhappy event of war — make even more imperative the solution of this one problem. With a single weak link, the chain of preparedness is worthless, and the World War experience, as well as recent experiment, has demonstrated the importance which the airplane would assume should war be declared.

In conviction and tradition opposed to maintaining large standing armies, the United States is now drawing upon industry for reserve strength. It is a natural evolution, but one which nations less fortunately situated and organized may ponder with dismay and perhaps with foreboding.

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THE JEW AND THE CLUB

BY X

I

THE recent discussions in the Democratic Convention in New York brought about by religious and racial antagonisms were a bursting-forth of fires which have been long smoldering and threatening American life. A fire which is burning and developing between floors and partitions is apt to gain a headway which makes it impossible to check its progress when discovered. Far better to have everything in the open before the fire becomes a conflagration. So it is to be hoped that the racial and religious dissensions, not caused, but merely revealed, by the Ku Klux Klan issue, be not allowed to smolder in hidden places, but that they will bring about a frank and thorough examination of the canker eating into our political and social life.

As a people, we have convinced ourselves by repeating to each other, that we are still as we were: a liberty-loving people who make no invidious distinctions between men of different race and religion, the only factors of importance being character and ability. We regard our country still as the land of opportunity where no white man, at least, is denied the fruits of his toil in every direction and where, at least, all white folk are created free and equal and remain so throughout good behavior. We still look with the same scorn as formerly upon the poor European countries where anti-Semitism is so great a factor, and Catholic wars upon Protestant, and people generally are oppressed and unhappy. There is no one to tell us that, except for certain material advantages natural to a country which is still relatively sparsely settled and undeveloped, there are few countries in which there is so much daily individual discrimination and so much bitterness engendered in the hearts and minds of a large number of cultured inhabitants and worthy citizens.

Americans are prone to lay too much stress upon *political* equality as distinguished from *social* equality. The desire to have some influence in determining the form of government of the country is one which is very strong in many quarters and has, of course, been one of the chief factors in civil wars and revolutions. At the same time, strange as this may sound to American ears, it has probably little to do with the happiness in everyday life of the individual. The German Empire of William II discriminated *politically* against many sections of the population, but there was little or no *social* discrimination; that is, men of like culture, education, wealth, and alike in those other elements which create social strata, at all times in all places, intermingled, on the whole, freely and without much reference to religion, race, or previous condition of servitude. This explains why millions of Germans felt contented and happy in spite of the fact that there was little political freedom. In daily intercourse the German felt that he

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would be accepted everywhere in accordance with his real worth as measured by ordinary social standards. The same was true elsewhere in Continental Europe and more or less also in Great Britain.

It must be admitted that the war, which has accentuated extreme nationalistic spirit everywhere, has probably made men in all countries more conscious of racial and religious differences than was true in 1914 and the decades preceding the great catastrophe. Partly as a result of certain phenomena in the war and partly as a result of the Wilsonian doctrine of 'self-determination,' so widely advertised by the Versailles Conference and the events immediately preceding and following, every nation has felt the need of justifying its existence by proving its racial purity and homogeneity as a possible defense and protection against rival claims for part of its territory. In the case of the United States there is no fear of loss of territory, but there the war showed up certain cleavages which aroused the nation to a realization that spiritual unity was still far distant, and that this lack proved detrimental to the influence which the country could exert in international affairs, and that it had caused its action during the Great War to be determined, not by its own interests, but by the varying strength of the various national strains which entered into the composition of its people. The result in the United States is the intensified 'Americanization' movement, but this very movement has brought forth and accentuated certain phenomena which bid fair to prevent the realization of its ultimate aims.

II

My neighbor Mr. C and I are intimate friends, our families see much of each other. Occasionally, we dine at each other's houses and we and our wives sometimes go to the theatre together. He is a man of much greater means than I am, is most hospitable, and entertains very freely. I know many of his friends, associate with a number of them, and in a general way may be said to belong to his circle. In summer I see much less of him than at other times of the year and our intimacy suffers a certain check, the reason of this being golf. My neighbor is not a great golfer and I am not a helpless cripple. Probably Mr. C would be willing to play with me, but I am not a member of his golf club and I cannot become one, for I am of Jewish origin and Mr. C is of New England stock. There are some public links in the suburb where I live, but the people with whom I associate are all members of the X Country Club to which, as indicated, I am not eligible. I am not snobbish but golf would interest me only as a means of social intercourse and so I do not go to the municipal golf club where the players are of an entirely different social group from the one to which I belong. This sounds as if I were laying undue stress upon social life or perhaps society. As a matter of fact, I am not much of a clubman; I have no special desire to go to clubs frequently, and I rarely attend the meetings of those societies to which I do belong. But the fact that I and members of my family cannot belong to certain organizations which form the social centre of the community prevents us in large measure from forming those intimate and congenial friendships which most, if not all, men crave.

I do not really suffer so very greatly. I am in business all day. When I come home I am apt to be tired and am quite ready to enjoy the company of a good book. But it is hard on my wife and worse for my children. The social life of the community in which I live

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centres, as is so often the case in American suburbs, around the town club; especially the children find their companionship in the dances which take place Friday evenings, on the skating-rink attached to the club in the winter, and on the tennis courts in summer. I find it rather difficult to make it clear to my children why we are not eligible, for from one point of view it is n't quite clear to me. We are in no sense foreigners; my wife and I are both descended from generations of cultured people; I was educated at what is generally regarded as one of the most famous of American universities, was a member of its staff for a short time after graduation, and have occupied positions of trust and responsibility. We do not even have very pronounced Jewish features. What makes the situation even more puzzling is that while no Jew is admitted to either the local community club or to the X Country Club, there are a number of members who I am convinced are of Jewish origin but have changed their family name, give lip-service to a Christian church, and are probably more anti-Semitic than those who have no trace of Jewish blood. The fact is that the whole distinction is very artificial in the main, the average American recognizing a cultured Jew merely by certain outward signs, such as the name, the features, and the like, and when the name is changed and kinship to the Jewish race denied, the true facts are not even recognized.

It might be asked, if this is the situation, why do Jews like ourselves stay where they are evidently not wanted? Why do we not move into the city? We live in the suburbs for the same reasons that our neighbors do, because it is better for our children. Then the natural question to be raised is, whether we are the only Jews here, and if there are others, why do we not club together? There are Jewish golf clubs and Jewish social clubs, and undoubtedly here and there this arrangement offers a satisfactory solution of the difficulties presented. But from a larger point of view, what does this mean? It means that amalgamation with the rest of the population becomes more and more difficult, and the Americanization upon which so much stress is laid is made impossible. Certainly, love of country cannot be expected of those who are treated as being citizens of subordinate rank, never to be permitted to attain to the higher grade. Mere material comfort is not enough, especially for the educated and cultured classes, who have the same tastes and the same desires as have their fellow citizens. Moreover, the Jew cannot find refuge in purely Jewish social organizations. Outside of New York the Jewish communities by themselves are not large enough to permit the organization of hard and fast groups of kindred tastes. In many of the Jewish clubs about the only bond between the members is their common racial origin, and there is little community of taste and education.

After all, in Boston there is only one Somerset Club, in Chicago only one Chicago Club, in Detroit only one Detroit Club, and these cities have only one University Club each. If it be considered from how large a population these clubs draw their membership, and how relatively small in each instance a like Jewish population is, it is clear that the Jews cannot find a sufficient number who have the desired qualifications to form similar separate clubs. The same applies to clubs of the second rank and so down the line. In the suburb where I live there are a handful of Jewish families. They could hardly support a variety of clubs of their own to parallel similar Gentile clubs, even if these Jewish families were

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all congenial. This, of course, they are not likely to be, any more than all Methodists are congenial to each other, or Catholics, or members of other religious or racial groups.

It is herein that the café life of Europe is so much better. It must be remembered that Continental Europe hardly knows clubs in the Anglo-American sense of the word. There are a few organizations appealing to men interested in certain arts, like painting and music, a few so-called clubs existing for the purpose of enabling the members to gamble in peace and comfort, and here and there a club of an aristocratic group. The place of the American club is taken on the Continent of Europe by the café. Men meet and pass their leisure hours there as they do here in their clubs. Sports are still relatively unimportant, so that our country club is unknown. Even in England club life has not assumed the importance that it has in the social and business life of this country. The well-known British historian, Professor Prothero, once sought to explain this difference as being due to the fact that in this country we have developed a concept of democracy which seems to imply that everyone has the right to mind everyone's else business, so that from sheer need of self-protection we must have some exclusive place where we can take refuge and enjoy a certain amount of privacy. The fierce light that is supposed to beat upon a throne is weak compared to the glare of publicity which envelops every individual in our great democracy.

But to return to the Jew. In Europe if he is personally agreeable to a small group, he will undoubtedly be able to visit the same meeting-place as his Christian neighbor, sit with him, meet and share in the activities of the whole group. My neighbor Mr. C would not go off to his club with his friends, leaving me to find my own amusement, but naturally would include me in his various activities as he does his other friends and acquaintances. We should all be on the same level, and there would not be the same wall of caste between us, and between his children and my children. When the Alumni Club of my old University meets, I should feel free to meet with it and keep up my old associations. I do not do so now, for the meeting-place is the University Club, to which I am ineligible. As I have naturally some pride, I decline to attend the meetings of an organization held in a place where I am not welcome. I am regarded as one of the better known and — may the anonymous conceit be pardoned — one of the more distinguished graduates of the institution; so my old associates frequently importune me to participate in the activities of the club of my Alma Mater, for which at various times I have sacrificed much. It is curious and characteristic that they do not seem even to understand why I am inclined to reject such an invitation as an insult, any more than I quite comprehend why any self-respecting man should be expected to participate in and help support every social and civic enterprise — such as a city club, membership in which gives no honor or special privilege — when at the same time he is rigidly excluded from all that is considered as really worth while.

Gradually, more and more, much of the business life and social life of our larger communities is beginning to centre around clubs. More and more Jews, and here and there Catholics, are being excluded from such clubs. Still, Jews and Catholics form a fairly large and important element of the population. In so far as they have not acquired the education, point of view, and habits of the Protestant Nordic races, it is natural that they would be

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excluded, but such differences tend to disappear in the course of a few generations. The present tendency, however, is to make the cleavage permanent and to introduce what in time will amount to a caste system in its way as rigid as any devised in the East. Whether this will make for a more unified nation and whether this is in accord with the doctrines of the founders of the country I leave my readers to judge.

The difference between the system of social organization in this country and that of Europe is much the same as that underlying the organization of the student body in those institutions of higher learning where there are fraternities and sororities and those where these do not exist. In the former the students are forced early into rigid and unchanging groups; in the latter there is constant flux, and even a Jewish boy or girl has an opportunity, if found desirable and agreeable, to make friends outside of his or her co-religionists. So in the cafés of Europe men meet and intermingle; those who find each other congenial will congregate together regardless of race or religion. In practice it is true that some social groups will not care for Jews, others may be composed largely of Jews, but in practically all instances the determining factors will not be race or religion, but a community of interest, taste, education, and culture, and those indefinable qualities which attract men to one another. My objection to our system is that these qualities are not allowed free play, but that purely artificial distinctions have been built up. In many clubs which refuse membership to Jews, probably few members have individually any objection to Jews, many of them probably have Jewish friends, but as a club—Heaven forbid that Jews be ever admitted! It would make the club less exclusive in comparison with other clubs, and therefore less desirable. The fact is always emphasized that so many Jews have qualities which are undesirable and disagreeable, that even if there be a Jew who is personally agreeable, he cannot be admitted because he would immediately bring others. This has always seemed to me a lame argument. Clubs discriminate between Gentile and Gentile. No membership committee feels bound to admit all Presbyterians because some members of the club attend the services of the Presbyterian Church, nor to admit all people with dark hair and short noses because a majority of the members in the club have dark hair and short noses. A Jew should not be admitted to a club because he is a Jew any more than he should be excluded because he is a Jew.

Undoubtedly, it will be felt that I am making a mountain out of a molehill and that in the everyday life of our people, Jews and others, all this plays no rôle. It may be felt that what I say concerns only a small class of the wealthy who have not been accorded the social recognition which they believe to be their due. But this is not the whole story. I have dwelt at length upon clubs, because the facts there are less easily denied; there they have become generally recognized. For as I stated at the outset, the trouble with so much of it all is that it is hidden and not admitted, and so cannot be fought in the open. The Jewish controversy at Harvard is well known. It was at least open and above board, though it made the lot of Harvard men of Jewish extraction more difficult. However, at Harvard the question was settled in such fashion that the Jew is not discriminated against officially, at any rate. At many other universities, however, the same problem has appeared, and open discussion has been carefully avoided for fear of giving offense to

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possible donors with Jewish antecedents. It is well known, however, that Jewish boys and girls have much difficulty in gaining admission to these institutions, and conditions similar to those in Rumania, Poland, and various Balkan states have developed.

Least of all is it realized that discrimination of this kind is gaining marked headway in business life. It is natural that the men whose social life is spent together should also desire to be associated together in business. They know each other from all angles; they are congenial, for otherwise they would not be together outside of business; and when favorable business opportunities arise their thoughts quite naturally turn to each other. This sort of consideration cannot affect a business owned by an individual or a very small group. It will arise in concerns where the social side is well developed, as in banks, where officers are apt to belong to clubs of one kind or another, though this development is by no means confined to banks. Of course, no bank or other business would admit that it discriminates against Jews and Catholics, leastwise not if its customers are large in number and belong to all classes of society. Nevertheless, it is well known to the initiated that several of the larger New York banks will employ no Jews and at least one of the very largest also has the bars raised to keep out Catholics. In some of the other cities, some of the larger banks have one or two Jewish officers and perhaps here and there a Jewish member of the board of directors. In some instances this is with deliberate intent to attract Jewish customers. But even so, it is becoming rarer and rarer to employ Jews in banks other than those where the controlling interest is Jewish.

I have mentioned the situation of Jewish students, but not only are Jewish students excluded from our universities primarily because they are Jews, but Jews are finding it more and more impossible to obtain teaching positions in universities, and Jewish students of medicine are experiencing difficulty in obtaining desirable internships in our hospitals, though as yet we have not reached the condition of Rumania, where Jewish students can dissect only if Jewish cadavers are available.

III

Anyone concerned about the future of the country may well pause a moment. There are at least eleven million people of Negro descent in the country, who form an indissoluble mass in the population. There are approximately four million Jews, who, as indicated, are being driven to form another separate entity. Moreover, the tendency is to segregate also the Catholic elements from the rest of the population. The effect produced by the attitude of the majority upon the minorities mentioned is to harden and make more permanent the cleavages and divisions in the population, the very reverse of the aim of the Americanization movement. Curiously enough, the very people who are desirous of making good Americans out of the foreign-born are in many instances those who, by their attitude, are frustrating the success of this movement.

Personally, my associations have been largely non-Jewish. Nevertheless, I feel, in my own case, much more than I used to, a desire to emphasize my Jewish nationality, and I feel that I am becoming more sensitive to slights, real or imagined. My children will probably, under the circumstances, feel all this more keenly than I do and are likely to associate much more exclusively than I do with people of Jewish origin. The result will be to

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accentuate any Jewish traits which they may have inherited and by that very fact to set them off more sharply from others. A similar result will follow in the case of those other elements in the population to which I have referred. We have already in our large cities definite sections of the town reserved for the Negro population. Very likely, in time, we shall have other parts of our large cities definitely reserved for the Jews. Not that the lot of the Jews is at all comparable to that of the Negro. So far, at least, their intelligence and economic standing have preserved them from actual persecution. In some respects, their lot is worse than that of the Negroes because, being fewer in number, they are unable to find a sufficient number of congenial spirits among their own people with whom to associate. At least, this is true outside of New York. The Negroes belong mostly to the laboring class, with little of the social aspirations of the educated and cultured, while a large number of Jews, as regards breeding and education, belong to the highest social strata. What the lot of a really educated Negro in this country is, I hardly dare contemplate. If I had a son, I have often thought that I should advise him to leave this country and go elsewhere, say to some southern country where, while he might suffer political disability, he would probably not suffer any social disability, and as I have sought to indicate, the latter is really at times more galling than the former.

I stated at the outset that I do not think the raising of the religious question at the recent Democratic Convention has been an unmixed evil. It may wreck the fortunes of the Democratic Party, but on the other hand, it may be the best service that could be rendered to the country as a whole. It is very important that we begin to realize whither we are drifting.

Many of my friends read with interest the work of Ludwig Lewisohn, *Up Stream*. The only criticism — and it was a constant one — was to the effect that it was to be regretted that his work had such an undercurrent of bitterness. I can only smile at such a remark. What other feeling is a man to have than that of bitterness when he feels conscious that in descent, education, manners, and ideals he is the equal of those about him and that, nevertheless, he and the members of his family are excluded not only from clubs, but even from hotels, and from many of the ordinary pursuits open to those among whom he lives.

As I sit here writing this article, I am not even certain that any magazine will publish it, or at least a magazine which reaches the people for whom such an article might prove of value. For we are so afraid of criticism, we are so fearful of bringing to light the ugly sores which infest the body politic, but which unless recognized can never be healed, that we refuse to listen to criticism, however well meant, and decline to read anything which will enlighten us. Persecution begets persecution and tolerance begets tolerance. What will the future bring? I wonder.

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THE CLOCK

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

It is the traveling kind. I take it with me on my journeys, snugly packed in its red leather case. At other times, bereft of that armor against the uncertainties of Persian travel, it stands on the mantelpiece in my study. A sturdy clock of gilded metal it is then, and a part of the permanent furniture of the room.

I like the cool liquid note with which it strikes the hours — not so loud as to disturb me at my work, yet loud enough to remind me, gently, of the inevitable lapse of time.

On the day that Agha Seyyid Fazel sent his servant to inquire whether it would be convenient to me if he were to arrive at my service at an hour before noon, I answered, 'Let him command,' and prepared to receive my visitor.

Then it was that Habib reminded me that the wives and mothers of my hospital assistants had asked the Khanum to appoint a time, and that she had appointed the same hour of eleven. The drawing-room, therefore, would scintillate with unveiled ladies. Would My Honor, said Habib, receive Agha Seyyid Fazel in the study?

My Honor would. Quickly, out of that wilderness of books and papers order was evolved. A table was prepared on which five plates were set, containing five kinds of sweetmeats; and charcoal was put into the samovar, so that the tea of custom might be ready.

At the appointed hour, the servant of Agha Seyyid Fazel knocked at the outer gate and announced, with hand upraised and in a hushed voice: 'They are coming.'

A few minutes later, through the drawn curtain of my study, I viewed the entry of that great man. He bestrode, as became the dignity of an ecclesiastic, a white ass, which appeared to carry his bulk with pride along the garden path. He was enveloped in an ample brown *abba*, or gown. He sat the animal huddled up, with back bent and head sunk on his chest, so that he looked for all the world like a huge brown sack set perilously on the small white donkey.

The demeanor of the Persians in the matter of calls is far above ours. Perhaps they consider unnecessary any conversation which is not edifying — as indeed it is; or perhaps they think that silence is a thing too precious to be frittered away in small talk; or it may be that, having really nothing to say, they think it wisdom to say nothing.

However this may be, we sat there, when the ordained inquiries as to our healths were over, in cordial silence. Habib brought tea, which we consumed with noises, but almost without words. From time to time my guest would hazard a short question, but of the kind which affords no opening for anything beyond an answer: as, 'How much did you pay for that clock on the mantel behind you?'

Suddenly, the even tenor of our entertainment was cruelly convulsed. Sparks rushed into the room, barking. There hung from his collar a broken end of string.

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To a Persian, all dogs are unclean; but for little dogs that bark and snap he has a peculiar detestation. And it would seem that little dogs are aware of it, for they look upon all Persians as their enemies and rightful victims. It is for this that Habib has strict instructions to keep Sparks tied up when I have Persian callers. But the string had not been equal to the strain.

Agha Seyyid Fazel, terror-struck, gathered his abba around him, and drew his fat legs as far toward his chin as his ponderosity allowed. I lunged forward, and caught Sparks just in time to prevent the defilement of that holy man. I then dragged the dog by the collar from the room.

After giving him his deserts, I returned to the study, to find my guest sitting very straight in his chair, with his mantle arranged primly around him. I apologized for the intrusion of my dog. Agha Seyyid Fazel nodded his head sagely several times, and murmured something in his beard.

After that I attempted bravely a conversation, but without success. Agha Seyyid Fazel answered in monosyllables, or by a wagging of his vast turbaned head. I began to wonder how long it would be before Habib brought coffee, the signal for departure. In despair, I glanced furtively over my shoulder toward the clock, on the mantelpiece.

The clock was not there.

In Persia, one learns to control one's emotions. I could have sworn the clock was there when I went out, but even if it was, what then? I looked askance at Agha Seyyid Fazel, fearing that he might have detected my momentary excitement. But my guest was sitting with eyes half closed and head sunk forward on his chest, solemn and immovable.

Suddenly, from beneath the ample folds of Agha Seyyid Fazel's mantle, I heard a little grinding sound, as of revolving wheels, followed by a muffled stroke; then another, and another, and another —

The clock struck twelve.

How can I describe the agony of those twelve muffled strokes? If it had struck three times or four — but twelve. Shade of Imam Reza!

There was a momentary quiver of Agha Fazel's enormous bulk. His impassive face became ashen, but he did not move a muscle. He continued to sit, immobile, with head bent forward and eyes half closed, as if he were pondering eternal problems.

The situation was saved by Habib. He brought coffee. We took our little cups with friendly ease. After he had drained his cup, Agha Seyyid Fazel waited for the required time, and then begged me to command his departure.

A week later Agha Seyyid Fazel sent his servant to inform me that his daughter was unwell, and would My Honor come to see her and ordain a medicine. It is my custom with Persians to collect my fees in advance, this being the only way to get anything out of them. But I reasoned that in the case of Agha Seyyid Fazel, whose honesty is renowned, I could safely make an exception.

I went. The girl was suffering from a minor indisposition, caused, no doubt, by overindulgence in cucumbers.

I prescribed something and left.

A few days later, the servant again appeared, bearing on a tray something concealed beneath an embroidered cloth. He explained that it was a small present from his master, in recognition of My Honor's skill and kindness in restoring his beloved daughter to health. A Persian of position will rarely pay a doctor's fee in cash — he will send a present of becoming value.

I removed the cloth.

It was my clock.

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THE DOUGHBOY OF 1780

PAGES FROM A REVOLUTIONARY DIARY

EDITED BY JAMES R. NICHOLS

1780. *Saturday* 12 *August.* Sent a letter to my mother by Mr. Wescott. Am to pay him 10 dollars.

19*th.* This morning exercise Baron Steuben Commanded, somewhat fatiguing, but through Divine goodness was enabled to go through it acceptably. Capt. Sewall on guard.

ORANGETOWN. 26. *Saturday* — Upwards of three hundred waggons which went off two days ago covered by a detachment of the Army arrived this morning loaded with sheaves of wheat and upwards of three hundred head of cattle which were taken on the Jersey shore [? ?] below York. Successful enterprise very beneficial to the Army. The Lord's name is to be praised from the rising to the setting sun.

Thursday 31. Pretty warm this evening. Heavy shower of rain, very sharp lightning & thunder. One clap broke on the light Infantry, one man struck speechless. Come and see the works of God. He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

Monday 4th Sept. Decamped from Tenick & march'd about 8 miles & encamped near [?] Steenrapie in comfortable circumstances. Has been a very pleasant march. blessed be God for it.

STEENRAPIE. *Lords Day, Sept.* 10. This morning, Capt. Sewall left camp to go on business to Newburg. Previous to his departure he called me to him & informed me of his going & that he expected to be gone two days at least, during which time or in his absence I must take the care of the company with respect to its internal police, that I must grant passes only to four men a day, two in forenoon and two in afternoon & not to give pass to the latter till the former are returned. — I requested the Capt. to inquire of Mr. Brooks, Commr. Gen'l. of Clothing, respecting a paper cont'g a list of the articles of clothing which I lost by fire at West Point & which he took of me at Said point for to estimate their value as sold at Continental store in '74, which he said he would endeavor to get. Mr. Francis B. Q. M. accompanied him.

Attended divine service, Mr. Smith officiated. He spake with great clearness and energy from John IV. 8 v. of how little likeness or rather how great and almost universal is the unlikeness to the ever Blessed & true God in this fallen world. —

Oh! that God of his infinite, free, rich, mercy & grace would be pleased to pour out of his spirit and turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.

ORANGETOWN. *Fryday* 22. Fine weather. Early this morning, heavy cannonade above Dobbs Ferry [*** ***] by our troops & the enemies ships when the latter was beat off with damage.

Monday 25. Pleasant weather. The left wing of the Army were reviewed by

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Gen'l. Greene and a number of other principal officers.

Tuesday 26. Last night, about two o'clock orders came to be in the most perfect readiness to march at the shortest notice. Advice having been rec'd. from His Excellency of Gen'l. Arnold's *treason* in being about to deliver up West Point into the hands of the Enemy. Of Arnold's escape to the Enemy & of Mr. Andrie, Adjut. Gen'l. of the British Army being our prisoner. This day the Pennsylvania divisions march'd agreeable to orders.

Wednesday 27. Last night Capt. Sewall invited me to go the grand rounds with [him]. I cheerfully accepted & went between 11 & 1 o'clock. This day Sergt's. Frost & Poland & myself obtained permission to pass the guards and went first to Dobbs Ferry. Near it is a block house building, which we was at while at the Ferry. A British sea officer arrived there with a flag, in a barge & was permitted to land & deliv'd a letter to the commanding officer of the detachment at that post, then went to a house near the Ferry with several American officers. We then return'd. towards camp, leaving it on our right, went on about three miles & we conversed with several inhabitants & returned to camp by the way I pass'd it. Some rain. Blessed be God for his preserving goodness.

Thursday 28th. This day the British Adjt. Genl. & [Hett?] Smith a Tory were brought to the Army & kept under guard in a house & think they were Arnold's accomplices.

Fryday 29 — Nothing remarkable.

Saturday 30. Learnt the circumstances respecting the captivating the British Adjt. Gen'l. — It happened about 2 or 3 miles below Terrytown by 3 of our militiamen who were a patroling — they had halted to divert themselves by a game at cards when a man rides up [to them] and speaks addresses them with words to this effect (if not the identical) 'what do you do here lads?' 'Waiting for two or three of the Dam'd rebels whom we expect this way.' 'I am glad to find myself among my friends again. I have been out on weighty business and am now returning to York & wish you to guard me a few miles,' to which they readily assented, immediately arose from their game with their guns, step'd round him & ordered him to dismount or he was instantly a dead man. He used entreaties to dissuade them from it and to let him go but they told him they availed him nothing. He dismounted — they searched him, took his watch, money &c. but found no writings. They made him sit down and searched further, pulled off one boot and then the other — when under his stocking foot they found papers by which Gen'l. Arnold's Hellish Plot was discovered. They then brought him on to His Excellency, General Washington who was then in Connecticut.

N. B. I had like to have forgot an essential article in the affair. *Viz.* The above mentioned prisoner (who proved to be the British Adjt. Gen'l.) offered our men a large sum of money to let him go but they treated his proposal with disdain & queried with him how much he would give them. He made large offers but they were all lighter than a feather against their honorable Patriotism and finally resolutely assured him he was not to go to York again but was their prisoner & should safely guard him to Washington.

The three heroes who took Mr. Andrie yesterday came to the Army and were conversed with by many.

Lord's Day. Oct. 1st. Pleasant weather, attended divine service, text, Psalms 52 v. 7. on the occasion of treason.

Gen'l. Orders that Maj. Andrie the British Adjt. Gen'l., was tried by a

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board of Gen'l. officers & condemned to suffer death, the sentence to be put in execution the usual way. The gallows was erected, grave dug & numerous spectators had assembled expecting to see the execution. A flagg arrived — execution put off.

Monday 2d. This day, the business of Mr. Andrie's execution was resumed and completed. He was hung at 12 o'clock, with great apparent fortitude to the last. Capt. Sewall on guard.

Wednesday 4th. Stormy, This evening, . . . a soldier in our camp was punished agreeable to a sentence of a Court Martial for loosing Continental horses, a disobedience of orders while in the B. waggon service. He received 38 [lashes?] and then joined the company.

TOTOWAY, *October 26 Thursday.* This day, a general review by His Excellency Gen'l. Washington & French Ambassador and a number of other gen'l. officers. The Ambassador had been [elected] from Congress and was on his return.

Oct'r. 27, Fryday. I sold Serj't. Huggins one dozen cartridges which number he lost.

Lord's Day. November 26. This day, the Army rec'd marching orders.

Monday 27. This day, agreeable to yesterday's orders, we marched at 10 o'clock & encamped 2 miles E. of Peramust church in woods. Pleasant weather.

Tuesday 28. March'd. from Peramust and encamped near Karhaat church.

Wednesday 29. Marched from Karhaat and encamped near Kings Ferry.

Thursday 30. Decamp'd from Kingsferry & incamped in the woods near West Point.

Fryday, December 1. Arrived at West Point, where I met several of my old friends who rec'd & treated me kindly. Tarried on the Point a few hours, then were marched to the woods about 2 miles west of the point and there three days.

Monday 4. Marched from thence & the baggage having arrived at the Point, pitched tent. on a hill 2 miles N. W. from West Point.

Tuesday [5] This day built chimnies to our tents. Gen'l. Glover's & Lieut. Learneds Brigade in barracks at the Point. Paterson's in hutts which the Yorkers yesterday left, being ordered to Albany for several days. Part of the levies have been discharged.

Through the whole campaign, I have enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health, notwithstanding the many inconveniences we have necessarily been subjected to — for which I desire to bless and praise God's holy name whose mercy is great above the Heavens & beg him to give me new resolution to devout my spared life to his service & I do pray God to grant me wisdom and strength to conduct in such a manner as shall be well pleasing in his sight & that he would keep & preserve me in every time of danger & difficulties, that I may glorify him in body & spirit, while in this life & if it shall be His holy will, see these United States free & independent & my friends & relations in peace & safety to rejoice with them, & above all, be brought to the full enjoyment of God in his Heavenly Kingdom, for Christ's sake.

N. B. The seven nights which we lay in the wood without covering, only part of one was wet — a very pleasant march.

WEST POINT. *Saturday 16.* Capt. Sewall let me have a pair of boots.

Tuesday 19. Bought the aforesaid boots of Capt. Sewall for which, I am to pay him One hundred & twenty dollars, old emission. Agreed with Plaisted to give him my linen breeches for his blanket.

Tuesday Jan. 2d, 1781. Yesterday the

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new arrangement of the Army, pursuant to the resolves of Congress of the 3 & 21 Oct'r. took place. A gill of rum ordered to each of the soldiers who remained in service on the occasion — this with the new year, new clothes as to send in a day or two, should be lasting influences to the aspiring to become new creatures.

Fryday 5. Lieut. Huggins & Arnold arrived from threshing. The comp'y was served with clothes but no coats.

We are now, through Divine Goodness, arrived at the place, where, I trust, we are to remain during the winter, here are hutts which will tolerably accommodate us & in which I hope we may make improvements in all those things which tend to the glory of God and our countrie's good surrounded with mountains — may we have the sensible preference of the God of Glory at all times with us — be influenced, directed & supported by wisdom. This day, Lieut. Huggins & Arnold were disch'g'd and set off for home.

Saturday 13. Fuller & John went on redoubt guard. Get brimstone of the surgeon to anoynt for the itch.

Lord's Day 14. Last night anointed for to cure the itch. This day I read a small book which I borrowed of Mr. Senote containing two sermons 1st. if the righteous surely are saved &c. 2. There is a way that seemeth right unto a man but the end of that way is death — Willard & Wakefield return'd from extra service, some snow.

Monday 15. Last night reanointed, to-day pleasant — copied back orders — Willard & Wakefield's levies discharged and set off for home.

Thursday 18. Last evening had a surtout and a waistcoat cut out of a blanket.

Tuesday 23. Yesterday Col. Sprout informed me he was ordered on command — that the Jersic troops had revolted & His Excellency was determined to reduce them to obedience. Last evening, sent by the Col. with a letter to the Bd. Major at the hills about clothing, there being 40 coats to a reg't. arrived at Red House — snowstorm, it fell till day and was very severe.

Monday 29. Pleasant weather and a load of wood.

Wednesday 31. Col. Sprout returned from command, having reduced the Jersic troops to their duty, two of whom were shot.

Wednesday. February 14. Committee from Boston arrived with hard money for the troops. Money left on the Island because the ice is weak — O! God keep our hearts in thy love.

Lord's Day 18. Committee from state began to pay the troops their hard money nine dollars per man, light companies first who are ordered on detachment duty. M. Ge'l. Howe set off for Boston. Colo. Sprout asked me if I did not want a furlough, answered I should be happy in an opportunity of visiting my friends for a short time previous to the opening of a new campaign. Said he would give me a recommendation for a furlough.

Tuesday March 13. Sarjt. Penny was at our hut, said he was going home in 10 days & that, if after he had been home, he cold get 400 hard dollars would engage for three years & come out again. News. A number of the enemy vessels were coming up the river, were as far as Sing Sing — Bragdon, a soldier of Capt. Williams' comp'y. began to fit our compy's hut to accommodate him and his wife, having no place to live in as the number of our comp'y. are small they quarter with Capt. Williams comp'y. in their hut & when recruits arrive & it becomes necessary for our comp'y. to occupy the hut — Bragdon &c is to remove from the hut.

Thursday 22. Delivered ½ lb. tea for

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Capt. Lord to his waiter. The commander in chief returned from Philadelphia.

Wednesday 28. 29 years of age. [Edmund Gale born March 28, 1752.]

Thursday 29. Pleasant.

Saturday 31. Agreeable to Gen'l Orders, the troops of 2 Brigade marched to be inoculated for smallpox. 24 from 2 Regt. Lieut. Myrick & 16 privates — his waiter Maxwell is with him. Maj. Maxwell returned to the Regt. from command at the lines.

Wednesday April 11. . . . agreeable to the Regulations, Lt. Myrick told me he has seen Sewall who was not willing I should leave the company to serve with Commisary Frost, nor the Major. Perceiving it would be disagreeable to the officers of the Reg't. in general tho't. it best to conclude not to leave the company. Supposing I might, accordingly, I went over to Mr. Frost's and told him my conclusion. Said he should have been glad to have had me & that he had not sought for anybody else. I was obliged to him & I returned to camp. The chain laid across the river. Training weekly return for the morrow. Dewey promoted to be a serg't.

Monday May 14. Reg't paid their wages for the first month in 1781.

Tuesday 15. N. Alvord & Clary went off on command completed to 40 rounds of cartridges from Irason's box. Sergt. Lincoln gone. Rec'd. one recruit into our company, John Choran from Boston, carpenter. Drew pair of shoes, Wadsworth, old Salem friend, one of the recruits who joined Capt. Drew's comp'y, by whom I was informed my friends & relations were well to my great satisfaction, it being a long while since I heard from them. News from the Lines. The enemy surprised and butchered a small guard of ours at Pine Bridge, murdered Col. Green & a major & several militia.

Lord's Day 27. Richardson absent from roll call by reason as appeared he was very drunk. In evening Adjt. Ballard ordered me to put him into the guard house as soon as he was able to walk, which he was not at tattoo beating.

Monday 28. This morning, Richardson upon his legs and according to orders put to the guard house & made report to the Adjt. who said it was very well. Fine Day.

Tuesday 29. Last evening Richardson brought to the post, when the sentence of the court martial was read it was 30 lashes but beg'd the Commandants forgiveness & was forgiven by Majr. Gibbs. This day brig'd. marched at 8 o'clock. A. M. & arrived & encamped near the German huts at eleven. An agreeable encampment, Watkins on command at lines.

Monday May 4. Serjt. Dewey confined of overstaying his pass 18 days.

Thursday 7. Last night and this day rainy & very seasonable. Blessed be God.

Tuesday 12. Lt. Myrick to Penna. Sold my green coat Noadiah Alvord for a pair silver knee buckles & ten new emission dollars to be paid as soon as possible.

Thursday 14. Crary returned from command, lost 4 cartridges.

[Scrawls, and so forth. Evidently an attempt to make out a wash list.]

Wednesday 20. Maj. Gibbs made a feast to his excellency Gen'l. Washington, Genl's. Howe, Paterson & numerous field & commissioned officers.

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THE WORST BIRTHDAY IN A MAN'S LIFE

BY EDWARD W. BOK

In conversation one day with Colonel Roosevelt I happened to mention that I was approaching my fiftieth birthday.

'The worst birthday of your life,' was his instant comment.

'Why?' I asked.

'Because you can't help translating it into the fact that it is half a century and because it is n't likely that you will live as long as you have lived. In other words, the realization is brought home that you have lived the larger part of your life.'

'But you have no fear of the end of life?' I asked.

'Not a bit,' came the quick answer. 'Not an iota. I 've had a wonderful time. But so much to do. The world is so interesting.'

When I did reach my fiftieth year it was true: I had exactly the feeling which Colonel Roosevelt had pictured, and so, I fancy, has nearly every man.

I

It is really funny to watch the average man when the calendar one day tells him the time has come to change the first figure of his age from four to five. There is something psychological about the half-century mark that he does n't like. Whether it is the realization, as Colonel Roosevelt said, that the span he has lived is longer than the span he will live, or that his vanity is touched by the fact that he can no longer be rated in the young-man class, a man simply does not like his fiftieth birthday. Inevitably he begins to take stock of himself; he convinces himself, so far as a touch of lumbago, or a slight murmur of the heart, or a letting-out of his belt will permit him, that he feels just as fit as he did at thirty. Then he goes out and proclaims it to all his friends. 'Keener than I ever was!' 'Wonderful how I can sleep.' 'Eat? Eat more than I ever did,' and all the familiar mental caperings that come with fifty.

And the friend to whom he proclaims all this wonders why Ned is stressing these things since never before has he felt compelled to give an inventory of his health to everyone he met. Probably the friend begins to suspect that Ned has reached and passed the fiftieth milestone. He may listen politely to Ned's protestations, but he smiles and chuckles as he walks away.

Meanwhile, Ned is busy with another little problem that comes with fifty. He sees the young man of thirty with whom he compares himself coming along, and worse still he sees — almost feels — the young man of forty at his heels. He does not like the pace of either of them: particularly the forty-year-old who seems to be crowding him a bit. He looks ahead and sees the sixty-year-old man secure in the contentment of his age of wisdom, and he does n't like that picture either. He gets the feeling of being between two walls. He feels sure he is at the very top of his stride, and yet — ! He is not so sure of it as he wishes he might be.

He must exercise, he decides. Golf, and when the weather does not permit

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golf, then — 'twelve daily lessons to music.' He has heard, too, that it is very good for the girth to be able to bend over and touch the tips of your feet with the tips of your fingers. Then his dress. His shirts may be just a little gayer of design, perhaps; he has noticed that there are some specially beautiful shades of red in cravats this season. The cut of his clothes could be a bit snappier. Of course, he must see 'old Doc' about that little twinge; that foolish little stiffness which seems to come and go; there 's a hump that should n't be there.

'They 're nothing of course; a man can't be one hundred per cent,' he argues. Still one might see what 'Doc' has to say. The teeth, too, might stand a bit of looking over, and, when he comes to think of it, he has n't had his glasses corrected for three or four years.

II

To himself — of course, only to himself — the half-century man reads what I have written here and thinks, 'That chap knows.' You see I have been there. I do know and, let me add, I know the foolishness of it all. What we need at fifty is a little more common sense — a realization of the facts; then no excuses or self-deception, but an honest admission and a readjustment. Why this pretense of being a thirty-year-old when we cannot meet the specifications? Why offer this excuse, and create that alibi or try to fool ourselves with futile explanations, when, in reality, we fool no one — not even ourselves. Why be ashamed of being fifty? What is there to be afraid of? The span of life is lengthening, and it is very largely within our own hands to determine how long we shall live and enjoy life!

It gets us nowhere, however, to proclaim ourselves to our friends as what we are not. We did not do this before fifty; why call attention to the fact now by assuring everybody that we are as keen as a razor and as bright as a new penny? Our friends know a fifty-year-old penny when they see one, although they may be too considerate to say so. All we have to do is to take reasonable care of our health, confessing first to ourselves, and convincing ourselves of it, that we cannot endure at fifty what we did at forty; nor can we eat the same things; nor as much. Of course, a man will immediately say, 'How can you prevent yourself from catching the diseases that are all around you?' We can — in a measure; but the chief truth to get lodged in our minds is that the diseases which really lay us low are not those which we catch from others, but which we present to ourselves. We cannot 'catch' a valve in the heart or the fatty degeneration of that organ. Nor is it anyone's fault if we strain our heart to the point where it puts us out of the running. Our arteries are not hardened by others; we accomplish that process ourselves. No one gives us Bright's Disease, or diabetes, or a case of strained nerves; we present these to ourselves, and we do it by excesses — not of the other fellow's making, but of our own. The contagious diseases to which we are exposed by others' carelessness are bad enough; but why make the battle harder by personal and self-imposed contributions? If it be true that a man can give the organic diseases *to* himself, is it not then also true that he can keep them *from* himself?

III

It is a very satisfying statement for some to say that a man can, at fifty, play thirty-six holes of golf a day and feel just as fresh as he did at thirty. Some men can, but they are excep-

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tional, and the chances are rather against your being the exceptional man. Besides, golf is determined not so much by the number of holes played a day as by the manner in which you play them. 'I can walk ten miles a day and not feel it,' is a proud boast. But, unless one is a letter-carrier, why walk ten miles a day? The body does not require that amount of walking a day to keep in trim. Let common sense rule. It can easily be demonstrated that two miles a day are infinitely better at fifty, just as satisfying and certainly wiser, and that eighteen holes of golf are just as efficacious as thirty-six, if not more so. The extremes are never wise because unnecessary.

It is astonishing, too, how susceptible the average man becomes at fifty to the faddists and the charlatans who have as many notions of how to keep well as there are days in the calendar. The general start is with 'only five minutes of this exercise every morning just after you wake up.' If the exercise is one that has to be taken while you are in bed, before rising, then someone comes along and gives another 'five-minute exercise' for the bathroom. The third acknowledges that while these may be good, they are not sufficient for an all-around exercise, and he prescribes a full dozen, some with music, and others without. Of course, the musical exercises always depend upon whether the bathroom can accommodate a Victrola, in addition to the bathtub and other accessories. If the size of your bathroom does not permit such demonstrations, the booklet of instruction advises doing the exercises in your bedroom; which raises the point whether others may not wish to sleep at just the time when the music is inspiring you to kick in various directions or to fan the air wildly with your arms.

The advertisements, of course, do not present these obstacles, but experience does, and that perhaps is why so many exercises with music are put away in closets to exercise the patience of the housewife who must find room for them 'when no one uses them.' I confess I had at one time some six or seven of these early-morning diversions prescribed by doctors, dentists, aurists, and oculists, until I found myself taking from an hour to an hour and a half to dress, with each diversion deemed more 'important' than any other by the prescriber! I never tried the twelve daily lessons set to music because, while I may be peculiar, I prefer my music without exercise at the same time. But I did try to raise myself up from the floor by lifting the abdominal muscles only; to touch the toes with the legs erect; to stand on my head and wave my feet rhythmically in the air; to shape the inside of my hands like a cup over my ears twenty times and pull the hands away quickly; to take twenty-five deep breaths standing before an open window; and to stretch my abdomen thirty times. In addition to this, I learned to eat two raw eggs before breakfast; to drink eight glasses of water while dressing, and to run floss through the crevices between my teeth. As a result of these exercises I found a day's work, if I were nimble, beginning at eleven o'clock in the morning! And I was pretty tired when I began!

IV

Where the half-century man most often errs is in the comfortable belief that he can eat everything he could at thirty and digest it just as well. 'I can eat nails,' he says; and he does everything short of trying to prove that he can. Phrases and so-called truisms are perhaps the most misleading things we have: we forget in the acceptance of a truism that it was, after all, but the

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utterance or opinion of one man who was just as likely to be wrong as to be right. There is, however, one truism that has a basis of hard truth, and this is that we 'dig our graves with our teeth.' Very few men, however, like to have their diet disturbed. This is particularly true of the man who has always eaten what he chose. He is a slave to his palate, and so the road which leads to a sour stomach, to flatulence, unpleasant breath, palpitation, and dizziness beckons easily to him, and soon he begins to travel on it, wondering all the while what is the matter with him. That it is his diet is the very last point he will concede. A physician of forty years' experience with stomach troubles said to me recently: 'There are two things a man does n't like to be told: to eat less and to smoke less. The moment I tell him those two I generally find I have lost another patient. And yet,' he added, 'that is just what the average man should be told when he passes fifty.' Another stomach specialist said: 'If only the average man would give food to his stomach with the same care with which he gives gasoline to his automobile, we stomach specialists would have to seek some other profession.'

The average man seems unable to attain the reasonable mean between eating too much and what he calls a starvation diet. Suggest taking anything away from him, and he immediately sets up the cry either that you are 'springing new-fangled notions' on him, that the doctor is 'a nut,' or that his wife is starving him. He will recognize no middle-ground. He will assure you that he needs all that he eats: he can't keep going unless he does eat just so much. He must have a hearty breakfast (meat, generally!) to start the day; his luncheon must have something to it after an 'exhausting' morning; and of course, in the evening, he 'simply must have a complete dinner'! Then he goes to 'fix the car for to-morrow' or to 'fix the furnace for the night,' absolutely oblivious of the fact that, if either of those inanimate objects had been fed as he has fed himself all day, the car would n't run and the furnace would be clogged with fuel. Make this comparison clear and he waves it aside with the all-sufficient (to him) argument that you cannot compare an automobile or a furnace to a human being. But make the comparison to fit his ideas of eating, and he will at once agree with you. 'Sure!' he will say. 'That 's what I always say. A man must be stoked just like a furnace — fill it up.' And the gases which fill his house during the night from the overstoked furnace tell him nothing of the gases in the stomach which make him belch or hiccup or feel a 'stitch in his side.'

Man, with few exceptions, is a glutton, and he will not have his eating interfered with. You may argue all you like with him about speedier fermentation of food after fifty, less perfect elimination, digestive processes that do not work with the same cream-like smoothness with which they did at thirty, the less need for the same amount of food. He listens, perhaps with patience, perhaps with irritation, according to his nature, and then goes on and does exactly as he did before. If he does slow up, it is for a short time only; then, feeling the healthful reaction from a more moderate diet, he falls again into the old rut of overeating. If it were true that organically a man is the same at fifty as at thirty or forty, all this would be correct. But the organs are *not* the same, and will not perform at fifty as they did with the fresher, more youthful, and freer flow of blood at thirty. A food specialist has said that a man at fifty should eat thirty per cent less food than at forty, and that for every five years thereafter

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he should take off ten per cent until he reaches fifty or sixty per cent reduction. Of course, no table of percentages is applicable to each and all, but in the main it is conceded by stomach specialists that this moderation is by no means too drastic; if anything, it is too conservative. Then, of course, the quality of the food comes in, and there must be taken into consideration the question of well-balanced meals.

The point of the whole matter, however, is the realization of the need of a reduction in food when a man reaches the half-century point in his age: the amount of that reduction must be decided by the individual. Drinking (water) he can increase, and wisely; but to eating he cannot hold as in the past, and the sooner he gets the truth of that idea securely fixed in his mind the better. It is truly amazing, when one tries the experiment, to discover how little food is needed not only to keep a man feeling fit, but also to enable him to do a prodigious amount of work. Gradually I have cut down my eating until sometimes I seem to my family to belong to the family of orchids. But invariably with such reductions my health has been bettered, my mentality has become much more alert, and there is no diminution in the quality or quantity of work accomplished. 'Enough is as good as a feast.'

V

The physiologists tell us that the life of a man is divided into cycles of seven: that during each of these cycles his organism undergoes change, and that the time between the seventh and eighth cycles — that is, between the forty-ninth and fifty-sixth years — is a period that should receive the particular attention of every man. Of course, this is but another way of saying that at this time of a man's life there should come a readjustment of his habits of eating, a moderation in his exercise, in the speed of his activities, and in his general watchfulness of himself, if he would reach his sixtieth year with any degree of vitality and with the blood flowing freely in his arteries.

The particularly watchful point of observation is the appetite, which has a way of taking on an avariciousness during this cycle out of all proportion to the needs of the body. It is, then, either by gratifying or curbing his appetite that the man determines his future health and longevity. If simply because he has a craving for food he satisfies the appetite, he will find the entire organism weakening under the pressure, and trouble begins. If, on the other hand, he curbs his appetite and trains it according to the needs of the body, a healthy vigor takes the place of a torpid condition. A man can wisely eat only what he can easily digest; and this truth means simply that his digestive organs will not take care of the same quantity of food between the seventh and eighth cycles of his life as during the sixth and seventh periods. Because the palate craves food it does not by any means follow that the digestive organs can take care of it.

After all, there are only three points to which a man at fifty should pay attention: less food, with a more generous drinking of water; a rational amount of exercise; and eight hours' sleep. These, with a contented mind which casts off worry, are very likely to lead to a ripe old age.

The wise Marcus Aurelius was right when he wrote, 'Remember this: that very little is needed to make a happy life.'

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HARVEST HOME

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

Do you remember, Cynthia,
How the great corn-waggons used to lurch out of the gate
And sway down the little white road,
Brushing the hedges on either side
Till both of them were caught and strewn
With wisps and stalks of corn
With sometimes the ears on it still,
Hanging there,
Swaying over the twigs?
Do you remember, Cynthia,
How strange the sea used to look
Appearing above the waggon
As it went down the hill —
A broad blue bar,
Hard, against the paler blue of the sky?
Do you remember the great golden twenty-acre field
And the reapers,
Their cries and laughter?
And the little dusty edge of the stubble all the way round
Poppy-strewn, and strewn with nettles and dock,
Where sometimes playing and exploring in the hedges
We 'd start a couple of partridges
With whirr and scuffle
And plaintive cry?
Do you remember how we used to ride the horses
Going down the swathes between the stooks,
And how the long golden lads
Who seemed to us giants then, —
Leonard, Mike, and the rest, —
With their lithe arms and sunburned faces,
Would pitch the golden stuff high over our heads,
And gather the straggling bits that still remained
With long sweeping curves
Of their two-pronged forks

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And then cry 'Hold-jee'
For the great old horse to move on
To the next lot of sheaves?
Do you remember the rise of the shafts
Beneath our sand-shoes,
And the feel of the buckles and straps of the harness
Digging into our bare legs
As the cart moved on?
You used to wear a little sunbonnet
From which your black curly hair overflowed
And blossomed about your warm cheeks;
And sometimes, impatient, you 'd push it back,
And shake your curls out free
In the wind and the sun.
And when we were astride the horse together
You used to put your arms round me
And laugh over my shoulder;
I could feel your breath on my cheek
And your hair, tickling.
And then I used to feel what a man I was
To do great and adventurous things
In the years to come —

Do you remember old Father John,
Thigh-deep at the top of the great stack,
With the harvest moon at the full
Swinging up out of the deepening skies
Behind him —
And still the huge waggons lumbering up below
With their burden of golden grain
To be pitched on top,
And the ceaseless rustle and whisper of corn,
And lads' voices and laughter
Through the moonlit dusk?
We used to leave them there,
And wonder how long they 'd work on into the night,
By the gleam of the moon.
We used to leave them there
And run home down the darkening lanes,
With our shadows flitting in front of us
And the whisper of bats' wings above.
Do you remember?

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NOTES FROM A FRONT-PAGE LABORATORY

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

Newts and Salamanders. PAUL KAMMERER is a Viennese biologist who is now engaged in defending the doctrines of Lamarck against seemingly overwhelming odds. Nearly one hundred and twenty-five years ago Lamarck believed that one potent factor in the transformation of species was the inheritance of acquired characteristics. New traits developed by one generation under the stress of use or disuse or some other environmental force might be transmitted to succeeding generations, along with traits inherited from the very beginnings of life. So Lamarck. The doctrine became scientific heresy when August Weismann, a human generation ago, proved, or is believed to have proved, that nothing ever gets itself transmitted from father to son which the father in turn has not inherited. One might say that until recently Lamarck was disproved by himself. His doctrines failed to be transmitted to succeeding generations.

Now comes Kammerer and asserts that he has demonstrated the inheritance of acquired traits. He has changed the color of salamanders by breeding generations of them against a differently tinted background. He has adapted land lizards to a marine environment. He has taken newts in whom the eye, from disuse in the dark, had become filmed over and sunken into the skull socket, and by exposing them to the light has bred newts in whom the eye has pierced forward into prominence. Kammerer's conclusions have been received with skepticism by the scientific world as known to the Anglo-Saxon. In the first place, he has been told that his experiments must be duplicated and verified by other observers. In the second place, it is a question whether his newts and lizards, even if they have changed as Kammerer says they have, will stay put, or whether some day Kammerer will not find himself confronted with a startling reversion of his newts and salamanders to the original type. It would appear that man is not the only backslider in the world of animate nature. And thus the controversy moves merrily on.

Serajevo and Versailles. Suppose, then, that we leave this conflict between environmental change and the predetermined plasm to be fought out in the laboratory tanks and cages, while we look about for the test of Lamarckism in the world as known to the man in the street, with a newspaper. This being very soon after the tenth anniversary of the outbreak of the World War, we might look back to the summer of 1914 and later. Here it is immediately manifest that the evidence is strongly against Lamarck. The story of the last ten years shows, at first sight, that acquired characteristics decidedly are not transmitted.

Of the Great War, it is frequently and correctly said that it vindicated, in tragic form, the principle of primal heredity. The war showed that man in

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1914 was still very much the heir of traits imbedded in the germ plasm of millions of years ago. The war showed that our celebrated 'human nature' has been transmitted through the ages virtually unaffected by the acquired characteristics of civilization. The war was a conflict of age-old passions, competitions, frontiers, manifest destinies, spheres of interest, and white man's burdens of all sorts. Man, in the course of the centuries, had acquired many characteristics. He had acquired peace societies, Red Cross societies, international Socialism, international scientific congresses, exchange professors, arbitration courts, international finance, humanitarianism, safeguards for women and children, and many other pleasing traits which, by continuous use, were expected to transform the human species. And then came a sudden outburst of poison gas and submarine sinkings to show how easily the acquired characteristic of many years could be sloughed off under the impact of a violent self-assertion of the primal germ.

The war produced some extraordinary examples of reversion to type. Take, for instance, the case of Poland. Between the years 1772 and 1793 Poland had ceased to be an individual entity and had become the acquired characteristic of no less than three other individuals — Russia, Prussia, and Austria. For nearly one hundred and fifty years, the czars continued to transmit Warsaw to their heirs as an acquired characteristic. Hapsburg continued to transmit Cracow to Hapsburg as an acquired characteristic. Hohenzollern continued to transmit Posen and Danzig to Hohenzollern as acquired characteristics. By 1914, it was pretty generally assumed that this acquired Polish trait had become an integral part of the Romanoff, Hapsburg, and Hohenzollern germ plasm, destined to run on in these best families forever. Five years later this great Lamarckian process was completely undone. Russia, Prussia, and Austria have lost their acquired Polish traits as decisively as Kammerer's opponents say his newts and lizards may find themselves stripped of their acquired 'foreign' traits.

And elsewhere in the world's geography the same anti-Lamarckian process has been manifesting itself. The acquired characteristics of the Ottoman Turk in Arabia, Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia have disappeared. Japan has lost her acquired characteristics in Shantung. Hungary has sloughed off all her Slav taxpayer characteristics. The Egyptian traits are fading out of the British Empire; and things are stirring in India.

Low Acquisibility. Even more notable have been the anti-Lamarckian effects of the war in the economic-biologic sphere. Here we have to do with the most celebrated of all acquired characteristics — namely, Wealth or Property. Wealth is the one characteristic which men have always set out deliberately to acquire. In this respect, property would even out-Lamarck Lamarck. The salamander does not say to himself, 'Go to, I will migrate from a bright-green to a soft-yellow environment in order to acquire a lovely lemon tinge for my posterity.' For that matter, not even man, the self-conscious one, has ever said, 'I will now proceed to develop an exceptionally spatulated thumb or supernormal power of eyesight for the benefit of my grandchildren.' If these things happen, they do just that: they happen. There is no conscious purpose behind it. But in the matter of bank stock and railway bonds and real-estate mortgages a man does consciously strive for an acquired characteristic. And what is more, he is eager to acquire that characteristic for the very purpose, mainly, of transmitting it.

And not only in the sense of being

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highly transmissible has private property, hitherto, been true to Lamarck. Broader than the principle of the inheritance of acquired characteristics is the Lamarckian principle of functional use and disuse as factors in the evolution of species. If a newt uses its eye steadily and purposefully, that eye develops in scope and power. If a newt uses its eye ill, that eye atrophies. So with wealth. Suppose John Smith has acquired a million dollars in the course of his lifetime and has transmitted that valuable characteristic to his son. If John Smith 2nd makes proper use of that million-dollar characteristic, the chances are that it will manifest itself in the third John Smith in the form of a five-million-dollar trait. On the other hand, successive generations, by improper use of a transmitted million-dollar trait, or a five-million-dollar trait, or even an eighty-million-dollar trait, may lose that trait altogether and revert to the original state of the original John Smith before he began acquiring Dun and Bradstreet characteristics. This Lamarckian truth has been summed up in the familiar remark that in this country it is usually three generations from overalls to overalls.

Society has looked with extreme favor upon the Lamarckian conception of property. Society has encouraged the transmission of property from generation to generation. Indeed, there is a very respectable body of opinion which holds that property is the basis of the social order; and the right to property obviously means not only the right to accumulate and possess, but the right to transmit. There is no need here to discuss all the historic codes and laws of inheritance which until recently were designed to reënforce a biological principle with a social sanction. This sanction finds its fullest development in the laws of entail and primogeniture, by which individuals are actually deprived of the right to dictate the specific channel along which their acquired real-estate characteristics shall be transmitted. The individual was compelled to let his acquired traits flow along the channels deemed most desirable from the point of view of the social interest. England to-day is frequently considered to be what it is because of the laws that encouraged real-estate transmission to the eldest son, leaving for the younger sons the army, the church, or the colonies. In France, on the other hand, the Code Napoléon decreed that a man's landed-property characteristics should be distributed equally among all his children; and France's sturdy peasant proprietorship to-day is usually traced to this popularization of Lamarck by Bonaparte.

The Weismannian Tax-Collector. But there has been a change. Why are the people of the United States, at the moment of this writing, more deeply concerned with the problem of tax-reduction than with any other question of general interest? Why is this also true of the people of Great Britain, of Italy, and of the greater part of the civilized and tax-paying world? Because something happened a few years ago which largely destroyed the Lamarckian character of property, and tax-reduction is a desperate endeavor on the part of the world's population to get back to Lamarck. That something was the World War. Wealth emerged out of the war, with anywhere from thirty to one hundred per cent of its transmissible qualities destroyed. The normal citizen can no longer transmit property to his descendants as readily as he used to do, for the very good reason that his Government takes a very large part of his property away from him, and leaves him with that much less to transmit. For many millions of people in Europe the war left nothing at all to transmit. The struggle to get back from war-taxes to

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normal taxes, to get back from Weismann to Lamarck, will be in the forefront for a great many years to come in every civilized country — or at least in every country sufficiently civilized to have participated in the World War.

Great Britain is to-day the most anti-Lamarckian nation on earth. The subjects of King George hand over more of their acquired property characteristics to the tax-collector than do any other participants in the World War. British inheritance taxes mount as high as forty per cent, meaning that this portion of a defunct British citizen's property has been rendered untransmissible. And it is not merely succession taxes. The normal taxes paid by the British citizen average one third of his annual income. This means that, for a very considerable portion of the British middle-class, wealth has virtually ceased to be hereditary. The business of making both ends meet is so difficult that there can be little question of saving for one's heirs. England to-day expects every man to do his duty by the tax-collector six times as hard as before the war; and to that extent one's duty by one's heirs must suffer.

In other countries the loss of the transmissible character of property has been somewhat less notable, but still enormous when compared with the pre-war standard of taxation. In France, perhaps twenty per cent of an individual's income is rendered unavailable for transmission to the next generation, by the activities of the tax-collector. In the United States it is ten per cent, on the average. Federal taxation to-day is probably five times as high as before the war.

What is the justification for war-taxes? In the first place, of course, necessity. But in many quarters there has been an attempt to moralize the process. It is a familiar argument. The State, in the course of the war, had exercised the right to conscript the bodies of its citizens together with their freedom of opinion, of utterance, and of movement, and various other normally inalienable characteristics. Therefore, it is argued, Government should have no hesitation about conscripting the wealth of its citizens to pay for the war. In the course of the war, millions of young men were deprived of the power to transmit to their issue, not only their acquired characteristics, but all characteristics whatsoever, by the simple fact of dying on the field of battle or in the hospitals and the prison camps. Young men were killed who might have transmitted to their unborn children a vast accumulation of energy, aptitude, genius, aspirations, dreams. It is only just, it is argued, that the survivors should deny themselves, to a considerable extent, the privilege of transmitting their property accumulations to their children. If it is to be Weismann against Lamarck, then it should be Weismann all round. So runs the argument. Its soundness may be left for the reader to pass upon.

On the Other Hand. But in society, as in the biological sciences, it is a very rare principle that enjoys smooth sailing. Hypotheses have a disconcerting way of running up smack against an obstinate set of hostile facts. So in this after-war world and on this issue of private property, where everything has seemingly been running against Lamarck, we find ourselves suddenly confronted with a very startling vindication of Lamarck. I have been pointing out how much more difficult war has rendered the inheritance of the most popular of all acquired characteristics, namely, wealth. In all fairness, it should now be pointed out that in one respect Lamarck has been very emphatically justified; that, as a result of the war, wealth has been more rapidly and more thoroughly transmitted from individual

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to individual than for a century before the outbreak of the war.

The situation may be summarized as follows: The war has made it much more difficult for an individual to transmit his acquired real-estate and bank balances to his son. But the war has encouraged on an enormous scale the transmission of a man's wealth to non-descendants of his body. It is a phenomenon frequently hinted at in the two familiar epithets — the New Rich and the New Poor. Let us see.

II

To what purposes do Governments devote the taxes which they derive from their citizens and by which said citizens are rendered more or less incapable of transmitting said wealth to their descendants? The great bulk of taxes everywhere goes to paying interest on the national debts piled up during the war. But if such vast debts exist, these debts must be held somewhere. In other words, there must be somewhere a great body of wealth. And there is. It is in the hands of the New Rich or of the Richer-than-Ever. All over Europe millions of the so-called middle class, and particularly millions of the so-called brainworkers and fixed income owners, are paying interest on bonds which other people hold. In a very real sense they have transmitted and are still transmitting their wealth to the fortunate bondholders. If they have no property characteristics left to transmit to their children, it is because they have handed over or are busy handing over those property-characteristics to utter strangers.

This process is best studied in Germany. By far the greater part of the property characteristics acquired through generations by millions of humbly well-off and moderately well-off Germans — small property owners, security-holders, pensioners, insurance-beneficiaries, professional and intellectual workers — has been transmitted through the devaluation of the German mark to the Stinneses and others of their kind who have profited enormously by these same worthless marks. In Germany there is not even the poor consolation that the losses of one great class have been the gain of another comparatively large class. The German national debt has been repudiated and the so-called owners of fixed incomes have seen their incomes fixed at zero. In Germany the transmission of wealth along lines of non-kinship has been from the pockets of the very many to the pockets of the very few.

That, of course, is not altogether a new phenomenon. Revolutions, whether political, social, or religious, have a way of transmitting the property characteristics of one class to another class. Henry VIII of England transmitted a very notable accumulation of real-estate characteristics from the monasteries to the nobles; and the latter supplemented the process by transmitting to themselves the acquired land-characteristics of the English peasantry — through the ingenious system of enclosures. Tucked away in a book which one would least suspect of cynicism, in *L'Abbé Constantin*, there is one brief sentence that completely covers the case. Frenchmen, remarks M. Halévy, insist on having revolution once in every generation because that is the most expeditious way of redistributing the wealth of a nation.

White Collars. By this time it should be obvious that we cannot speak of Lamarck's doctrines as entirely valid or entirely discredited. The transmission of acquired characteristics operates in some instances and breaks down in others. Sometimes we see the same trait, as in the case of the wealth of the European middle-classes,

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partly justifying Lamarck and partly repudiating him. Sometimes we see in the same individual certain traits true to Lamarck and other traits belying him. This particular phase of the conflict between Lamarck and anti-Lamarck is strongly manifested in one section of the middle classes upon which the world has bestowed a great amount of commiseration and an infinitesimal amount of concrete relief. I refer to the so-called white-collar workers.

The white-collar proletariat to-day is at the same time the victim of traits that strongly insist on getting themselves inherited and of others that are becoming increasingly difficult to pass on to one's issue. The Standard of Living is one of the acquired characteristics which normally exerts an almost irresistible urge to pass on from father to son. To be sure, in the war countries of Europe that urge has been largely overcome by a hostile environment. The white-collar masses of Europe have been driven to accept for their children a standard based on less food and clothes, poorer housing, less education, and, in pretty nearly every other way, a lowered material and spiritual life. But here at home the white-collar population has held to its living standard, though at extraordinary sacrifices. There has been a fierce insistence, in the face of the famous Cost of Living, upon maintaining the American level of cleanly and seemly habitation and dress, and of full opportunity for education — all for transmittal to one's children. In the matter of food, I imagine, there has been practised a drastic thrift in order to make possible that dignity of home and dress which does go far to make the man. The clerk and the school-teacher eat less and hang longer hours on a subway strap in order to find an airier and more self-respecting apartment house at the end of the day and the trip.

Decent living, then, will remain a transmissible characteristic in the United States; but it will persist at the sacrifice of the transmissibility of that other acquired trait — property. To be sure, that trait was never highly developed among the white-collar workers. Their income has never been of a size to stimulate large-scale accumulation and transmission; yet something there was. That something, I imagine, has now been brought down close to the vanishing point.

Of course, the white-collar man does one other thing. Faced with the growing difficulty of transmitting property to his children, the white-collar man has been remorselessly cutting down the number of his children. But that is too big a subject to enter upon here.

Chips and Blocs. Until recently, perhaps the strongest case for Lamarck in the entire range of human experience was to be found in the sphere of American politics. No acquired human trait was so regularly transmitted from father to son as the Party label. Minnesota and Vermont on the one hand, and South Carolina and Louisiana on the other, have been with us always to show how a voting habit acquired about the year 1860 can become virtually imbedded in the germ plasm. It was a phenomenon which in Great Britain had been observed and recorded half a century ago by W. S. Gilbert when he formulated the Lamarckian thesis that every little boy born in England is either a little Liberal or a little Conservative.

In England it is now plain that, for the time being, Lamarckism is bankrupt. Twenty years ago the appearance of twenty-nine Labor members in the House of Commons showed that the Liberal characteristic was ceasing to be transmitted among a considerable portion of the population. To-day a Labor ministry is in power, backed up

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by something like one hundred and ninety members in the House of Commons, and by almost five million voters in the country. People believe the day is not far away when the Labor Party will have an absolute majority in the country and in Parliament. Nor is it the Liberal characteristic alone that has been failing to get itself inherited. The Conservative Party is swinging away from Lamarck. In the last General Election it was demonstrated that Prime Minister Baldwin had failed to transmit his Conservatism to his son, who was active on the Labor side. More recently a son of Lord Curzon has shed the paternal characteristic and gone Labor. And any force in nature which can work its will upon Lord Curzon is, as one might say in nonscientific circles, 'some' force.

But, as we have seen, natural law is capable of startling reversals. Will the Labor characteristic, now being rapidly acquired by the British people, be transmitted to succeeding generations of voters? Or may we at any moment expect a reversion from Ramsay MacDonald to Asquith and Winston Churchill? Opinions differ.

In this country, it is the Republican Party that is chiefly affected by the anti-Lamarckian drift. Republican insurgency has become chronic, which is another way of saying that more Republican fathers than Democratic fathers are failing to transmit their acquired characteristics, as of the year 1860, to their sons. Over the greater part of the Republican area the reaction from Lamarck has gone only as far as the development of Progressives and Farm Blocs. But at the moment of writing, the chances of a Third Party out of the loins of the Republican Party is being seriously discussed.

Whether that Third Party comes or not, it is obvious that the farmer of the Republican West is sloughing off what is unquestionably the outstanding trait among acquired Republican characteristics. And that is the Tariff. The Tariff urge is still strong; but the zeal with which the Western farmer is striving to acquire other traits, such as coöperative marketing, Government loans, and freight-rate reduction, suggests that the Tariff trait may yet disappear out of the germ plasm of the Republican farmer.

If that should ever come to pass, it will be a disaster of the first magnitude for Lamarck. For hitherto, in this case of the farmer and the Tariff, Lamarck has been vindicated even beyond his fondest dreams. Lamarck believed that acquired characteristics are transmitted from generation to generation to the extent that such characteristics are useful to the individual. But the Tariff offers us the remarkable case of the transmission of an acquired characteristic which has been neither useful nor convenient to those farmer generations which have inherited it and passed it on in turn. The farmer sells his products in the markets of the world. By all dictates of reason he should insist on being allowed to buy in a free world-market. In other words, the farmer should, by nature, be an anti-Protectionist. But it so happened that the Western farmer acquired his Republicanism with his Nationalism during the Civil War period, and he took his Republicanism straight, including the Tariff. As a Republican he has continued to vote Tariff, even though that acquired characteristic has repeatedly got between his legs and tripped him. But, as I have said, we are now apparently facing a change.

III

The Minuet and the Trot. Mr. Minnegerode has recently told us how seriously civilization in the New York of

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the 1840's found itself threatened by two formidable invasions from the other side of the water. These were the waltz and the polka. The pillars of a social structure grounded in the chaste figures of the square dance began visibly to totter. But the younger set of 1840 went its way, and somehow life triumphed over the disintegrating forces from the banks of the Danube and the Vistula; triumphed over them and assimilated them. For what do we find? This: seventy years later, a civilization seemingly rooted in the waltz and in the schottische, close kin to the polka, discovered its foundations to be crumbling under the onset of the tango, the turkey-trot, and its affiliated zoölogical dances. In the swing of human evolution around the circle, it may be confidently predicted that some day a civilization based on the trot, the hug, the toddle, and the shiver, will stand on the defensive against the menace of the quadrille and the minuet.

And if the reader will only be kind enough to substitute for my technical dance terms such terms as religion, science, morals, manners, politics, economics, books, pictures, music, he will be dispensing with a great many additional paragraphs in these necessarily condensed laboratory-notes.

Why do the young go in for the waltz when their elders practise the quadrille? Why will they revive the minuet when their elders have been won over to the fox-trot? Obviously because they are young and their elders are old. In other words: Youth is the strongest anti-Lamarckian force we know of. Every generation makes it its business to scrutinize the acquired characteristics of the preceding generation in order to reject them. Youth holds the Heights of the Meuse against the acquired traits of its fathers and cries, 'They shall not pass!' Youth insists on acquiring its own set of characteristics. There is not the least use in warning Youth that its own turn is bound to come and that, twenty-five years from now, the young of 1924 will be receiving their stiff dose of the anti-Lamarckian medicine from the young of 1949. The young of 1924 profess to be delighted by the prospect. They call it progress. To-day they demand from their elders a sacrifice in the cause of progress. Twenty-five years from now they will be glad to be the sacrifice. They want to oust and are willing in their turn to be ousted. They say so now. How they will feel about it in 1949 I don't know; but I have my suspicions.

Which is the better thing for the world in the long run — that Youth should inherit its faith and ideas, or that it should create its own new set of faiths and ideas, to be replaced in turn by a newer equipment a generation hence? The present investigator, having been young in Roosevelt's first administration, believes, of course, in Lamarck. He believes that Youth should go slow in throwing over the accumulated characteristics of its predecessors. And he believes this on the basis of Youth's own favorite argument: because it makes a much more interesting fight. If each generation gets into the habit of thinking that its own ideas are valid only for itself, what sort of defense will it put up when the next generation comes swarming over the top? A man will fight desperately in defense of a heritage of ideas, but not in defense of a twenty-one years' tenancy in a certain set of ideas. Youth thinks it is calling for Struggle. But what it is really asking for is a sham stage-battle. You can't get up much of a scrap if one of the parties — the elder party — starts out with the conviction that it is going to be licked, and deserves to be.

There is one region in eastern Europe where the conflict between Lamarck and anti-Lamarck is being fought out on a

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gigantic and tragic scale. Bolshevism in Russia seven years ago set out to make a clean sweep of every existing acquired characteristic: in the political, economic, and social orders; in religion; in morals; in the arts and sciences; in the very nature of Truth, which henceforth was to be true only to the extent that it was communist and proletarian. The struggle between Lamarck and Weismann in Soviet Russia is still under way; but there is really very little doubt as to the outcome. Lamarck will win. The acquired characteristics of the Russian people will once more get themselves transmitted. They are doing so already. If you need proof, take that one notable acquired characteristic of which I have spoken at some length. Property, a trait which men acquire chiefly for the purpose of transmitting it, was abolished in Soviet Russia, only to be restored. The Soviet rulers have created nothing themselves, but have virtually been living on the wealth-characteristics acquired by past generations; and they have now discovered that the destruction of the transmissible nature of property means death for a nation. The case is even stronger for Russia's acquired cultural and spiritual capital. Space is lacking for details.

And so the writer's laboratory researches, as embodied in these notes, impel him to take his stand firmly with Vernon Kellogg in a recent number of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Kellogg found that in spite of the very serious case that can be built up against Lamarck, 'many reputable and thoughtful biologists remain convinced that any satisfactory causal explanation of evolution must contain as a fundamental element some form of the Lamarckian assumption.' My only hope is that this offer of unsolicited aid and comfort on my part will not worry Mr. Kellogg too much.

COWARD'S CASTLE

BY WALTER GILKYSON

I

Judge Avery held his pencil poised above the typewritten page of testimony, then marked the margin with a long firm line. He had not remembered the plaintiff's evidence was so clear; that young man had brought it out very nicely with the neat indirectness of his questions. On page forty-eight — he turned back the rustling sheets. Yes, the witness had said about the same thing. With a faint smile of satisfaction he leaned over and began writing on the pad that lay upon the book-rest of his easy-chair.

For a moment he paused to read what he had written, the pencil trembling slightly in his thin blue-veined hand; there was a look of critical appraisal in his worn face, something vivid, keenly alive, beneath the bloodless texture of his skin. He struck out a word, replaced it with another; the wrinkle between his eyebrows deepened and he smoothed the white hair

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above his forehead absently, then laid down the pad. That was the last finding of fact. He would dictate the whole and his conclusions of law before Court to-morrow.

It must be nearly five, he thought. The sunlight had shrunk to a dusty orange bar across the red carpet at his feet; through the open window he could hear the cooing of the pigeons, the soft rustle of their wings as they moved upon the stone sill. Against the opposite wall the yellow bindings of the books ran in converging rows to a well of still gray light that seemed to gather at the end of the room; the surface of the table in the centre shone like a ruddy disk above its dark carven legs; through the curtains that hung above the doorway to his right he could hear the voices of the tipstaves talking in the empty courtroom outside.

Rodenbaugh was late. Evidently he was going to finish the Minturn case this afternoon. A driving young man, Rodenbaugh — he swept uncommon clean for a new broom. The judge smiled a little grimly, glanced down at his knees, unpleasantly sharp and narrow beneath the neat fold of his trousers. Old age did queer tricks to the body, things that he did n't like. No doubt it did the same things to the mind. He was seventy-three. That was a warning in itself. He rose and walked to the window, sniffed the dusty May air. He was sorry he did n't get on better with Rodenbaugh. It was hard, at first, to like anyone who had taken Langdon's place on the bench.

There was a difference now, a very great difference. He shook his head, turned and walked stiffly to his chair. The fact that he felt the difference so keenly was a sign of his age. In his youth the old lawyers had always complained about the decay of the bar. And he had laughed at them just as Rodenbaugh would laugh at him now if he heard him. Only Rodenbaugh did n't laugh, that was the trouble. He only smiled — a slow spreading of unparted lips, a narrowing of his eyes, which — the judge sighed — was intensely distasteful. But — maybe it was just as well. If Rodenbaugh once began to laugh he might laugh at himself all day.

A step sounded on the marble outside, and the curtain was pushed tentatively back. Old Walrath appeared, his watery blue eyes searching the chamber with vague apology. 'Judge Rodenbaugh been here, Judge?' he asked. He moved forward, then hobbled down the steps. 'I looked in his room and he was n't there. He said he wanted to see Mr. Mercer at half-past three. Mr. Mercer 's in the courtroom now.'

'He 's still trying the Minturn case, Enoch. He 's coming here, though, before he goes home. I don't know what he wants with Mercer. If he 's been waiting long I think you 'd better let him go. You can call him when the judge gets back.'

'All right, sir.' The old man paused, and a look of doubt crept into his mildly truculent face. 'You think he won't mind? I should n't like to get him mad just after he 's come off the bench. You know, Judge, he 's got a way, when he 's mad, of smiling just like a Chessy cat, and passing that tongue of his over you fit to take off your skin!' He pulled at his long white walrus moustache and gazed at the judge. 'I 've been thinking he acts pretty fiery for a young man that ain't seen too much of court before he become a judge. I reckon' — his eyes moved solemnly to and fro — 'I reckon that 's why.'

Judge Avery looked at his knees; it was difficult to conceal his smile. Of

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course, he ought n't to let Walrath talk to him that way. He ought to reprove him sharply, and the fact that he could n't was clearly just another sign of his age. He straightened his face, looked up. Walrath was smiling at him in a curious way. Yes, by George, he was actually smiling at him paternally underneath that white walrus moustache. The old beggar! Really, he 'd have to say something! 'Enoch!' He stroked his chin, gazed through his spectacles at the bent figure standing in the doorway. 'You 're becoming too philosophical, I 'm afraid, in your later years. I have a suspicion you 've taken to psycho-analysis.'

'No, sir!' Walrath grunted. 'I never yet heard of it. Them experts talks of electrolysis in the accident cases, but I never yet heard of the sister you speak of. No, Judge — it ain't science — you know that.' He shook his head and began climbing the steps. 'It 's just putting a long time in the courtroom, the same as you and me 's both done — that, and a little looking round, as Judge Langdon used to say.' He paused, the curtain clasped in his big bony hand. 'I 'm going out now and tell Mr. Mercer he can leave, and then I 'll come back and get what papers you want for your bag.'

Judge Avery watched the curtain settle behind him, heard the slow stump of his footsteps across the marble. Old Walrath had stumped up and down those steps and across that marble for nearly fifty years; he had been a tipstaff when the judge first came to the bar. A gay ribald young fellow, then, with a rough tongue and a surprising knowledge of human nature, but good company, sitting on a table in the clerk's office, swinging his legs and imitating Melchior Van Zandt blowing his nose at a jury. There was time to linger in the clerk's office, in those days; time to do many things that were forgotten now. Law was a profession then, not a business; the lawyer reached out toward art and letters rather than toward certified public accounting. Then Bricknell translated Demosthenes and Judge Haynes wrote Horatian Echoes. Very faint but quite scholarly. And everyone, strangely enough, spoke and wrote English. It seemed to be the mother tongue. He sighed. Even the law had changed: it had lost its pattern, its design; the fine threads of continuity were gone. Nowadays you matched facts as you matched silk, and extracted legal principles like a dentist pulling teeth. He rose, straightened his coat across his slender shoulders. He was old, quite out of date. In the hurry and press of modern life there is no time, and so forth — Any young man could finish the sentence.

He gathered the papers from the chair, slipped an elastic about them, and thrust them into a green-baize bag. There was no use in waiting any longer for Rodenbaugh; he might as well take his walk and go home. The evening dreariness was coming over him; it made him peevish and irritable; he was likely to bite, to say something he did n't mean, if Rodenbaugh provoked him. He glanced at the table to see whether he had left any papers, then at the desk. For an instant he paused, a bent delicate figure, very clear against the square of ruddy light. The evening dreariness was, after all, a little more than age. He gazed at the pictures standing in leather frames within a shadowy recess of the desk. The bright knife-like sorrow of the past was gone, but in its place was a numb loneliness, a darkening vision, a dim sense of drifting with blurred, loosened feeling toward some unfathomable end. It would have been

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different if they had lived. He would have understood these youngsters better then. Old age had always to look through others' eyes; the vistas of its own past were overwhelming.

A sharp footstep sounded outside and the curtain rings jangled angrily. Judge Rodenbaugh's body filled the doorway, descended with an abrupt heaviness into the room. 'I hope you have n't waited, Judge,' he said. His small eyes moved obscurely beneath his thin eyebrows, his tall clumsy presence seemed to permeate the place, to pervade it like a harsh dominating breath. 'I wanted counsel to finish their speeches this afternoon, so I could charge the jury the first thing in the morning.' He seated himself in the chair by the table, his thick shoulders thrown forward, his legs stretched out. 'That little Kardos is a pitiful apology,' he said.

'Was he trying for the plaintiff?'

'Yes. He tries a case as if he were selling shoestrings on State Street. He 's all tongue and no head. I 've had to listen to him now for two days, fumbling and backing and filling, encumbering the record with all sorts of useless questions. Moran is against him — you know what a good one he is! I think he was saying things to Kardos under his breath all through the trial. I was n't sure. Every now and then Kardos would stop and get sort of gray and ask his questions again. Each time he repeated he got worse, and then Moran would get up with that suave easy manner of his, and suggest that his friend first make known to himself what he wanted to ask, and, after a moment's silent communion, make it known to the witness, who, in spite of his lawyer, seemed like quite an intelligent man. He 's a quick one, Moran.' The judge shook his head. 'I like him. He gives a case something — color, I guess you 'd call it.'

'That, or atmosphere, answered Judge Avery. 'It 's sometimes fatal to litigants, although we lawyers survive it. Well — what did Kardos do?'

'Oh, he 'd just smile that sickly smile of his, and move his hands to and fro and wipe his face, and begin again. He 'd have been funny if he had n't taken up so much time. You know — that fellow Moran is a great trial-lawyer! I never realized it so completely until to-day. I 'd never tried against him — I did n't try cases, the way you did, before I came on the bench. It does n't bother me, though.' He smiled and his dark heavy face seemed to widen slowly. 'It 's easy to handle things from back here, is n't it, Judge?'

'Yes,' said Judge Avery. His thin mouth closed, he leaned forward a little, his elbow upon the table, and surveyed his companion with still luminous eyes.

'Well!' Rodenbaugh stretched back his shoulders, ran his hand through the unparted hair that lay like a wig above his forehead. 'I put an oar in myself now and then. Yesterday, after Kardos had floundered about for a while, I told him he ought to get a lawyer to try his case. Up jumped Moran with that friendly manner of his and said he 'd be delighted to furnish his learned friend with a list in case he were not acquainted with the bar. The jury laughed and Kardos stood there wiping his face and moving his lips like a fish and then sat down. I told him to go ahead and he pulled up his chair and began shooting questions at the witness as if he were crying a sale. It was awful!' He leaned back, took some cigars from his pocket and pushed one across the table. 'I don't know what we 're going to do with these fellows, Judge.'

'Neither do I.' Judge Avery ignored

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the cigar. 'Was there something you wanted to discuss with me? If not, I think I 'll go home.'

'Yes, there was. I wanted to see Mercer too.' He rose, thrust his head through the curtains. 'Walrath!' he called.

'Yes, sir!'

'Did you get Mr. Mercer?'

'Yes, sir. He was here. He waited till half-past four.' Judge Avery heard the clump of Walrath's feet on the marble. 'Then I let him go, Judge. I told him I 'd call him to-morrow morning.'

'You did! What did you do that for?'

'Judge — '

'Well, get him now if you 're able to handle the phone! And remember, when I send for a man I want him to wait! Exercise the authority of your age and position, Walrath, but don't exercise discretion. When the vessels of the law become old crockery, they should n't go to the well too often. Move along now — don't stand there looking at me like a fool.' He turned and descended the steps. 'Doddering old ass, Walrath,' he said.

'I told him to let Mercer go,' said Judge Avery. 'I thought you would n't want him to wait.'

'Oh!' The judge paused, a sulky look on his face. 'I see. I don't believe Mercer 's so busy that an hour's wait would injure his practice.' He sat down heavily in the chair. 'What I wanted to talk to you about was this — '

'Do you mind' — Judge Avery's voice had a curious lingering drawl — 'if we wait a minute? There 's something I want to tell you, first.'

'No,' said Rodenbaugh shortly, 'go on.' He drummed on the table impatiently. 'Old Walrath 's an ass,' he muttered under his breath.

Judge Avery smiled, a still frosty look in his clear blue eyes. Yes. Rodenbaugh deserved something. With the exercise of a little imagination he could give it to him completely in a way that he would thoroughly understand. He paused, his mind penetrating — invading the man before him. Then he leaned back, put his finger tips together, and the little smile on his lips grew sharp. There was a certain pleasure in the exercise of the imagination. Quite justifiable in this case. He would tell Rodenbaugh exactly what he was.

'It 's about myself,' he said slowly. 'Old men are given to telling stories about themselves. I suppose that 's the reason they 're bores. But I think this will interest you as a younger man. Do you mind?'

Judge Rodenbaugh turned and stared at him. 'Not at all,' he said.

'That 's very kind!' The words dropped like acid from the sardonic lips. 'I 've been in a reminiscent mood all afternoon. As you 're my defenseless colleague, — brother, as the Reports call us, — I 'm afraid I 'll have to impose on you.'

II

'It 's curious,' he continued, 'how the memories of childhood come to the surface in old age. It 's rather the way an ebbing stream discloses the soft formless ooze that lies beneath it. I can remember now just how I felt as a youngster, remember all my desires and fears with a surprising vividness. And I had plenty of fears.' He paused, nodded his head. 'I think I must have been afraid of everything, when I was young. In that way' — he lifted his eyebrows — 'I 'm sure I was different from you. Of course, I never let anyone know I was afraid. I buried it all deep down, created an image over it — an image of myself as a valiant, aggressive, reckless youngster. But I knew it was

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there all the time, and the very thought of it seemed to give me a savage desire to show my strength. And yet I could n't when it came to the test. I was afraid to fight. The other boys knew I was and so I never made friends with boys of my own age. I always went about with the younger boys; they could n't destroy this image I had created; on the contrary, it seemed to grow larger the more I was with them. I used to bully them like a regular little cad. You know' — he shook his head — 'what boys are, Judge. Queer little animals; just as eager to maintain their prestige as any full-grown man, and just as clever about it, too.' He leaned back, crossed his sharp narrow knees. 'Did that thought ever occur to you?'

'I can't say it has,' Judge Rodenbaugh answered. His eyes searched his companion's face with a veiled wavering glance, then fell away. Judge Avery lifted his hand to his mouth, smoothed his upper lip.

'I suppose old men, like dead men, should tell no tales.' His smile seemed to vanish into a lurking shadow. 'I must tell you a little story and then we 'll take up the matters you want to discuss. At boarding-school — I presume you went to Saint Thomas?'

The judge moved his head.

'It might have been better if I 'd gone there, too. They sent me to Milford. Well, I was n't a great success. I was quick enough in class, but that did n't count; for some reason the boys did n't like me. I was n't good at athletics, I could n't play football, and the cold punishment of the track simply filled me with dread. There was nothing of that sort that I could do and, naturally, I did n't become a leader, and I did n't want friendship on any other terms. So I put up my image and looked around for some younger boy to keep it in place.

'It was little Immanuel Pleasants the last term. I seem to remember him better than any of the others. He was the son of Agamemnon Pleasants, the teacher of Latin — a thin, frightened, large-eared man with a white face and eyes like a Sealyham terrier. Immanuel's mother was named Lucilla, and, of course, we always called her Clytemnestra. They lived in a little house near the main building and were constantly asking unwilling boys in to tea. Even as youngsters we recognized their "inferiority complex," as I believe the psychologists nowadays call it. Old Aggie — I suppose he was thirty-five — used to call us "young barbarians" in a timid jocular voice, and give us little half-hearted pats on the shoulder and look at us with his doubtful evasive eyes. We thought he was n't much of a man, and I daresay he was n't; and as for Clytemnestra we liked her still less; there was something depressing about her red swollen eyelids and the soft pink of her nose — as if she were always having a cold. I think even Immanuel, at times, doubted the worldly value of his parents, and I know some of us used to encourage him in his attitude of unbelief. It was always easy to encourage Immanuel on any subject. He was susceptible to every influence about him; a pathetic, eager little fellow, filled with an unreasoning desire to please; one of those boys that hang about the older boys and do things for them and talk about them a little breathlessly. I thought him quite absurd, with his weasel face and his silly hat and his big translucent ears. I 've often wondered' — the judge stared at the bookcase as if he had forgotten his companion — 'what became of Immanuel. He was manifestly unfitted for this world. I suppose' — he looked at Judge Rodenbaugh — 'you knew boys like that at school?'

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'Yes,' said the judge. He frowned and pulled heavily at his cigar; behind the dissolving smoke his face seemed to darken with a slow menacing flush. 'But I can't see,' — he paused, then straightened up, looked at his companion. 'I can't see — '

'There's no need to,' interrupted Judge Avery. He lifted his long thin hand from the table. 'Don't try. I'll be through now, in just a minute. You must let me finish about Immanuel. I rather like Immanuel! I almost feel as if I'd invented him for you!' His smile was hard and bright with a little curl at the corners. 'Now what was I going to say? Oh, yes — I wanted to tell you about our play.

'Somewhere I'd picked up the story of King Agamemnon and the wily Ægisthus who killed him and married the faithless Queen Clytemnestra and, one dull afternoon when Immanuel and Kinsey and little Pollock were loafing in my room, I conceived the idea of putting the story into a play. I thought it would be amusing to see Immanuel act the part of his father, and I explained to him carefully just what sort of a silly ass Agamemnon was and how Clytemnestra fooled him. I remember I took particular pleasure in rolling out the word "Agamemnon"; little Kinsey and Pollock were tremendously pleased and Immanuel stood there with that foolish, half-frightened, expectant look he always had when we made fun of his father. But, when it came to acting the part, he rebelled and, of course, that made me angry and all the more persistent. I told him he'd have to do it or he could n't go about with me any longer, but even that threat did n't seem to make any difference; he only stood there shaking his head, his queer little weasel face very sharp and pinched, his eyes flickering with a dumb-animal refusal. I remember it made me quite angry. I felt in some way as if Immanuel were threatening my prestige, depriving me of a satisfaction to which I was entitled. And so, to punish him, I began to imitate his father myself. Little Pollock and Kinsey went into screams on the bed and I rather expected Immanuel to laugh before I was through: laughing had always been his final mode of defense. But he did n't: he only stood there looking down, his stubby fingers twisting at the absurd pearl buttons his mother had sewed on his coat. So I went on, getting more and more savage as I went; it seemed as if his very speechlessness, the fumbling inarticulate motion of his hands, filled me with rage. I must have gone on for five minutes or so, when suddenly he hunched up his shoulders and lifted his arm to his face, and then ran to the door with a queer little squeak like a bat that's been hit with a towel. I heard someone calling after him in the hall and the next minute Danforth came to the door.

'"What's the matter with Pleasants?" he said.

'I felt startled and rather uncomfortable at Danforth's sudden appearance: he was captain of the baseball team, and one of the leaders of the school. He'd never paid much attention to me. Well, I put my hands in my pockets and walked over toward him. "Nothing, Danforth," I said. "We were horsing Pleasants a little, that's all. He can't take a joke." I shook my head in a superior manner. "He needs hardening up, I should say."

'"You think so!" Danforth looked at me with perfectly frank disgust. "I should say you needed it a bit yourself! Lying around all afternoon with a lot of kids when you ought to be out in the field! Why don't you take someone your size?" He waited a minute and then walked away. "You

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let Pleasants alone," he said when he reached the door. "It 's filthy the way you devil the younger boys. When I get through practice this afternoon I 'll put on the gloves with you, if you still feel you have to harden someone up!" He gave me an ugly smile and then disappeared down the hall.

'Well, I felt pretty sick. I remember that very clearly, but, unfortunately, what I don't remember is that it did me any permanent good. It was not until long after I was grown that I learned my lesson; and then, strangely enough, it took old Melchior Van Zandt and a little lawyer like Kardos to teach me. I don't suppose you remember Melchior Van Zandt. He was the leader of the bar in my time; and the kind of man we 're not likely to see again.' The judge shook his head. 'The day of outstanding personalities has gone, I 'm afraid. A high level reduces the lofty peaks — I believe that 's the explanation given. You can take it or not, as you like. To me, at times, the plateau does n't seem so high. Of course, that may be only age: the old are apt to see the great men of their youth through the eyes of their youth — and they loom very large. However,' — he shrugged his shoulders, — 'I must tell you about Melchior Van Zandt and the lawyer like Kardos.' He leaned forward a little, a cold stealthy watchfulness in his eyes. 'I think I 'd been on the bench just about as long as you have when it happened.'

Judge Rodenbaugh lowered his head, stared at the carpet with an angry frown. Then he rose, thrust his hands into his pockets, his face turned away, his chin sunk in a heavy fold between the square points of his collar. 'I don't propose, Judge,' he began. His grating voice had an ugly snarl that sounded like the snapping of empty jaws. 'I don't propose to listen to this kind of thing any longer!' He shut his mouth and the muscles above his jaws trembled slightly. 'It 's insulting and I 'm not going to stand it! You have no business' — he stared at the judge with eyes that seemed curiously futile and stricken — 'you have no business — '

'Oh, yes, I have!' said Judge Avery. 'Sit down, please.' He paused. 'Sit down, I said!' His voice leaped like a sharp blue flame through the room. 'When the vessels of the law become old crockery, there 's a certain courtesy due them, and that I intend to have from you.' He stretched out his hand. 'Take your seat, please, and listen until I 've finished.'

For an instant Judge Rodenbaugh's stare met his; then it wavered, seemed to turn sullenly inward. 'You presume on your age,' he said, in a husky voice. He sat down awkwardly. 'Also, I think you 're presuming on my intelligence. If you have any more to say, will you kindly be brief? I don't care to spend the afternoon listening to stories of childhood.'

'*My* childhood,' corrected the judge. 'I would n't presume to intrude on yours.' He looked pleasantly across the table. 'I only presume on my age, as you said — that, and a certain feeling for what I believe is called the art of narration. Quite a remarkable art; I admit I practise it very badly. But that does n't matter so long as I hold your attention. And what old Melchior Van Zandt said to me is worthy of your attention.

'I 'd been on the bench just about a month when it happened. I was older than you are, and I 'd tried quite a number of cases. But, nevertheless, I was developing that splendid sense of power you spoke of so feelingly just a moment ago. There was a little lawyer who came into my court in those days — he 's dead now — who was rather

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like Kardos, and he irritated me the way Kardos irritates you. I remember one morning when I had a full list, he came bustling into the courtroom with a great cloud of witnesses behind him and that air of his, of terrible absurd importance, which, in view of his hopeless incompetence, always annoyed me intensely. Well, his case was reached that afternoon and when I called it, he came fussing up to the bar with his greasy frock-coat buttoned about him and began to splutter at me, the way he always did. He had a high squeaky voice, and his words seemed to come out in bunches, as if he blew them out from the back of his mouth. "Mr. Stover," I said, — the very sight of him made me angry, — "as far as I can gather from what you say, you want to butcher another case for us this afternoon." Then I looked around and waited for the laugh.

'Of course it came. It always does when the judge makes a joke. I grinned down at Stover and he wrinkled his forehead, then gave me a sallow little smile. "As long as your Honor 's made a shambles out of the court, I suppose I might as well begin," he said.' The judge shook his head. 'Pretty good, was n't it?' he laughed. 'He did n't leave me much to say! After Court old Melchior came stumping into my chambers swinging his big green bag at his side like a Hercules-club. "Avery!" he grunted. "You deserved what you got this afternoon." He put his bag down on the table. "I did n't think little Stover had it in him. Remember!" He shook his head at me — he had hair like the mane of an old gray lion. "The bench is the coward's castle, my boy. You 're safe, and the other man is n't." Then he picked up his bag and stumped out.'

The judge sighed, smoothed his hair thoughtfully, passed his hand over his cheek. 'It all seems so very long ago,' he said. 'I 'm afraid in recalling the facts I may have been just a little vague. I only hope that I have n't bored you.' He paused, then settled back in his chair, touched the tips of his fingers together. 'And, now, what did you want to discuss with me?'

'Nothing,' Judge Rodenbaugh answered. He rose with a hesitant awkwardness, his face turned away. 'I 've heard that story about the shambles before. Unfortunately for the truth of your autobiography it 's never been connected with you.'

'Indeed?' said Judge Avery brightly. 'I must have made it my own then. It 's not a bad story, though, is it?'

'No,' said the judge. He walked to the doorway. 'Walrath!' he called. 'Ask Mr. Kardos to step over, will you?' He turned sharply about. 'I 've listened to you; now I 'll ask you to wait until Kardos comes and then listen to me!'

'Certainly,' said Judge Avery.

III

'Mr. Mercer 's here,' said Walrath. 'Mr. Kardos is on his way over. Do you want Mr. Mercer to come in?'

'No, I 'll talk to him in the courtroom.' The judge rose from his chair and plunged through the doorway, the curtains dropping with a swift flap behind him. His voice reached the chamber the next moment, subdued to a low murmur from beyond the bench.

Judge Avery put down the Report, smiled quietly, and smoothed his upper lip. On the whole, he had done a good job. Rodenbaugh had wriggled, to be sure, but he had held the knife firm, cut to the proper depth. Surprising how his imagination had gone on; he never remembered letting it wander so far before unaccompanied by facts. Reading the *Electra* last night must have been responsible for Agamemnon

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and Clytemnestra. He laughed, tapped the end of his tortoise-shell spectacles on the table, then drew a deep breath, his fingers slowly turning his thin gold watch-chain. After all, had his story done Rodenbaugh any good? Human nature was a strangely resilient substance, inevitably coming back to the same shape, no matter how hard you squeezed it. And what business had he — or anyone else — to squeeze it? That was what these damned reformers were always doing; blowing their moral ideas under everyone's skin like so many flies! He walked to the window, gazed down at the automobiles moving through the dust-gold street like platoons of black glittering beetles. Maybe he had been a little magisterial in his attitude toward Rodenbaugh, exercised the prerogative of age in a high-handed manner. Still — he shook his head — the boy deserved it!

The murmuring in the courtroom ceased and Rodenbaugh's step sounded on the marble. As the curtains swung to behind him, Walrath appeared. 'Mr. Kardos is here, Judge,' he said.

'Send him in.' Rodenbaugh turned away, thrust his hands in his pockets, and sat down facing the table. He did not look up; in the silence that followed, the situation seemed to Judge Avery just a little absurd. Then someone paused at the doorway, moved the curtains timidly to one side. 'Come in!' said Judge Rodenbaugh, a note of exasperation in his voice.

Kardos seemed to stumble into the room. As he bowed, it occurred to the judge in a sudden whimsical flash that his round staring eyes were exactly like the black buttons on his yellow shoes. He suppressed a smile, and inclined his head. 'Sit down,' said Judge Rodenbaugh, nodding at the chair in front of the table.

Kardos seated himself, then reached over, placed his green hat on the table. It looked curiously jaunty on the dark polished surface, arching above the reflection at its side with an air of draggled impudence: the judge wondered whether Rodenbaugh appreciated it, and what in the devil he was going to do with Kardos anyway, now he had him. He leaned back, gazed at the pair with vague amusement. Where in God's name did the young men get those coats! There was something skirted and dashing about Mr. Kardos's apparel — for such a little man!

'Kardos!' Judge Rodenbaugh looked in his direction with a slow downward glance. 'I want to apologize to you.' He lifted his eyes, stared at him with smoldering hostility. 'I had no business to say what I did in court this afternoon.'

'Yes, sir!' Kardos nodded his head with a violent eagerness. 'I 'm sure I accept your Honor's apology. I 'm sure your Honor 's very generous to make me any apology at all!' He spread out his hands and smiled at the judge, a watchful look on his dark flat face.

'No.' Rodenbaugh frowned. 'I owe it to you. I 'll admit' — his lip quivered with contempt — 'you gave me provocation. But' — he thrust his chin down on his collar — 'I owe it to you.'

'That 's very kind,' said Kardos glibly. He leaned forward with an air of confidence. 'You see, Judge, I was asking the questions all right. Yes I was.' His low forehead wrinkled in a thick triangular crease just above his nose. 'I think maybe your Honor don't understand the way I work.' He placed a stubby forefinger on his palm. 'You see, Judge, I sort of feel around and ease off the witness's mind until he can tell me what I want, you know, just letting him loose and giving him a chance to think, and then new things

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come up and you get something maybe you overlooked when you came to court. So I just suggest' — he lifted a hand — 'an idea, maybe, here and there — something that comes to me, maybe, on the spot. Of course, I know your Honor thinks it takes up time, but' — he cocked his head to one side — 'I get splendid results!'

'You do, eh! I wish I saw some of them in my court!' Judge Rodenbaugh's little eyes gleamed balefully.

'Your Honor has n't heard me try many cases,' Kardos said. His smile was almost benevolent in its assurance. 'Where I live I get most of the business now of that kind.'

'You do, eh?' The judge grunted. 'That does n't speak well for your neighborhood! From the way you talk you sound to me very much like a fool! Why don't you prepare your cases instead of trying them by mental telepathy?'

Kardos laughed. To Judge Avery, watching his face, he did n't seem at all disconcerted. 'Your Honor has a forceful way of putting things,' he said. 'If your Honor will permit me to say so, I don't think your Honor quite understands what I mean.'

'No, and you don't yourself. How could you when you think round and round like a mule tied up in a field!' The judge grinned, shot a glance at Judge Avery. 'What you need, Kardos, is direction, straightness of mental line. I 'm afraid your mind 's built on a circular pattern.'

'Wheels?' said Kardos.

'Within wheels,' Rodenbaugh answered. 'In my opinion you 're not fit to appear before any sensible jury. You ought to practise trying cases on a phonograph in the privacy of your home. You could encumber the record then all you liked.' He looked at Judge Avery again.

Kardos caught the glance and a little grin touched the corners of his lips. He gazed at Judge Rodenbaugh with sharp motionless eyes. 'Your Honor says very smart things,' he observed, in a tone of impersonal appreciation. 'I suppose that 's the reason we all like to try in your Honor's court.'

'What?'

'I suppose that 's the reason we all like to bring our cases before your Honor.'

'You do, eh! Well, I don't know about that!' The viciousness faded from the judge's voice, and he stretched out his legs and looked tolerantly at Kardos. 'My tongue may be just a little bit quick, but you fellows need it sometimes.'

'That 's true, Judge!' Kardos nodded his head. 'Your Honor always gives us what we deserve. And besides, Judge,' — the motionless lustre of his eyes seemed to break into tiny points, — 'we like a little amusement in the courtroom.'

'Yes?' The judge thrust out his lower lip. 'Well, you furnish it all right.'

'And so does your Honor.'

'I do, eh?'

'Yes, sir.' Kardos seemed cautiously to expand, to relax in a posture of intimate friendliness. He glanced over his shoulder at Judge Avery, then surveyed Rodenbaugh with an unruffled face. 'I hear that everywhere, Judge.'

'Indeed!' The judge's mouth widened, and he smoothed his chin. 'Well, I do the best I can for you, Kardos. In your case it 's never hard.' He crossed his knees, sank farther back in his chair. 'You fellows fumble so with your facts,' he observed contentedly. 'And I think you must get your law from the *Evening Telegram*.'

'Your Honor feels that way because of your Honor's superior mind. That 's

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another reason we all like to try in your Honor's court. Your Honor gets things done.' Kardos sighed wistfully. 'Your Honor's court is not like the other courts.'

'No?'

'No, sir!' Kardos repeated with emphasis. 'I remember I said, when your Honor was appointed, there 's a young man, if your Honor will forgive the word, that 's going to stir things up on the bench. It 's the kind of thing we need, and I said so, Judge, right down in my ward in public, and in private conversations. He 's a young man that knows the law, and knows how to handle a courtroom, I said. He 's got a heavy hand and a sharp tongue, and that 's what a judge needs more than anything else.'

'You think so, do you?' Rodenbaugh lifted his chin, arched his eyebrows amiably, and his lower lip relaxed.

For an instant Judge Avery surveyed him, then he turned away, gazed out at the pigeons, softly rustling their wings in the square of orange light. He was very tired; if they did n't stop in a minute he was going to get up and go home.

'Yes, I do, Judge Rodenbaugh! That 's what I think.' Kardos's chair creaked and Judge Avery could hear the scratch of his sleeve on the table. 'And I says to them, Judge,' — he heard Kardos's voice rise with a lingering sinuous accent, — 'I says to them, Judge, there 's a man that ought to go higher!'

'Indeed!' The word echoed through the chamber, hopeful, faintly ironic, foolish.

'Yes, I did, Judge Rodenbaugh! That 's exactly what I said. There 's a man that ought to go higher. He 's only just begun his career, Judge Rodenbaugh has. And I 'm telling you, Judge,' — Kardos hitched his chair closer, — 'what I says goes, in my ward, with a lot of my own people!'

'Hm!' A look of doubt crossed Judge Rodenbaugh's face, and his fingers moved restlessly on the table.

'And I 'm telling you, Judge,' — Kardos paused, then rose with an air of authority, — 'I don't think you 've realized what I could do for you. No, you have n't.' He shook his head with an impudent cunning. 'I speak for my own people in my ward. I can do a lot, I can. And Judge,' — his voice seemed to creep through the silence, — 'I could use an appointment now and then, when they come your way.'

For an instant no one spoke. Judge Avery could feel the silence about him expand, grow tense with unuttered meaning. He waited, a little smile on his lips. Then Rodenbaugh sprang from his chair, his fist beating against the table. 'Get out!' he fairly bellowed. He stretched out his arm. 'Get out, I say!'

Kardos turned, seemed to leap through the doorway.

'My God!' The judge stumbled against a chair, picked it up with both of his hands. 'Avery! Did you ever hear anything like that in your life?'

'Never before to-day,' said Judge Avery.

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THE SKY LINE AT WYKEHAM

BY CARROLL PERRY

I

To the memory of cherished places their decay is the worst that can happen. Next to the worst is their improvement. And so it has come about that no child at Wykeham can mount his white picket-fence on summer evenings and stare through dust clouds at the swaying stagecoach with its trunk-laden rack and its mighty straps, bringing guests to the Mansion House. Steve Pratt, the square-bearded driver, wag of the countryside, has long since paid his own fare to Charon, thrust a long leather boot against the river-bank, and composed himself, grimly, for his journey.

For more than a generation no schoolboy has dipped a rusty tin cup into Walden's spring, while the stern bell rang out 'hurry,' and the lilacs overhead whispered 'stay.'

But the sky line at Wykeham remains what it was. Neither Time nor Death can make rigid the folds of it, or mar its loveliness and grace.

As it appears to-day, so it appeared to the first file of red men skirting the river, wending their way along the Mohawk trail; so it appeared to the vanguard of white settlers moving westward; so it appeared to us children from the roof of our big square house.

It was my mother's custom after thunder showers on summer afternoons, to suggest the abandonment of the supper table in the midst of the evening meal in order to view from the spacious roof a rainbow, or a gorgeous sunset.

We trooped, therefore, up a narrow staircase and through the attic, past pyramids of old silk hats, and heaps of rusty skates, and great bookcases groaning with their painful burdens of Latin, Greek, and German grammars. And then I recall under foot the crunching sound of gravel embedded in tar, the cool silvery note of robins after rain, and the wide circling flight of swallows enveloping far horizons. The sky line at Wykeham! And my mother's brooding smile, and quiet prudent voice, 'Be careful; don't lose your balance!'

Those rapt half-hours seem now the sublimation of our childhood's being; they have become, with that sweep of horizon, the very symbol of early happiness and beauty, the revelation, in time, of the ideal of Home and of Peace. Thus memory and the sky line blend and make one.

II

A curious fact one delights to recall was the passion that possessed every one of us, from oldest to youngest, for 'family discussions' as we called them. The subjects of the most furious debate were likely to be topics of no vital concern whatsoever. Always, if the assembly became an actual riot, father would bang upon the table, and call out with terrible gravity, 'Remember, this is a Christian family! *Now go ahead!*' Throughout these cyclones, however

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great the uproar and terrific the onset, no one of us ever dreamed of 'injured feelings,' for we had never heard of such a thing in family life. This was due to father's detestation of the resort to personalities. Injured feeling never happened because it never would have been tolerated for an instant of time.

A famous debate was upon this question: 'The South Part Church: what point of the compass does it face?' This, one of our more fruitful discussions, occupied the better part of two years. Some insisted upon 'south,' others insisted upon 'east.' Yet others of us, like Athanasius against the world, were tenacious of 'southeast.' Now this could have been settled easily any Sunday morning by putting a toy compass into one's pocket and using it. Of course no one ever suggested such vulgar recourse to finality. In our inmost hearts we knew why. It would have been a breach of *family loyalty*. At best we could have reached only certainty, and certainty was what we all dreaded and avoided.

> I shall start a heron soon
> In the marsh beneath the moon;
> A strange white heron, rising
> With silver on its wings.

But oh! not too soon; for after all what was a heron?

Still stands the South Part Church; the east and the south are still there, presumably; but what the mutual relations of these I know not, nor could I bear to know, though I have passed by the modest portal a hundred times.

Now, while 'personalities' were ruled out by the laws of the game, there was, nevertheless, an abundance of raillery, and nobody was exempt. My father loved practical joking, and no jokes so much as those that victimized himself. In all the blessed years one can recall but a single exception.

Hearing that a minister in a neighboring town was in need of a holiday father offered to preach for him on a given Sunday in summer — from good will, of course, and as a mark of personal favor. The sermon that morning was a charming one, full of imagination and not without vital appeal. Each rung of that ladder of his stands against the past with clear outline after all these intervening years. On coming out of church, however, I overheard a lady of very full proportions, whose fan clicked against the shiny buttons of her black-silk dress, observe in an irritated tone, 'Well! I never was so disappointed in my life! I expected to see Reverend Doctor Frank Smirk in the pulpit. 'Stead of that we have one of them cheap Professors from Wykeham College!'

Halfway home I chuckled aloud over the incident, and father inquired the reason for my mirth.

'Oh, nothing much,' said I.

'Come, come, sonny, out with it!'

It had to be divulged, so I told him. We had just reached a dark, long, covered, wooden bridge. Our old horse, Chevalier, carried us into the shadows, the wheels rumbled gloomily over the loosened splintered planking, — half smothered in dust exhaling stable odors, — and still no word from my companion. It seemed the most unending tunnel in the world. But as we emerged into the fresh air and the sunlight, and as we caught sight of great Saddleback Mountain, father broke out into a roar of laughter.

'That was good!' said he. 'Yes, that was mighty good — it grows on me, it grows on me!'

Discussion filled every waking hour. We began the day with family prayers, and discussed the Prophets of the Old Testament. In the course of about a year we had discussed our way through the Bible, but always stopped at the Book of Revelation, which the head of

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the house would decline to read on the ground that the book was 'meaningless and futile.' I felt sorry for the author of this book. Father seemed to entertain a grievance against him; and the more sensible he was of its magnificent imagery, the more his exasperation increased.

Week-day mornings, in his Economics classes at the college, whatever the special topic, he gave himself largely to the discussion of the Tariff. The midday dinner-hour would be given to discussion of local history — except on Sundays, when we discussed the sermon, and my mother would entertain the table with some ludicrous impersonation of the mannerisms of such holy men as had sought to edify the morning congregation.

Ours being a strictly Puritan household, the early part of Sunday afternoon would be spent by the six boys of the family in the discussion of schemes by which we could avoid being read to out of such books as Professor Fisher's *History of the Reformation*. In summer, the three open windows of father's study afforded cautious escape. On Sunday nights we read Wordsworth aloud. All parts of Wordsworth looked alike to father; all were incomparably great. But my mother insisted that the bulk of it was as dull as Sahara. The poem called 'Michael' was enough to ruin her Sabbath peace.

Now and again there would arise from the Professor's Economics classes a gentle protest that they were not hearing 'the other side,' meaning the other side of the Free Trade question. (They certainly were not!) Sometimes the polite revolt would be started by some serious student of outstanding ability and independence; more often by boys blessed and inspired by male parents at home who dreaded any crack in the pedestal supporting 'The Iron Stag upon the Lawn.' It was literally true that, for the Professor, there was another side to the Free Trade question only in the sense in which there was another side to the Eighth Commandment — Thou shalt not steal! Protectionism was not a science: it was an art — the art of picking pockets!

Believing this wholly and believing it intensely, the wonder is, not that he was so extravagant, but that he was so moderate.

Yet the situation had its humor. So far as cool argument is considered, his classroom many a time resembled nothing so much as the circus; and a Protectionist tenet had about as much chance as the air-filled, transparent glass balls tossed up by the left hand of Buffalo Bill. Ping! Ping! — and annihilation. Father supplied the white horse, the rifle, the powder, *and the glass balls*.

Once, with the Professor's cheerful consent, Senator Frye of Maine was engaged by a class to come to Wykeham and give an address in favor of Protectionism. The boys were eager for a joint debate; but this the Professor declined, not thinking it courteous to take an extra inning on the home-grounds. Having as a young man come off very well from a great debate against Horace Greeley in New York, it was not likely that in his prime he would be frightened by the Senator from Maine.

Since the college boys thought half a loaf would be better than nothing the two student promoters of the exhibition invited the Professor and the Senator for a sleigh-ride on the afternoon before the night address, in the hope and expectation of witnessing a grand duel from the back seat of the sleigh. This, however, would be expensive; and the boys' accounts at Tommy McMahon's were not then of the best showing. But dear old Tommy favored

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the enterprise, insisting with cheerful unveracity that he never yet had lost a cint by anny of the Wykeham byes, and he would like to drive, himself, and see a grand fight, between the greatest Dimmycrat in the wur-r-rld and a Ú-nited States Sinater; and he would go, too, begad, only it was four below zero, and gittin' colder all the time. The party jingled down the village street and out into the hinterland. Tommy McMahon was right. It was now eight below zero; and Clarence, the Ethiopian driver, had to pull down his cap over his ears, and to thump his broad chest.

Sure enough, there was an animated, enthusiastic discussion between the Professor and the Senator. It was about the *Colonial History of Maine!* Only this, and nothing more; absolutely nothing more.

At the address given that night in the old Goodrich Hall, on the site of the present college chapel, my father introduced the guest of the evening in these words: 'Ladies and Gentlemen — allow me to present my good friend, the Senator from Maine. There is no more competent person, even in the Republican Party, for proving to you that two is equal to four, and that the part is greater than the whole.'

Among eminent teachers of youth in this country there have been few, I dare to believe, whose practical reason reacted so instantly to logical stimulus. If a thing were true, it seemed to him of immense importance that it should be realized and validated immediately. 'How about the nationalized railways of Europe?' I piped up one day at the beginning of dinner. He laid down his carving knife, and started a withering discourse upon this subject. But my mother interposed: —

'You have had a long morning, my dear. What you need now is not extra talking, but food.'

'Not at all!' father rejoined, with some asperity; '*if the boy is to be saved*, it must be done now; otherwise he is lost — engulfed in the folly of government ownership.'

I had not supposed my case was so serious as that. But what father called wrong thinking seemed to him always nothing short of abominable. His passion for truth meant always passion for right action. The teaching-instinct within him made clarification instant, inescapable, exacting. What he deemed a misconception in an immature mind became a moral challenge. He would put into the clearing of muddled notions the same costly, vital enthusiasm that others have reserved, let us say, for the race track.

But his personality being whimsical, there were times when he acted on precisely the opposite principle, and purposely left one mystified.

On Saturday afternoons he would often take me with him to the sawmill at the northwest corner of Wykeham. Perched side by side on the high perilous seat of our lumber-wagon we would rattle through the campus and the village in quest of sawdust wherewith to 'bed down Chevalier.' Sawdust, maintained father, was 'an admirable sweetener.' Chevalier in consequence, always bore a close resemblance to the Wooden Horse of Troy; nor did the likeness stop with externals; for he contained within himself a hundred fierce devils.

On these journeys, despite the demoralizing clatter and the fearful sidewise motion, there was always conversation. Among other questions, I asked him, one afternoon, the meaning of the Yale arms — *Lux et Veritas*. He answered, '*Looks a University and is n't.*'

Years afterward, a student at New Haven, I came to see why he laughed to himself over that answer!

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III

There came a day when father and mother admitted, both of them, that it was time I should be allowed to see my first play. Betaking myself, one evening in late autumn, across the old campus, and up the hill by the mysterious footpath we used to call 'over the mountain,' through the dark pine woods, I felt the suppressed excitement that forebodes all great human happenings.

I recalled that mother had once told me her own first play had been the acting of Edwin Forrest in Shakespeare. But really, when you came to think of it, what was Shakespeare compared with Harriet Beecher Stowe?

The widow of Professor Lincoln lived with us for many years. Her tent figure I love to recall. I can see her trudging homeward through the deep snows of the Berkshire winter from some missionary gathering, her steps firm and determined, her mind intent on some just reported victorious skirmish in the age-long battle of the Cross against the Darkness in some far-off corner of the globe. 'Yes!' I can hear her say, as she discards her snowy overshoes, 'it was an excellent meeting.' Good and kind and keen, and very, very able, she was all her life long a spirit-passenger on the good ship Morning Star.

She must long ago have met the Pilot face to face; beyond all shadow of doubt that too was 'an excellent meeting.'

She used to be President of the Shakespeare Club, in which Charley King, the druggist, would sometimes read the part of King Lear while she herself was at her best as Ophelia.

It was a favorite sentiment of Mrs. Lincoln — I had heard her express it many, many times — that the plays of Shakespeare were composed *to be read,* not to be acted on the stage. While I knew nothing about the merits of the question I felt very confident that my mother did not accept this dictum at all. But she never contradicted the old Latin scholar's widow. None of us did — not even father. My explanation of this is, that while the infallibility of father was merely a habit, the infallibility of Mrs. Lincoln was a spiritual endowment. It seemed almost coeval with the cosmos.

Conducted to a settee in the ill-lighted basement of the town hall, I had time to recall the fascinating scenes I had witnessed in this glorious forum. Only a month before, at a Democratic rally, I had listened to the magnificent oratory of Benjamin F. Mills, Esquire, handsome and florid headmaster of Greylock Institute, who had thrilled a handful of Irish citizens, my father, and my brothers, with a description of how Samuel J. Tilden would look on the fourth of March entering the classic portals of the White House. The peroration had been this: 'And the mocking-birds will be singing in the sweet savannahs of the South!'

But now, alas, it seemed assured that while '*the mocking-birds*' would doubtless be there, the great and good Mr. Tilden would not.

The palpable odors of Town-Meeting of the preceding spring seemed to cling still to the hall. Yellowed overcoats, soaked by rain, cheap cigars, mud and tobacco juice, the hoarse cackle of Abe Bunter's laugh, the rustic solemn dignity of 'Mr. Moderator' — of all these things my memory spoke.

Also I was greatly occupied by thoughts of Mary Marden. I wondered if she were sitting in the hall, but try as I would she could not be discerned through the dimness. Extending my left arm along the back of the bench so that the new cuff-button of celluloid might be properly exposed in case she

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were behind me somewhere, I gave myself up to reverie.

Mary Marden was a pretty girl, 'going on twelve,' from whose broad low forehead brown hair drew away beneath a round rubber comb. She had recently recovered from a serious illness, during which my own dear sister, always my confidante in these matters, could find me no good reason why I should not pray for Mary Marden. I did pray, and earnestly, that she might come through this diphtheria 'without getting pock-marked like Mirabeau.' And my prayer had been answered.

She had a somewhat gruff voice and I thought it charming. (Satan, across the abyss of time, whispers 'adenoids.') I even admired the freckles on her nose; they really seemed to *add* something.

Monk Raymond, my best friend, a philosopher of thirteen summers, had been given a free ticket to the play, for he had been engaged to turn the windlass that wound up the curtain pole. He conceived his part, as always, with deep seriousness, while I fought down my envy as well as I might.

There were bloodhounds, but surely no bloodhounds could range widely on so narrow a stage as this; nor did they. A fiercer Legree, however, never appeared on any stage. And Eliza, considering that the river-scene had to be helped out by a wall map of Mesopotamia, loaned by the Methodist Church, managed the ice in the Euphrates admirably.

Monk and I walked home through the woods without saying a word. But as he bade me 'Good Night' he sighed, and observed, 'I 'm going to give up the stage.'

'Why is all this, Monk?'

'Well, in the first place,' said he, 'it 's a dog's life; and in the second place, I'd rather stay poor and *keep my character.*'

The next day, as I hurried past Mary Marden on my way home from school, she called to me.

'I caught a glimpse of you, last evening,' she said.

'Of me?'

'Yes, last evening, while I was *seated at the Opera.*'

The Sky Line at Wykeham! Far flight of swallows waving in evening gold, swinging, swinging to the west, follow your sky line; pray find it ever the same, little swallows, till the world's end; and be careful: 'Don't lose your balance!'

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THE AMATEUR AT BAY

BY STEPHEN WALLIS MERRIHEW

STRANGELY enough the sport that has provided the stiffest controversy over the amateur-professional status in modern times is and always has been one of the freest from professionalism. There is no recognized professional tennis, in the sense that there is recognized professional golf and cricket, sports which, while chiefly amateur, nevertheless frankly turn a professional side to the public.

Of two million tennis-players the world over, probably not more than three hundred are professionals. These are chiefly teachers who rarely attract public notice of any sort and seldom play match tennis except with amateurs preparing for important contests. There are few tournaments restricted to professionals or open to them. Moreover, these tennis-teachers would be under severe handicaps in continued match play, for the reason that they have little opportunity to become 'match-hardened' — accustomed to playing before large audiences and meeting the nerve-racking concomitants of acute competition. No player, even though he be a genius, can become a champion until he has met a series of these acid tests. Excellent players sometimes 'crack' under the strain. If they are really great they persevere to the point of becoming 'gallery-proof.' On the other hand, some players from the start find that the crowd gives them just the fillip they need in order to do their best.

Both in spirit and in fact lawn tennis is overwhelmingly amateur. In the whole history of the sport, professionalism has made no headway. The apprehensions culminating in this controversy are rooted in fear rather than in experience. Neither past nor present encourages the idea that tennis morale is breaking down. Moreover, the 'player-writer' criticism is leveled at a small group, not more than twenty, and including only four players of prominence. That a sport so notably amateur as tennis can be undermined by the literary activities of so few is absurd.

Nevertheless it is this, the most amateur of all sports, with the possible exception of polo, which has legislated against its greatest match player by impugning his amateurism on grounds so novel, and under definitions so fine-spun, that the tennis world stands divided against itself on the merits of the controversy. The Tilden case has become, indeed, not only a *cause célèbre* in tennis, but involves principles of the utmost importance in the future of amateur athletics in general.

Amateurism is one thing in play and quite another thing in work, one thing in sport, and something else in a profession or business. An amateur detective follows sleuthing as an avocation, not as a vocation, yet he does not lose caste if he accepts emoluments on occasion. The amateur printer, or photographer, or bookbinder frequently sells his work, yet continues to think of himself as amateur. There is more distinction between amateur and professional painters, actors, singers, and

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entertainers, yet it disappears quickly and without qualms of conscience or loss of prestige if the market calls loudly enough. In the traditionally learned professions amateurism is actually taboo. In most states and countries amateur lawyers and physicians have no right to practise, and amateur ministers usually receive scant consideration from the public.

The case is quite otherwise in games and sports. These are amateur, not by definition, but by right of being. Just as pedestrians are accorded priority on thoroughfares because pedestrianism is the natural state of man, so amateur sport stands on a higher plane than professional sport. The player antedated the ticket-taker, the amateur antedated the professional. Upon professionalism must ever rest the necessity for proving itself decent, whereas the amateur status is respectable per se until challenged. Indeed, in the eye of sportsmen, there is something almost sacred in that status, so that a flank attack upon it, by definition and interpretation where facts are lacking, seems not only needlessly cruel, but even to some extent unsportsmanlike.

But since, in time, professionalism *was*, it had to be dealt with. Then arose amateur rules or laws, self-imposed by groups of enthusiasts, to protect play from commercialism. In the beginning, no doubt, they were simple enough but, as new inhibitions and prohibitions were grafted upon them, they have become a mystery to the public, a torment to governing bodies, and a plague to the players. The amateur rule is the most troublesome of all. And yet, after playing games and studying rules for more than a third of a century, the matter seems to me simple, the definition of an amateur easy, and the enforcement of it not at all difficult. As a member of the Committee of Seven selected to deal with the protection of amateurism in lawn tennis, I shall soon discover whether theory can be translated into action.

In my opinion, an amateur in lawn tennis is one who does not receive money or its equivalent for playing or teaching the game. Conversely, a professional is one who receives money or its equivalent for teaching or playing the game. The line of demarcation is as sharp as fresh whitewash on a grass court.

This bald statement discards the time-honored fiction that an amateur tennis-player is one who plays the game simply or solely for the love of it. Every sport devotee knows that while love of the game attracts and holds him to his specialty, there are times when love is absent from his play and when he gets no pleasure from his mightiest efforts. Pride, the honor of club, or section, or country, the fighting spirit — these are among the mixed motives that drive one forward toward victory in the fifth set of a tennis match or in the finish of a Marathon race.

To phrase the amateur issue somewhat differently, yet still simply, if a player gains pecuniarily by his play, and plays for that gain, he is not an amateur.

The essence of the approaching decision must be looked for in the definition. The purpose of that definition should be, not to create professionals, but to preserve amateurism. The definition, in order to win whole-souled allegiance in the world of tennis, should be a direct attack upon money-play and not an indirect attack upon personalities. Neither by word or inference should it imply inferiority in professionals. The professional in tennis can be, and frequently is, as conscientious and idealistic as the 'purest' amateur. The issue involves neither personal morals nor manners, but merely stand-

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ards established to keep play wholesome and the money influence out of competitions. We discriminate not for the ignoble purpose of handicapping an individual but for the lofty purpose of protecting a sport.

That, at least, is the ideal function of governing bodies in the field of sport. Such bodies are coeval with the games themselves, the inheritors of proud traditions and the bearers of high responsibilities. The Marylebone Cricket Club in England and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews are excellent examples. In England and the United States tennis-players look up to the respective Lawn Tennis Associations of those countries, without whose governance the game could hardly have grown to present proportions or come into the possession of so long and creditable a past. Twenty-three nations, each with a separate governing body, challenged for this year's Davis Cup.

Among the duties of these governing bodies is that of maintaining amateur standards. Each accepts amateurism as essential, yet they define the amateur in almost as many different ways. Among all these differences of phrase and emphasis, however, one finds the common thread of belief that the amateur is one who is not paid for playing. But maintaining amateur rules is not the whole duty of a tennis governing body. While none but amateurs may compete in official tournaments, not all amateurs may do so. There are considerations of time and space and fitness to reckon with; these are met by regulations which admit some and disbar others. These acts of disbarment are almost as important as rulings on the amateur status; yet they are separate and distinct from the cases arising from other cause and it is important that they remain so. This need is frequently lost sight of and the oversight leads to endless confusion.

To be at once fair and safe a governing body should set up a plain and unequivocal amateur rule and then, but not until then, frame regulations for the player. Under these regulations a player may not be permitted to compete in certain tournaments because his club does not belong to the governing organization in charge; or he may be barred because of unsportsmanlike conduct; or because of his age he may be kept out of a junior event. But none of these considerations impugn his amateur status, just as they are powerless to restore a professional to amateurism. Although all lawn-tennis governing-bodies the world over are dedicated to the cause of amateurism, their regulations differ widely. Nevertheless, a player may travel thousands of miles and compete under many flags without being embarrassed by strange regulations. If he measures up to the requirements established at home, he can play abroad, even though his appearance may contravene the tennis code of the country in which he is visiting. This common-sense view accepts the basic distinction between amateurism and player regulations, a distinction which should be as clearly observed at home as abroad.

The essence of the amateur rule of the United States Lawn Tennis Association is contained in Section 4, as follows: —

> An amateur tennis-player is one who plays tennis solely for the physical benefits he derives therefrom, and to whom the playing of the game is nothing more than a pastime.

This is a wrong and insufficient definition. The motives laid down are not always the ones at work. An amateur player, as I have pointed out, does not play solely for the pleasure and 'physical benefits he derives therefrom'; nor

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is this anyone's business. Human motives are too mixed to admit of such absolute criteria. Surely it is no violation of amateurism to play under a doctor's orders, or for the sake of keeping one's boastful children in their places, or to keep the Davis Cup from wandering abroad, or for any other reason unconnected with money reward that seems good and sufficient to the player himself.

The English rule wisely avoids strewing the path of amateurism with such silly obstacles. It deals solely with the receiving of money or its equivalent, *directly or indirectly, for playing or* teaching tennis. That is a first principle to which we should return.

Of four Acts of Disbarment in the U. S. L. T. A. roster, only one relates even indirectly to the writing of articles on lawn tennis, the source of the present controversy. A player is disbarred for permitting the use of his name in connection with articles which he did not write. The plain inference is that if he does write the articles appearing under his name he is safe. Since none of the men whose amateur status has been thrust into danger lately could be proceeded against under this or any other existing rule, those opposed to 'player-writers' passed last February what is called an 'interpretation' of the amateur rule. This purports to link with another act of disbarment the writing of articles on tennis for substantial compensation. This 'interpretation' is really no part of the amateur rule, albeit the present controversy rages around it.

As is nearly always the case where principles and personalities are equally affected, the personal element has crowded to the front. The direct issue was raised between the U.S.L.T.A. and Champion William T. Tilden, 2nd. It became evident that he would be barred from competition after January 1, 1925. Subsequently attacked as a 'bad influence' in the game in the report of the Amateur Rule Committee, Tilden resigned as a member of the Olympic and Davis Cup squads. The resulting protest by both players and public forced the U. S. L. T. A. to withdraw the interpretation, invite Tilden to play for the Davis Cup, and appoint a Committee of Seven to review the entire case on its merits. Four members of that Committee have been appointed by President Wightman of the U. S. L. T. A., two favoring the 'interpretation' and two opposed. The latter are Tilden himself and the writer.

I am convinced that this dispute, like many others, arises from confusing the definition of amateurism with regulations governing tournament competitions. The need for regulation is universally admitted; but there is likewise need for discrimination. If a player is employed by a sporting-goods house to exploit his skill and fame for its benefit and his own, he violates every tenet and tradition of amateurism; but if he enters that business just as he would go into the selling of hardware or any other commodity, I do not agree that he should be cast out of amateur circles.

The case for Tilden rests on the same basis. His receipts come from writing, not from play, and they are a measure not of his tennis skill but of his literary skill and industry. He could go on writing articles that would find a ready market long after he ceased to play. In fact his ability to write entertainingly and instructively on tennis will continue to hold his audience for many years. Sam Hardy, one-time Pacific Coast champion, is still earning a substantial income by writing on tennis. If Tilden were to be physically incapacitated to-morrow his income would be more likely to go up than down, because he would have more time in which

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to produce copy. If the champion were interested only in money, he would quit match play at once and put all his energy into books and articles, as he has more than once been urged to do by publishers. Yet that would be a distinct loss to the game, as he is unquestionably the greatest match tennis-player that ever lived. The point is that he loves the game for its own sake, and sacrifices his financial well-being every time he competes in a tournament.

Another element worth considering is that Tilden made more money selling insurance than he does writing tennis-articles. He quit the former pursuit for reasons honorable to his sporting instinct, because he disliked the work and because it was the baldest recognition of his tennis fame. The latter gave him entrée to offices when other solicitors cooled their heels in antechambers; big business men bought insurance from him and then settled back in their chairs to talk of tennis. On the other hand, he likes to write, and likes also to interpret the intricacies of a beloved sport to the countless thousands of devotees remote from the large centres who never see important matches. He relishes the thought that he is assisting in the development of countless young players and in broadening the democratic basis of a clean and zestful sport. Lack of unearned income is surely no fault of his and no obstacle to good repute in America. Why, then, should he not earn his way in the work which appeals most to his nature and for which he is singularly well fitted, especially when it is clear that he is paid for work and not for play?

That is the nub of the whole argument. Actually it is of small moment whether Tilden earns much or little by writing, or whether he puts in only a few hours or all his spare time at his desk.

As an editor I judge that he, as writer, gets what his articles are worth, neither more nor less; there are other qualified tennis-writers, and supply and demand fixes prices, in the long run, of tennis articles as well as of tennis balls. Tilden can safely rest his case on the right of an individual athlete to earn money in any calling he chooses, provided it is earned not by playing or teaching the game.

If need be, Tilden's amateurism might be favorably compared to that of other tennis-players actively interested in the manufacture of tennis equipment.

But why make odious comparisons on false reasoning? It is sheer fallacy to assume that all profits from the sport violate amateurism. Once we start upon that boggy road we invite inevitable breakdown. Is the financial head of a sporting-goods house, ipso facto, a professional player? Are his clerks and stenographers professionals even though they may not even physically touch tennis goods? Is he who makes the cloth covering of tennis balls less an amateur than he who builds ships? And what, in turn, is the status of these purveyors of tennis materials — wool growers and buyers, steel manufacturers, Amazon rubber gatherers, varnish makers, flax growers, and hosts of others who profit legitimately by meeting the wants of two million tennis-players? No; revenue from tennis, as such, is not enough to destroy amateur status.

Even the most excited advocates of drastic tennis-legislation admit that lawn tennis is overwhelmingly amateur. They fear that it may not remain so; therefore they have taken, tentatively, a step utterly without precedent. No other tennis governing body ever has seriously proposed to prohibit the writing of articles on tennis for money. Some have regulated

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such writing, properly enough, as a matter of discipline. For instance, the Australian Davis Cup players, now in this country, have been forbidden to cable stories of matches but — let Tilden's critics note this well — they are specifically urged to send newspaper stories back to Australia by mail.

There might be an excuse for expelling the greatest match-player of all time from amateur ranks if his pay for writing articles on tennis depended on his playing in certain tournaments or on his being champion of the United States, just as the employee of a sporting-goods house might be barred if his chief contribution to the business consisted of goods sold through tennis play. But if the latter could hold his job without playing in a single tournament, and if the former could sell his articles exactly as well if he broke his leg in June and could do no more than hobble till October, how could the amateur standing of either be successfully attacked?

The gist of the matter is: 'Are Tilden's writings on tennis worth what he receives for them, regardless of any playing he does?' As the editor of a tennis magazine I am both qualified and compelled to answer with a categorical, 'Yes.' And as long as truth rightfully compels me to make that answer, it also compels me to fight for Tilden's amateur status against all combinations of men, circumstances, and sophistries.

MAN'S SHARE IN CIVILIZATION

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

In an article on 'Woman and Civilization' in the *Atlantic Monthly* of September 1923, the suggestion was made that woman's genius lies in organization, administration, and social effort, while man's is rather individual, abstract, and imaginative. This view is not by any means new; many students, both of mind and of body, hold that some such distinction between the sexes can reasonably be made, bearing always in mind the degree to which men and women share in each other's characteristics. We may put it that there is a common stock of human nature from which individual men and women vary; the men on the whole tend toward the abstract and individual virtues, the women toward the social and practical. We are then justified in speaking of a 'man's culture' or a 'woman's culture' according as the social organization of a country encourages one of these directions at the expense of the other. Whichever direction the culture may take will be shared in by both sexes to the disadvantage of one of them. The ideal culture would be one in which the two tendencies were evenly balanced, but we know that such a balance is rarely attained and then held only for a short time.

On this continent of North America

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there can be little doubt which culture we possess at present. We pride ourselves upon the practical qualities of our civilization. We 'get things done,' often with good results, often without sufficient consideration of what the results will be.

Abstract science, the fine arts, and religion are indeed valued by thoughtful men, but they are on the whole valued for their practical and social worth, not as things in themselves. They are valued for their effect on the community, not for their effect on the individual. It is indeed rare to hear any theory of reform or of social amelioration put forward which is not based upon organized action by one part of the community upon another part. The individual tends to be ignored. Indeed the extensive schemes of reform which are from time to time forced, or threatened, upon us are all based upon the idea that men who live in a virtuous community will be virtuous. Action is therefore aimed at the entire community, both good and bad. Our habits are to be controlled or altered because they are supposed to have an ultimately bad effect upon the community, not because they are bad in themselves. We are to 'set a good example.' The opposite idea, that a virtuous community is one composed of virtuous individuals, is rarely heard. The reformer insists that the individual must suffer for the good of the community; the individual may well answer that reforms which make the individual suffer are themselves bad for the community.

Our purpose at present is to show that the abstract and individual life, the life of the man, has a value in itself, and that this value is largely ignored in the cultural life of North America.

It is convenient to consider this abstract life under the three divisions of science, art, and religion, each of them a well-recognized activity with a bearing upon the other two.

Abstract science, pure research, is valued by farseeing men in America; it is even endowed by rich ones, but usually upon the assumption that the practical applications of science can be reached only through pure research. We are continually hearing that wireless telegraphy rose almost incidentally out of purely scientific investigations, and so scientific study is commended as a means to a practical end, as an instrument for some world-wide reform, not as a thing good in itself. Our Utopias of to-day are applied-science paradises.

In the same way the fine arts are to be encouraged for their elevating social qualities, or for their effect in adding to our reputation as a wealthy and cultured people. This was the old Roman idea, and we are very like the old Romans in many ways. To possess great museums and picture galleries is one of the marks of a great nation; every Rembrandt or Velasquez brought across the Atlantic gives a thrill of patriotic pride. It is true that the masterpiece may merely pass from one private collection to another. It may, as is rumored of certain Shakespeare folios, merely pass into a millionaire's cellar; but such purchases create an atmosphere of connoisseurship. We cannot say that our leading citizens are indifferent to art, or that art has no value. Some art evidently has a very large value. If that value accrues to the art-dealer rather than to the artist, we have long ago agreed that the distributor is more worthy than the producer.

It would be absurd to assert that the social value of art is not a very real thing; it would be absurd to ignore entirely its financial value. The point to be made is that the fine arts have

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an inherent value which is neither social nor commercial, but rather individual. A great country produces great artists rather than great collections.

Religion is similarly valued because we consider that it tends to make people act rightly toward one another. So we find that the churches lay great stress upon philanthropy, upon social endeavor and organization, and upon reform. We would all agree that a religion which did not tend to make its people morally better was a very poor religion; we would agree, too, that our own religion does, in the main, have this effect. A very great number of church adherents frankly support the churches upon social grounds, holding that their main value is that they are a steadying influence for good in a society which is all too easily disrupted. This is all true, nor would one attempt to minimize its importance, but it is only one half of the truth. Religion has a value to the individual which is quite apart from its social value.

II

Now let us turn from these abstract elements of life to the preëminent activity of the modern American world.

The conduct of commercial life is supposed to be the peculiar province of the man. America leads in 'big business'; the ambition of the American young man, if we are to judge by fiction, literature, and the advertisement column, is to become an employee in big business. The 'highly paid executive,' the trusted servant of a great corporation, at an equivalent salary — these are the ideals of success. Yet there was a time when most men longed for a business of their own, even a small business. It was perhaps the better loved because it was small and private and struggling. We are told, of course, that the day of small business is over, that economically the little man must give way to or be absorbed in the great organization. So long as size — impersonal, unindividual size — is our ideal this must be so. If our ideal gave more value to the individual and less to the organization, it would not be so. The question is not whether such business is more or less efficient, not whether it produces more goods at a less cost — but: Would we as individuals be happier, would we have more scope for development if we paid less attention to efficiency and more to living, less attention to 'getting together' and more to individuality?

Professor Mavor, of Toronto, in his recently published memoirs, says, 'To the Scot's mind not "getting together" but getting decisively separate on fundamental contradictions is the right plan.' We need occasionally to be reminded of the advantages of separation, and to realize that union is not always strength — it is often merely a symptom of weakness. Sheep flock together..

Man is not a solitary animal, but neither is he a flock animal. He needs both organizations. To me the social type appears essentially that of the woman, the individual that of the man; and I venture to think that the case for the man's culture has not been sufficiently brought forward. But whose fault is that? Certainly not the woman's.

We cannot blame active, public-spirited, and capable women if they do things their own way. They have captured our elementary education, our art, and our intellectual culture. Where they do not actually practise these things they influence them. Meanwhile our men play politics or poker or golf in the intervals of commerce, and submit their intellectual and emotional lives to the rule of their

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wives. The traditional picture of the American Family in Europe has the foundation of truth usual in caricatures; so have the adventures of Mr. Jiggs. Woman is the culturally active member of American civilization, and she drags man, feebly protesting, in her wake.

But now, as to the value of pure science, art, and religion, that is, their value apart from their practical or social uses.

Scientific work is disinterested; it is concerned only with the discovery of truth and the increase of knowledge, not in any way with its effect upon society. The value of science lies in this disinterested quality, and in its insistence upon accuracy, so far as that can be attained. Pure science has no respect for old established traditions, beliefs, or superstitions, except in so far as they can stand the test of accurate investigation; it insists upon honest thought. Science is therefore cathartic; it cleanses our thought from sloppy, half-realized ideas and beliefs. The first essential of the scientific attitude is that our thoughts and our beliefs, whatever may be their nature, shall be perfectly clear and definite; the second is that they shall not be in conflict with facts, so far as we know them. As a consequence we must never fear a new truth because it appears to be in conflict with a former belief. We need more men who will insist upon truth though the heavens fall.

But what is truth? This is an important point upon which the practical mind attacks science.

No scientific man ever supposes that he will or can attain to ultimate truth. That is a question for metaphysics rather than for natural science. The most that the scientist can do is to attain to a slightly more accurate description of and a slightly closer approximation to the structure of nature. He does not even know whether there is any such thing as ultimate truth or ultimate reality. As a scientist he works on 'verifiable hypotheses with an extending fringe of theory,' to be verified in its turn. So at any moment he may say, 'This, which I have hitherto believed to be true, I now find is only partially so. Accordingly I change my belief.'

The whole idea of unchangeable truth and of pure dogma is, in fact, unscientific. Recently, for instance, our ideas upon the constitution of matter and the 'law of gravitation' have been subjected to severe revision. Popular protests were actually published against Professor Einstein on the ground that he was wrong (apparently morally wrong) to disturb the Newtonian law; but every scientific man knew that Newton's 'law' was as much subject to revision as any other so-called 'law' of nature. These 'laws' are only human approximations to an unknowable reality. Science can have no dogmas. But such a condition of flux in belief is very unpleasant to many men. They demand nice clear facts! 'This is true, that is false; this is good, that is bad.' And these values are to be the same forever. One function of pure science is to destroy this simple attitude, and to substitute for it the divine curiosity, the endless desire to know, by which alone the mind can develop.

Science insists that there is no opinion which may not be subject to criticism; even more, that every opinion *must* be subjected to the severest criticism, provided only that the criticism is sincere. It is by continual criticism that our knowledge is increased. Yet how many men to-day are willing to submit their political opinions to radical criticism, or to consider radical opinions as worthy of rational

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criticism. Most of us make efforts toward a more scientific attitude of mind, and we know how difficult is the scientific attitute toward a 'cherished opinion.' But we know also how great is the reward when we persist in such an attitude. It is firm ground beneath our feet.

The scientific attitude is more than the investigation of nature: it is the attitude of moral and intellectual honesty.

We value the artist to-day less than the scientist, because it is more difficult to find a practical use for him. We have already indicated some of the uses commonly assigned to art, and a little rationalizing will produce further practical virtues even in the fine arts. So long as department stores and banks find a commercial value in imposing buildings, so long will the architect be allowed to be, or to hire, an artist. So long as well-drawn advertisements are considered to be profitable, so long will commercial artists be supported; and so long as the possession of pictures is looked upon as a social asset, so long will 'art-lovers' who cannot afford old masters make a virtue of buying the products of to-day. There are and will always be a few to whom art is a part of life; but, in the main, art, literature, and music are to-day regarded as embellishments to be rated according to their commercial or social value.

But just as science frees the intellect, so art frees and cleanses the emotions. The artist is the emotional expert whose function is to expose false or outworn emotions, passions, and prejudices, to show what is noble and what is base in life without regard for the feelings of any man. All fine and noble art is as cathartic emotionally as science is intellectually.

This is a value of pure art, yet even with this value the artist is not concerned except in so far as it compels him to sincerity. For the one social crime which the artist can commit is insincerity, and sentimental art is the only real immoral art. The artist is the man who feels deeply and sincerely, and who can convey these feelings to others; and if he is to do his best work he must be concerned with no other end than art. Art for art's sake does not mean art abstracted from life, but art valuable as itself, independent of utility, economy, or morality. And such art should pervade life, making for honest workmanship and honest design in everything we have or use. We can feel rightly about even the shape of a spoon or a chair, just as we can feel rightly about the destiny of a nation.

In this view 'old masters' cease to have any very great value. They were once the fresh vision of a prophet, they are still interesting and beautiful expressions of eternal humanity, but they are not of that intense and immediate importance to us which is possessed by the artistic vision of to-day.

The ordinary man, however, in so far as he thinks about the matter at all, prefers to rest content with those visions of beauty which satisfied his great-grandmother. So, when a painter or a writer produces work which has an immediate bearing upon present-day life, particularly if it exposes some comfortable emotion inherited from his great-grandmother, or if it considers life from some point of view unseen by that lady, the average man is flicked in the raw. A fresh vision in art is even more irritating than a fresh knowledge in science. Fresh views in anything are indeed usually branded as 'immoral.'

Art is the cleanser of emotion, science is that of intellect; what place is then left for religion?

The churches to-day are devoted to social endeavor, a most necessary and useful work, and they are full of

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activity. They perform a very necessary part in our social organization; yet it is notorious that scientific men and artists do not attend their services very regularly. For this the churches naturally blame the scientists and artists — regarding them as 'irreligious.' The scientists and artists say very little about it; they seem to find their lives complete without the aid of the churches. Yet they are probably a very highly religious body of men. For religion is not belief in any body of dogma, it is effort of man to bring himself into sympathy with the universe. It is therefore intensely personal.

It seems a pity that the beauty of our own religion should be obscured by quarrels regarding the historic truth of this or that narrative. Historic truth is a matter for scientific inquiry ending in a verdict of proved or not proved. It should be kept apart from religion.

'The kingdom of God is within you.' 'But rather seek ye the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Whoever seeks sincerely and faithfully that which he believes to be true and right; whoever schools his intellect in the sharp discipline of science, and his emotions in the equally sharp discipline of art, is not far from the kingdom. Not only is there no opposition between science, art, and religion, but I would venture to assert that no man can be deeply religious who is not in sympathy with science and art. It cannot be contrary to religion to seek a further knowledge of nature or a further insight into human emotion. Science and art are deeply religious in themselves; for the better we know ourselves and the universe of which we are a part the nearer we shall be to God. This is perhaps mysticism, nowadays rather out of fashion, yet many have questioned whether religion can exist without mysticism.

To many of us the churches to-day appear to be chiefly instruments of moral compulsion. Every faddist who chooses to denounce woman's clothes, the way she cuts her hair, dancing, smoking, literature, sculpture, painting, evolution, any form of social or moral freedom, finds support in the churches. This view may be very unfair, but until some decisive body of church opinion speaks out boldly on behalf of freedom, of the right of the individual man to choose right or wrong, and to be responsible for his own choice, such a judgment will be made. The churches at present raise a chorus of denunciation, the ordinary man meekly accepts their expert opinion, and then pays no further attention to what he regards merely as a professional declamation.

Yet religion is a necessity for mankind not because it gives a supernatural sanction to some code of morals, but because it binds man and the universe in sympathy. Coercion and repression are police functions and no proper part of religion. Indeed these coercive moral measures are simply confessions of failure. The reformer must needs regard his fellow creatures as either too weak or too wicked to lead decent lives, so he must forbid every natural pleasure lest it might be turned to evil.

But there is no need to pursue the 'reformer' further, though he is one of the saddest results of our over-socialized society. He is one result of thinking only in terms of the community and ignoring the individual, and he is at present doing infinite harm, for, by his insistence on evil, he is breaking down the barriers between real evil and good. He is a negative creature.

III

Science is the cleanser of thought, art is the cleanser of emotion, and

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religion is the effort of man to bring himself into unity with the universe. We cannot live without all three, and in all three there is a common feature. Their reward is not in the end accomplished, but in the effort. The scientist's work is unending—as he attains one step the next is before him. When the artist has completed a work it has to him no further value; he looks forward to a finer view. Religion is without end, and must deepen in harmony with a deeper appreciation of the Universe. To this deeper appreciation both science and art must contribute.

To all men the joy of work should be the joy of life, work without regard to economics or efficiency or organization; for, if we have the right attitude to our work, a sufficiency of these things will be added to it. At present our humanity is in danger of being choked by efficiency, and work is too often a thing to be endured for the sake of its end instead of loved for its own sake.

It is the business of the men to set these things right, and to bring back into our lives some measure of the abstract and disinterested virtues. I sincerely hope that women may in time be successful in business and in administration, and that they may in part drive out men from these occupations, compelling them at last to attend to those important matters which they are best able to undertake. Then perhaps we may have a revaluation.

Meanwhile of course the first reform required is that boys should be educated by men, not by underpaid girls. The Boy Scout movement is in the right direction in that it is at any rate an effort by men to influence boys. But the virtues inculcated in the Boy Scouts are the general human virtues such as bravery, endurance, kindness, and courtesy. Perhaps young boys are hardly capable of learning the manly virtues of abstract science and art, or the necessity of doing their own thinking. I am afraid, too, that boys are sometimes taught to be docile, and that is not a virtue at all. However, they rarely learn.

The next step is possibly to get a good deal of the prevailing utilitarianism out of our universities. At present these are mostly technical schools, very useful and necessary institutions, but of very little help to the active mind.

But the only reform which will ever do any permanent good is a change in public opinion. When the thinker, the scientist, the artist, and the mystic are respected regardless of their wealth or of their economic value — then our civilization may hope to match even that of war-scarred Europe.

These reforms will not be brought about, if ever they come, by organizations or by campaigns or by slogans, but by a stirring in each man's mind impelling him to seek freedom. This is a man's business. But the men seem to be all asleep.

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DEAD MAN'S BROW

BY WILFRID GIBSON

As for the first time over Dead Man's Brow
That snell November day I drove the share,
The coulter struck a stone that checked the plough,
Tilting it upright with the hafts in air.

With arms well-nigh out of their sockets jerked
I tried to drag the handles down, in vain;
Then, stooping, long with breaking back I worked
To free the coulter, till with thews astrain

At length I lifted a huge slab that lay
Lid-fashion on a kist of up-edged stones,
Uncovering to the light and air of day
A huddled skeleton of ash-gray bones.

With knee-joints drawn up to its jowl, it clasped
Its bony arms about its ribs and seemed
To shudder from the icy East that rasped
My living cheek; and as the chill light gleamed

Upon its fleckless teeth of flawless white
The girning skull gaped at me with a groan —
'Why have you broken in upon the night?
Why can't you let a buried man alone?

'This thousand year I 've lain in dreamless rest,
Forgetful of the wind that flicked my blood
And roused the hunting hunger in my breast
To course the fells and ford the frothing flood

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'Of burns that thundered in a Winter spate,
Questing a quarry that forever fled
Beyond the further fell-top, until fate
Tripped me and tumbled me among the dead:

'And I at last knew peace and slept secure
Within my quiet little house of stones.
Must I another doom of life endure?
Why have you waked the hunger in my bones?'

I dropped the slab, and took the hafts and turned
My team and made back homeward with my plough,
Leaving the hunter to the peace he 'd earned
Beneath the windy bent of Dead Man's Brow.

HISTORIC DETERMINISM AND THE INDIVIDUAL

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

In considering the life of man in history or in contemporary social relations there are two hypotheses open to us. We may postulate that, from the largest sweep of the historic process down to the most insignificant details of an individual's daily life, man's assumed control over his own action and destiny is an illusion, that he is in truth as powerless to alter his present or his future as the moat eddying in the sunbeam, troubled with no such illusory self-consciousness as mocks the highest of created beings. Or, on the other hand, we may postulate that man's personal destiny and that of society are to some extent, and within certain limits, subject to human control, consciously directed.

If the first of these hypotheses be true, then it is evident that it will make no difference whether man takes thought for himself or not. As well might a drop of water from the ocean, rising and falling in the waves, raised to the clouds by the sun, dropped as rain on the land, attempt to change that inevitable series. What shall be, shall be, and it is useless for man to try to alter a stream of tendency and action which is merely part of the inextricable, eternal, cosmic process. But if, on the contrary, there should be any sphere in which his independent, free will

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may become effective for good or evil, then it becomes a matter of importance to him and to the human race whether he exerts that will or no and in what direction.

And this exertion becomes increasingly important to society in proportion to the share which the individual has in the formation and guidance of his own government and other institutions. It must be confessed that in many quarters there has been growing for the past generation a feeling of the impotence of the individual, a pessimistic fatalism as to the inevitability of the social and political drift, a relaxation of individual effort from the belief that, after all, it is of little or no avail. This may be due partly to an inevitable reaction from the too buoyant optimism of the humanitarian, social, and scientific philosophy of the Victorian era. It may also be attributed partially to the enormous increases in populations which have occurred since the industrial revolution. The depression of the effectiveness of the individual will, by the increase in the number of directing wills and minds in the great modern democracies, may also be considered a factor. Another may be found in the influence of the scientific concept of universal natural law, with its implied determinism, which has been carried over into the fields of history and social endeavor. But whatever the causes may be which tend to deaden the belief in the value of individual effort, it must be conceded that if there is any sphere for the effective and right willing of individuals in the historic and social processes, it is important that the wills of such individuals be energized rather than allowed to atrophy. It may be well, therefore, to consider whether we have as yet any valid reason to doubt the effectiveness of the individual, and in this article we shall do so from the standpoint of historic determinism.

One of the commonest, as well as the earliest, forms of determinism in history is the theological — the belief that the whole process is determined and controlled by a god, or supernatural power. However, in the Western world, at least, this doctrine has never prevented man from actively trying to control and modify his personal and social life. In our own history there were no stouter strugglers for a new order, no more determined opponents of the established one, than those who believed most strongly in predestination, infant damnation, and the constant interference of the Deity. As exerting any influence toward fatalistic inertia or political pacifism, this form of historic determinism may be discarded, certainly at the present time.

The historic process may also be considered as being determined by forces or conditions within nature but outside man, such as the geographic, climatic, and other elements of his environment, or, thirdly, by conditions partly within and partly without society and the individual. Among these are man's economic needs and urges, from which we have derived the doctrine of economic determinism, and his physical structure and functioning, from which other forms of determinism have been derived.

II

There has been no more fascinating subject developed in recent years than that of anthropogeography, or the influence of man's physical surroundings upon his development and that of his various types of civilization. That these factors modify both man's physical structure and temperament, and have exerted a vast influence upon his

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settlements, migrations, industrial and other activities, no longer admits of doubt. The various climates of different sections of the earth's surface, as well as the great climatic changes in any one of them, have influenced man directly and notably. The abundance, paucity, and character of the natural resources, and the nature of the country as to coast lines, rivers, plains, mountain barriers, and other features have also greatly modified man's efforts.

In the sixty years since the publication of Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, a whole literature has grown up tracing these modifications in detail upon various types of peoples in relation to their environments. As usually happens, the opening of a new field for thought tended among some thinkers to overemphasize its exclusive importance, and among a certain school 'geographic determinism' overshadowed all other factors in human development. As an extreme example we may refer to Grant Allen, a disciple of Herbert Spencer, who wrote in 1878 that 'the differences between one nation and another, whether in intellect, commerce, art, morals, or general temperament, ultimately depend . . . simply and solely upon the physical circumstances to which they are exposed. . . . The differentiating agency must be sought in the great permanent geographical features of land and sea . . . these have necessarily and inevitably moulded the characters and histories of every nation upon the earth. . . . We cannot regard any nation as an active agent in differentiating itself. Only the surrounding circumstances can have any effect in such a direction.' Of the marvelous period of the highest Greek culture he says that 'it was absolutely and unreservedly the product of the geographical Hellas, acting upon the given factor of the undifferentiated Aryan brain.' Even at present and to minds with wider scientific training, the subject seems to be unusually tempting to dogmatic statement as to geographic influences in particular cases.

Thus, in a recent textbook we find such statements as that 'Germany has turned especially to chemistry because of the presence of rich deposits of unusual minerals,' and that the English have been the 'chief investigators of the science of oceanography' because of their use of the sea, with no qualifying conditions. The development of skyscrapers in New York City, according to this writer, would seem to be merely a 'response to the water barrier' of the city with the resultant high cost of land, ignoring all the other factors, physical and spiritual, which went to the development of that new type of architecture in the case of that particular bit of high-priced real estate. Indeed, so fascinating and absorbing is this game of studying the correlation between physical environment and type of civilization, so exclusive does it become in the minds of some of its less well-balanced professors, that in reading their unguarded statements one has the same feeling as, in a different metaphysical atmosphere, in reading Mather's *Special Providences* and learning that when a mouse in Congregational New England destroyed some books in an attic it was found that he had annihilated only Episcopalian Prayer Books. I do not mean at all to imply that the leading scientific geographers of America or Europe are to be classed with such extremists, but the extreme statements are naturally the sensational and arresting ones and those which make the most impression upon the lay mind of the public.

Buckle himself was far more conservative in his exposition of the doctrine of geographic influence than

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many of his later disciples. This was also true in one point, as we shall note later, of Karl Marx who, writing a few years earlier than Buckle, may be considered as the founder of the doctrine of economic determinism, though not the first to point to the importance of economic factors in social evolution. For him, man was almost wholly a function of nature and, even when he had modified natural conditions by inventions, he yet remained merely 'the tool of the tool,' as one commentator has expressed it. The most succinct and fairest expression of the economic doctrine still remains that given by Professor Seligman in the introduction to his volume on *The Economic Interpretation of History*. 'The existence of man,' he says, 'depends upon his ability to sustain himself; the economic life is therefore the fundamental condition of all life. Since human life, however, is the life of man in society, individual existence moves within the framework of the social structure and is modified by it. What the conditions of maintenance are to the individual, the similar relations of production and consumption are to the community. To economic causes, therefore, must be traced in the last instance those transformations in the structure of society which themselves condition the relations of social classes and the various manifestations of social life.' As will be noted presently, Professor Seligman qualifies this statement to a very great degree later, but the economic interpretation, which has received somewhat scant application in America as yet, is rapidly growing in appeal and may be pushed by some here, as it has been by some of the wilder extremists in Europe, to the same degree of exclusive extravagance as the theory of geographic determinism. The few important studies based upon the economic doctrine which have appeared in recent years in the United States are of great value and suggestiveness. Professor Beard, for example, in his extremely interesting volume, *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*, attempts merely to trace, by legitimate methods and inference, the overshadowing economic influence with reference to that political question.

Certain European and American writers in the past, however, have been far more extravagant in their claims for the exclusive determinism of the economic factors. Indeed, the whole of Greek intellectual life and philosophy have been deduced as necessary resultants from economic determinants precisely, and as illogically, as the extremist geographer, Allen, deduced them from the environmental. Not only the whole of man's social and political institutions, but even the Christian religion, has been found by some to have been the inevitable outcome of human economic needs and their satisfactions without consideration of other elements.

Here, again, I wish to emphasize that such extremists do not represent the sounder historical and economic scholars, but their unbalanced pronouncements impress that part of the public which reacts more easily to startling generalities than to cautious investigation.

As Henry Adams once said, those who read Buckle's first volume in 1857 and, two years later, Darwin's *Origin of Species* could not then doubt that 'historians would follow until they had exhausted every possible hypothesis to create a science of history.' As new sciences or pseudo-sciences have developed, one or another historian, enamored of some one of them, has endeavored to make it the controlling or determining factor in the historic process as envisaged by himself. Even the Freudian psychology has seriously attempted to recast the American

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Revolution in terms of an obscure neuroticism on the part of Samuel Adams, and the rending of an empire has been traced to the inferiority complex and 'dream world' of that astute if not always immaculate politician.

Of a different type of determinism has been the search for the general laws, rather than merely a determining cause, which may rule over the historic process. In his brilliant presidential address made at the last meeting of the American Historical Association, Professor Cheyney attempted, modestly and tentatively, to arrive at certain historical laws which, he said, he did not conceive of as 'principles which it would be well for us to accept, or as ideals which we may hope to attain, but as natural laws, which we must accept whether we want to or not . . . laws to be accepted and reckoned with as much as the laws of gravitation, or of chemical affinity, or of human evolution, or of human psychology.' He finds these to be the law of continuity — the impossibility of any sudden break with the past; the law of impermanence — the inevitable rise, growth, and decline of social groups or nations; the law of interdependence — that no part of the human race can progress by the injury of another; the law of democracy — the tendency for all government to come under the control of all the people; the law of necessity for free human consent; and the law of moral progress — the slow but measurable increase in the influence of morals upon human affairs. Quite different was Henry Adams's attempt to discover a mathematical law of progress and decline in his application of the physical concept of 'phase' to the domain of history.

III

It is evident from these brief notes on certain recent tendencies in historical work that we are drifting far from the idea of man as a thinking, self-conscious being, determining by his own thoughts and acts the destiny of himself and his fellows. It is true that man has ever felt that his acts are subject to the veto of a higher power, whether expressed in terms of theology or of science. As Professor Cheyney pointed out in the address to which we have referred, we find this thought in one of the earliest written documents of any section of the human race, the papyrus of Ptah Hotep. There it is written that 'never hath that which men have prepared for come to pass; for what the deity hath commanded, even that thing cometh to pass.' But it may be noted that the scribe thought of men as self-consciously and freely struggling for something, however their efforts might be brought to naught by a higher power. It is at least the stimulating conception of two wills clashing, even though man's might always prove the weaker. That conception is of a quite different order from those of the geographic, economic, and other determinists of the extremist groups, who find that man's thoughts, motives, and deceptive belief in his own will and self-direction are in reality all moulded and determined by the forces of nature.

Indeed, according to them, human society merges into nature and becomes as inevitably a part of the cosmic process as the gathering of star dust into nebulæ. If that is the case are we not theoretically justified in giving up all effort and allowing ourselves to become the mere sport of the forces concerned? If the theories are correct, have we any will in the matter at all? If Phidias or Aristotle or Pericles was merely the product of geographic Hellas may not a New Yorker shift all responsibility to Manhattan Island, content himself with murmuring 'God is great,' and cease from

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troubling Mr. Hylan? It has been said, with a good deal of truth, that the problem of determinism in history is merely a new phase of the old problem of the freedom of man's will. However, the psychologic effect of the doctrine is rather different. This may be due to the fact that man's individual consciousness is far more highly developed than his social consciousness and spurs him on to action in spite of theory. The most determined fatalist will still struggle for his own good or strive to save his life. The urge to do so is so great as not to be affected by any inhibition in the realm of theory. But the urge to strive for the good of society, or to save its existence, is far weaker, and succumbs far more quickly to the doctrine that the individual is powerless in the matter. However, do the facts of history or science, as thus far developed, point inevitably to the conclusion that man is thus powerless? Is there any foundation for the position taken by the various extremist groups?

In examining the degrees and forms of determinism assumed in history we may note certain general and specific aspects of the theories. In so far as man has to work out his individual or racial destiny subject to general laws, such as those suggested by Professor Cheyney, there is nothing which should serve to depress individual effort. The only one of those deduced by him which might seem to have a pessimistic implication — the law of impermanence — merely places limits upon the life of nations similar to those which we have to recognize in the life of the individual. As individuals, we are born, grow, sicken, and die, but this physiological cycle has no bearing whatever upon the problem of the freedom of our wills.

In the same way, in the larger cycle of the life of organized societies, the fact that they may decline by natural law as inevitably as they arise has no bearing whatever upon the ability of the individuals who compose them to mould the destinies of their groups or nations during their existence. Individuals may or may not have that ability, but the law of impermanence is wholly irrelevant to the question at issue. Such a law belongs to what we may call the physiology of history.

We may similarly trace the development of the individual from the union of two germ cells, through all the stages of growth, disease, decay, and death. That is a legitimate standpoint from which to observe one aspect of that individual life, but if we had every detail in such an account should we have in any sense a biography of the man? The discovery of the laws relating to the physiological growth of the individual has been of enormous benefit to mankind. It may make no difference to the universe whether a man is a living, thinking, willing organism or has degenerated into his physical elements after death, but it makes all the difference to the man.

The laws of physiology thus far discovered have taught us that, if we are to maintain our health, we must do certain things and avoid others. It is precisely because we can and do avail ourselves of such known choices that the discovery of those laws has been of service. In the same way the discovery of the laws of the health or disease of nations would not mean that we were less capable of determining their development but that, on the other hand, by enabling us to foresee the results of certain choices of conduct it would enable us to extend and enrich the average national life, as we have been able to extend and enrich the average individual life.

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IV

In a survey of the literature dealing with the relations between geography and man's history we are struck by certain aspects of the geographer's contribution to the historian. One of these is the vast span of time, compared with the life of the individual, required for the influence of certain geographic factors to be felt, and, in some cases, as that of the alterations in climate, for the factors themselves to become operative. We are, in these cases, dealing with what we may term the geology rather than the physiography of history. We cannot understand the physiography of any locality without knowing its geological history, the original formation of its rocks, the slow upheaval, perhaps, from below an original sea level, the crumpling of the earth into mountain ranges, their slow denudation, or the effects of glacial action. But here, as in the general laws of history, we are dealing with a different order of facts from those which we study in describing a landscape in its human terms of villages and the life of their inhabitants. Man's activities are influenced by the climate, by the nature of the soils and other resources, by the character of the portion of the earth in which he dwells; but this is merely the framework of an environment to which he reacts, and he reacts very differently at different times and under different conditions.

In fact, when we leave the broader generalizations and come down to tracing the influence as a determinant of any particular geographical factor upon any particular people at a particular time, we find that we have to make so many allowances for other factors in the way that such a people respond to their environment as to force us, by any canon of common sense, to consider geographic factors merely as modifiers and not as determinants at all. Consequently, the leading workers to-day in the field of anthropo-geography have adopted an extremely conservative attitude as compared with the extremists of a few years ago. In what is probably the ablest contribution to this growing science in America, Miss Semple's *Influence of Geographic Environment*, the author states in preface that she 'speaks of geographic factors and influences, shuns the word geographic determinant, and speaks with extreme caution of geographic control.' Many of the most scientific workers in the field to-day admit the decreasing importance of geographic factors as peoples progress in knowledge and control over their environment, although this is denied by some. Buckle himself stated that the influence of the physical environment decreased as civilization progressed, and that the advance in civilization had been 'characterized by a diminishing influence of physical laws and an increasing influence of mental laws.'

What we have just said of the theory of geographic determinism may also be said of economic determinism. In America the ablest exponent of the doctrine has been Professor Seligman, and in his final estimate he states that 'from a purely philosophical standpoint, it may be confessed that the theory, especially in its extreme form, is no longer tenable as the universal explanation of all human life,' and that 'as a philosophical doctrine of universal validity, the theory of "historical materialism" can no longer be successfully defended.' Although he believes it to have been substantially true of the past, he thinks it will become less and less true of the future. As Dr. Shotwell has pointed out, even Marx's extreme economic determinism ended in assuming the control of mind. When Marx turned from considering the past evolution of soci-

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ety to forecasting the socialist state of the future, he predicated that the proletariat, hitherto ground down by blind economic forces, were finally to master economics for themselves and so to control the forces which had formerly mastered them. This same admission on the part of those most interested in proving geographic or economic control over man's history — the admission that in the end mind counts increasingly in the scale — receives added confirmation from Professor Cheyney in his sixth law of history, that of moral progress. 'Obscurely and slowly,' he says, 'yet visibly and measurably, moral influences in human affairs have become stronger and more widely extended than material influences.'

Of course, the extreme determinists claim that this is a mere begging of the question, and that mind and morals are themselves the products of the determining factor. Aside, however, from the unproven assumptions involved in this claim, it may be pointed out that we can never know the ultimate cause of the present universe, and that as we trace back successive proximate causes we are apt to find them multiplying as do the ancestors of any individual in his family tree. It may be that the derivation of a particular moral idea, for example, may be traced to economics, but to describe the derivation of a thing is not to describe its potential possibilities or developed nature.

If we approach the question of historic determinism from the standpoint of biologic necessity, we are involved in all the philosophical difficulties which are beginning to beset the biologist in his narrower field. The more the development, structure, and functioning of living beings are studied, the more difficult does it become to reject 'end as distinguished from mechanical cause.' In the functioning of the individual cells which make up the aggregate of a living body there is now recognized to be a quasi-purposiveness that cannot be philosophically ignored. The study of life requires the employment of conceptions which do not belong to the realm of mathematics, physics, chemistry, or the other sciences, though these are all required for the full understanding of the living organism. The sum total of all the data derived from them, however, is inadequate to complete knowledge of life itself.

V

The modern method of extending the bounds of knowledge is by considering reality in one aspect only at a time. The philologist is concerned only with the laws of language, the mathematician with the serial order, and so with the other scientists, each working in his particular field which he purposely isolates. But the actual universe has many aspects, innumerable points of approach, no one of which alone can give us an adequate idea of the underlying reality. The various sciences are, as it were, but varying points of view from which we scan nature. We can no more interpret its vast richness solely in terms of chemistry than in those of theology. In the last few generations, the natural sciences have made such enormous strides in adding to our knowledge of certain aspects of the universe that they have overshadowed all other methods of approach to its problems. It is too often forgotten, however, that these sciences rest on certain metaphysical assumptions which are ignored by the public and often held naïvely or unthinkingly by scientific workers themselves. By utilizing these assumptions we have been able to solve a vast number of problems, as the algebraist solves his by the use of x, y, and z. But it by no means follows that all the problems of the universe can be solved by making

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the same assumptions and using the same rules. This fact, and it is a most important one, is largely lost to view because of the dazzling results of science in exploiting the universe from its particular standpoint. As a method of investigating one aspect of reality it has been an unqualified success, and the possibility that there are other aspects, for the interpretation of which it might not be fitted at all, has been lost to sight, ignored, or flatly denied. Every age unconsciously fashions its own philosophy, and this philosophy moulds the thoughts and outlook of the millions who never read a philosophical work. As Viscount Haldane has recently said of the scientists, 'it is only their clinging to an *a priori* metaphysical view, held most often unconsciously, that makes so many try to render the phenomena of life into physical and chemical conceptions.'

Geography, economics, biology, psychology, sociology, and the other sciences have enormously enriched the content and conception of history. History can never again be written as the record of the acts, desires, caprices of a few leading men and their effects. But it may well be asked whether the sudden opening of these vast new domains of knowledge has not tended to depress unduly the share taken in the historic process by thinking, willing man. Are we not in danger of making too much of the environment, understood in its broadest sense, and too little of the chief actor in our drama, the self-conscious individual man, whose reactions to that environment form the real theme of our story? No doctrine is held more in contempt at the present time than that of the 'great man in history.' It will probably never be held again in its old form; but have we not reacted too far? It is true that no individual, no matter how vast his apparent historic importance, can alter the historic process in *any* direction he might choose; but because he cannot make himself felt unless he is in harmony with the social forces of his time, are we to assume offhand that those forces accomplish everything and that the influence of the 'great man' is wholly negligible? May he not give just the deflection at any given time which may set those forces in a direction which they would not otherwise have taken, with incalculable results?

The view, for example, is becoming more and more widely held that the American Revolution was inevitable owing to many causes. I myself believe it to have been so. But to proceed from that to say that the life and character of Washington were not of determining importance I believe to be an unscientific assumption. Had it not been for Washington, I do not believe that the revolt would have succeeded *at that time* in achieving separation from England. Granted that the separation was inevitable *sometime*, is it scientific to assume that the course of all European and American history would have been unchanged at all from what it was? Or is it scientific to assert dogmatically that, if Washington had died or failed the cause, some other man with the same qualities would have of necessity arisen to replace him? Is not that a gratuitous assumption, not only not based upon any provable facts but opposed to the fact of the scarcity of great men in history? Is it not more scientific, as William James pointed out many years ago, to accept great men as part of our data and as, at least, one factor in effecting social change?

And as with the great man in the nation, so it is with the small man in his community. Is it any more scientific, though it may sound more learned, to invoke as sole causes of social change the 'great cyclical forces' rather

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than the thoughts and wills of you and me and the rest of our hundred and ten millions who make up the present nation? It may be that our thoughts and wills are more or less dependent upon those of all the rest, and that these constitute a 'force' against which at times we seem powerless. But in so far as we ourselves think and act are we not modifying, infinitesimally it may be, that very force, and is it not incumbent upon us so to do? It would seem as though, within the limits set for us by our environment and subject to the as yet undiscovered laws of history, the future of the nation depended very much upon our doing so. Rather than rest in a fatalistic belief in the forces shaping our destiny it behooves us to attempt actively to mould that destiny for ourselves and our posterity, welcoming all knowledge of the conditions under which we exist and of the laws which may be utilized to shape our ends.

As we have seen, the extreme views held by certain determinists in geography, economics, and the other sciences are not sanctioned by the leading men in those various branches of knowledge, and the whole trend of recent thought is rather toward ascribing a wider and wider range to the spiritual factors. History can never be a mere science, in the narrow popular meaning of that word in America. It is not wholly determined by the laws postulated by the sciences. The metaphysical assumptions underlying the sciences probably underlie certain portions of the historic process as well and can be used for their interpretation, but there are others which require an entirely different method of approach. For the past three generations, the shadow of scientific determinism has been slowly obscuring in the popular mind the light from the spiritual side of the universe, as the shadow of the moon in an eclipse obscures the light from the sun. The attitude of the unphilosophical public was never warranted even by the facts of science and certainly not by a view of the universe which gives to science its proper place and function.

In history the delimiting of the field in which determinism plays its part, and the recognition of the potency of the spiritual factors, should restore tone to the slackened will of the citizen. If, in despair, man should refuse to believe in and to avail himself of his power to control his own destiny, then, and then only, would there be no hope.

> Yea, if no morning must behold
> Man, other than were they now cold,
> And other deeds than past deeds done,
> Nor any near or far-off sun
> Salute him risen and sunlike-souled,
> Free, boundless, fearless, perfect one,
> Let man's world die like worlds of old,
> And here in Heaven's sight only be
> The sole sun on the worldless sea.

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THE HIDDEN ONE

BY L. ADAMS BECK

(THE Princess of this story was one of the great Moghul dynasty of Emperors in India and was born in 1639. She was granddaughter to the Emperor Shah Jahan and the lovely Lady who sleeps in the Taj Mahal, and daughter to the Emperor Aurungzib whose Moslem fanaticism was his ruin. The Princess's title was Zeb-un-Nissa — Glory of Women. She was beautiful and was, and is, a famous poet in India and Persia. She wrote under the pen name of Makhfi — the Hidden One. Her love adventures were such as I relate, though I have taken the liberty of transferring the fate of one lover to another.

For her quoted poems I use the charming translations by J. D. Westbrook, who has written a short memoir of this fascinating poet-Princess. She was a mystic of the Sufi order, and her verses, 'The Hunter of the Soul,' strangely anticipate the motif of Francis Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven.' The poems not specified as hers are a part of my story.)

I

The office of hakim (physician) to the Moghul Emperors being hereditary in my family from the days of Babar the Conquering Emperor, I was appointed physician to the Padshah known as Shah Jahan, and when His Majesty became a resident in Paradise (may his tomb be sanctified!) my office was continued by his Majesty Aurungzib, the Shahinshah, and rooms of nobility were bestowed on me in his palace, and by his abundant favor the health of the Begams (Queens) was placed in the hands of this suppliant and I came and went freely and was enlightened by the rays of his magnanimity. And my name is Abul Qasim.

But of all that Garden of Flowers, the Queens and Princesses, there was one whom my soul loved as a father his child, for she resembled that loveliest of all sweet ladies, the mother of her father — she who lies sleeping by Jumna River in the divine white glory of the Taj Mahal (may the lights of Allah be her testimony!). In the sisters of my Princess I have seen, as it were, a beam now and again of that lost beauty, but in her it abode as an unchanging moonlight and at her birth she received the name of Arjemand in honor of that beloved lady whose loss so clouded the universe that the day of her death is known only by its chronogram of 'grief.' And the child received also the title of 'Glory of Women' and such this Princess most truly was. Of her might it be said: 'For the mole upon thy cheek I would give the cities of Samarkhand and Bokhara.' And a poet of Persia, catching a glimpse of her in her garden, cried aloud in an ecstasy of verse: —

'O, golden zone that circles the Universe of Beauty,
It were little to give the Universe itself for what thou circlest.'

Yet this surprising loveliness was the least of her perfections. But how shall this suppliant, who is but mortal man,

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describe her charm? Allah, when he made man and laid the world at his feet, decreed that one thing should be hidden from his understanding, so that still, for all his knowledge, he should own there is but one Searcher of Secrets, and this mystery is the heart and the enchantment of a woman. For if she be called the Other Half of man it is but as the Moon reflects the glory of her lord the Sun, and as a wise Hindu pundit told me for truth the Moon has a cold and dark side also where alone she revolves thoughts secret, silent, and perilous. Therefore to sift her in her secret spells is a foolhardy thing, and not in vain is it written by Aflatoun (Plato), the wise man of the Greeks, that the unhappy man who surprised a goddess bathing in the forest was rent in pieces by his own hounds.

Yet this feat must be attempted for, if there is a thing it behooves man to know, it is the soul of this fair Mystery who moves submissive beside him and surrenders Heaven to him in a first kiss and the bitterness of the Hells in a last.

Therefore I essay a tale of this Princess, the Glory of Women, who was an epitome of her sex in that she was beautiful, a dreamer, a poet, and at times sweet in gentleness as a summer river kissing its banks in flowing, and at others —

But I write.

II

Seeing her intelligence clear as a sword of Azerbaijan, her exalted father resolved that his jewel should not be dulled by lack of polishing and cutting, and he appointed the wise lady Miyabai to be her first teacher. And lo! at the age of seven she knew the Koran by heart, and in her honor a mighty feast was made for the army and for the poor. As she grew, aged and saintly teachers were given her, from whom she absorbed Arabic, mathematics, and astronomy as a rose drinks rain. No subject eluded her swift mind, no toil wearied her. Verses she wrote with careless ease in the foreign tongue of Arabia, but hearing from an Arab scholar that in a single line the exquisite skill betrayed an Indian idiom, she instantly discarded Arabic, because she would have perfection, and henceforward was a poet only in her mother tongue, Persian.

On this jewel no pains were spared, for the Emperor desired that her name might be splendid throughout Asia. And yet he drew her limit and sharply. For in her pride of learning she began a commentary on the holy Koran, and hearing this, he sternly forbade it. A woman might in her own sphere do much, he wrote, but such a creature of dust may not handle the Divine.

I, Abul Qasim, was with her when she received the Imperial order, and saw her take the fair manuscript and obediently tear it across, desiring that the rent leaves be offered to the Shadow of God in token of obedience. But those deep eyes of hers were not obedient beneath the veiling of silken lashes, and turning to me, to whom she told her royal heart, she said, 'What the hand may not write the heart may think, for in the heart is no Emperor. It is free.'

Yet the Emperor made amends and noble, so far as his light led him. Not for a woman the mysteries of the faith of Islam, which he held of all things the greatest, but, fired by the praises of her tutors, he sent throughout India, Persia, and Kashmir for poets worthy of his poet-Princess, bidding them come to Delhi and Agra and there dwell. A fitting company he made for her.

So, veiled like the moon in clouds, the Princess Arjemand was permitted to be present in the great hall of the palace at tournaments where the weapons were the wit and beauty of

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words, when quotations and questions were flung about as it might be handfuls of stars, and a line given was capped with some perfect finishing of the moment's prompting and became a couplet unsurpassable; and so the poets and the wits broke their lances on each other, and often it was the golden voice from behind the veil that capped the wisest, and completed the most exquisite, and recited verses of her own which brought acclamation from the assembly.

'Not even Saadi (may Allah enlighten him!) nor Jalalu' din Rumi (may his eyes be gladdened in Paradise!) excelled this lady in the perfumed honey of words.' So with one voice they cried.

And this was not homage to the daughter of the Protector of the Universe. No indeed. For death has not washed out her name with the cold waters of oblivion; and now that she is no more beautiful, nor daughter to the Emperor, her verse is still repeated where wise men and lovers meet in their own concourses, and the soul of the Hidden One, still beautiful and veiled, is among them.

It will be seen that her life in the secret Palace must needs be solitary, for there was none among the ladies who shared her pleasures. But she had one friend, Imami, daughter of Arshad Beg Khan, and this creature of mortality who writes these words was also accounted a friend, though unworthy to be the ground whereon she set her little foot. Day after day did the Princess Arjemand, with Imami, write and study, and the librarians of the Emperor had little peace because of the demands for the glorious manuscripts and books collected by her ancestors from all the ends of the earth.

Great and wonderful was the new Palace of the Emperor, with tall rods of lilies inlaid in the pure marble in stones so precious that they might have been the bosom adornments of some lesser beauty, and there were palms in tall vases brought by the merchants of Cathay, which made a green shade and coolness for two fountains, the one of the pure waters of the canal, the other of rose water, and they plashed beside a miniature lake of fretted marble rocks sunk in the floor, where white lotuses slept in the twilight.

But of all the jewels my Princess was the chief. Surely with small pains may the Great Moghul's daughter be a beauty, but had she been sold naked in the market place this lady had brought a royal price. Toorki and Indian and Persian blood mingled in her and each gave of its best. The silken dark hair tasseled with pearls that fell to her knees was an imperial crown. From the well-beloved lady who sleeps in the Glory of Tombs she had received eyes whose glance of meditative sweetness not even the men of her own blood, excepting only her stern father, could resist, and of her rose-red lips, half sensuous, half childlike, might it be said: —

Their honey was set as a snare and my heart, a wandering bee,
Clung and could not be satisfied, tasted and returned home no more.

Of the soul within that delicious shrine her deeds must tell.

III

So she sat and frowned with a letter from the Emperor in her hand, for again she was thwarted. She had desired to read the Memoirs of her ancestor, the Emperor Babar, and, hearing this, her imperial father wrote thus: —

'Happy Daughter of Sovereignty, there is one manner of reading for men who are the rulers, and for women who are the slaves another. It seems you go too far. What has a daughter of our

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House to do with our ancestor, Zahir-ud-din Muhammed Babar, the resident in Paradise? He writes as a man for men, and what profit for a woman? Plant not the herb of regret in the garden of affection lest I regret what is already given. The request is refused. Recall the verses: —

'Ride slowly and humbly and not in hurrying pride,
For o'er the dusty bones of men the creature of dust must ride.

'What an Emperor writes is not for the Princesses. His duty is rule. Theirs, obedience.'

Her eyes flashed, and calling for her pen she wrote: —

'Exalted Emperor, father of the body of this creature of mortality, be pleased to hear this ignorant one's supplication. I represent that you have fed my mind on the bee's bread of wisdom, and from your own royal lips have I heard that the words of our ancestor (upon whom be the Peace!) are full of flavor and laughter, generous and kind, shining with honor and the valor of our family. Now, true it is that I am your female slave; yet may this worthless one bear one day a son to transmit your likeness to the prostrate ages. And since we do not breed lions from lambs, his mother should carry the laughter and fire of her race like a jewel in her heart. I repeat my petition to the holiest of Emperors from his suppliant daughter.'

'It will be granted,' said the Princess, 'even for the sake of that last word — the "holiest." He values that title more than to be called the Shahinshah. And with all my heart I would it were otherwise.'

'And why, great Lady?' cried Imami. 'Surely the Padshah is a saint, having with his own hand written the Koran out in full, and his deeds and words will illumine Paradise.'

'I know little of Paradise, but I know, and my father might know, that to be so bitter a saint in our Moslem faith that he insults and persecutes all the others of the Empire is to break our dynasty to powder.'

The blood dropped from my face as I heard her because had these words been carried to the Padshah not even her rank, not even her daughterhood, could save the Princess, and in the Palace a bird of the air may carry the matter.

'Yes,' she went on, laughing coldly 'Akbar Padshah had in all ways the tastes of Solomon the Wise, and his Palace of Queens was a garden. But observe! These Queens were chosen from every faith and each had the right (like Solomon's — the Peace on him!) to worship as she would. There were Indian Princesses who adored Maheshwara, the Great God, and Krishna, the Beloved. There was a Fair Persian who worshiped the Fire. There was — But in the zenana of my imperial Father — '

She paused and Imami continued, 'The Queens recite the holy Koran all day as becomes the ladies of an Emperor who sighs for the life of a fakir.'

'And would he had it!' cried the Princess with passion, 'for every day discontent grows among the Hindus that are taxed, beaten, and despised because they hold their fathers' faith. Is there one of them employed about the court or in the great offices as in Akbar's day? Not one. Yet Akbar Padshah in his deep wisdom built up the empire which my father with holy hands destroys daily.'

'O, brilliant Lady, for the sake of the Prophet, be silent,' I said, for she terrified me by her insight. Better is it for a woman that she should not know, or knowing keep silence. 'If these words reached the Padshah — '

'I should at the least be imprisoned and nevermore see the light of day. But the end is sure.'

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'What is the end?' whispered Imami.

'Misery for himself, though that matters little, for he will accept it as the robe of martyrdom, but ruin for the Moghul Empire in India, and that matters much, for the astrologers whisper of a great white race from the sunset who know all things but God and Beauty, and their heel shall be on our necks. Oh that I were a man!'

Her face lit up into such pride and valor that I also wished it, for I knew her words were true as truth. But in India a woman can do nothing, and I trembled for my Princess.

So I said, salaaming, 'Princess, when the happy day comes that you wed, you shall make your lord lord of the world with your wisdom.'

She laughed, but bitterly.

'I shall never marry, wise man of fidelity. I have had lovers, yes; for one, Suleiman, my cousin, son of the brother whom my father slew because he stood too near the throne. By report I knew what he was, but I saw him and spoke with him that —'

'My Princess, and how?' I asked in astonishment, knowing that his presence in the Queens' Palace was death.

She looked at me with large calm eyes.

'My faithful servant, have you been so long about the Palace and know not that all things are possible? Prince Suleiman was veiled like a woman, and I saw his face and we spoke together. Should not cousins meet?'

I trembled when I heard, for had the Padshah guessed, what hope for her? His own three brothers had he slaughtered and Prince Suleiman was doomed, if this were known.

'And he saw your face, O Brilliant Lady?'

'Not he! And not for fear's sake, but because I liked him not at all. He stood and sighed, and said: "O Envy of the Moon, lift up your veil that I may adore the hidden lips like the rubies of Badakhshan, the musk-dark tresses, the cypress form. O Waving Willow of Beauty, be pitiful to your slave!" But I caught up my lute and sang these verses of my own making: —

'I will not lift my veil,
For if I did, who knows —
The bulbul might forsake the rose
The Brahman worshiper,
Adoring Lakshmi's grace,
Might turn, forsaking her,
To see my face.

'My beauty might prevail.
Think how within the flower
Hidden as in a bower
Her fragrant soul must be,
And none can look on it.
So me the world shall see
Only within the verses I have writ.

'I will not lift the veil.

'And the fool caught me — *Mel* and would have torn it. And when I flung him off he swore a great oath that sooner or later he would have my face to see and my heart in his hand. A woman in fury as in dress! A contemptible creature, though beautiful as Yusuf, and my own cousin.'

'But, Lady of Beauty, what had you against him? He is brave as a sword of steel.'

'Do I not know all that goes on in this city? Do I not know that the Prince spends his nights and days in Shaitanpur (Devilsville), the quarter of pleasure, and was I to show my face to a man reeking from the embraces of the bazaar? No. I am Makhfi, the Hidden One; hidden I shall be until I am won by a deed unrivaled and a heart unfailing. I shall be no rival to Peri Mahal, the dancer, and such as she.'

And, even as she ended, a low voice at the curtain that veiled the doorway asked admittance; the heavy silk was drawn aside and a tall woman entered. The Princess scarcely looked up.

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'Her slave prays for a word with the Marvel of the Age whose mind so lovely outshines even her fair face, and whose face so beautiful is the lamp that holds the light of her soul.'

'Warm for a woman!' said the Princess, and looked straight at the newcomer who stood salaaming with the utmost humility. She added impatiently:—

'There is no need of this ceremony. Remove your veil. The good physician, Abul Qasim, is privileged to see the faces of all in the Palace of Queens.'

In a flash the veil was torn off and a man's face appeared beneath it, young, bold, and beautiful, with the hawk features of the Imperial House. A splendid, dissolute young man with the down on his upper lip like the black astride the swan's bill. Prince Suleiman, son of Dara, the Padshah's brother.

'Ha, daughter of my uncle!' he cried. 'Did I not wager, did I not swear that I would see the Hidden One? And now I see her, face to face. Poets have sung you, cousin, and painters have praised you, and their words and colors were lies, for you are wholly a spark of Divinity. And having seen, I entreat for love's very sake that your beauty may be mine to worship until time is no more.'

He made toward her eagerly, disregarding Imami and me. I looked to see her confused or angry, but she spoke with a most misleading calm.

'Exalted cousin, you have won your wager and your bride. If her embrace is cold it is at least constant and —'

'Cold, with those burning lips of rose, those eyes filled with sleep? O loveliest, divinest, grant me one kiss for earnest if you would not have me die at your feet.'

I saw her sign with her hand to Imami, who glided away, flattening herself against the wall as if terrified. Then she spoke serenely.

'Exalted cousin, when were you last in Shaitanpur?'

It stopped him like a lightning flash. He stood arrested on the marble before her face. 'I know nothing of Shaitanpur,' he said breathlessly.

'No? Nor of Peri Mahal, the dancer, and her house with the courtyard of roses and the song she sings?'

Again she caught up her lute and sang in a low voice:—

'Black bee, strong bee, the honey-eater,
Plunder my perfume, seek my heart!
Cling to me, ravage me, make me sweeter!
Tear the leaves of the rose apart.'

He stared, his eyes slowly dilating. That the daughter of the Emperor should sing the song of the bazaar, the song of the light women! Then it emboldened him. He threw himself forward to seize her hand.

'Maker of verses, this is a rose of your own garden. Till now I never heard it, but it speaks your heart. You shall not ask me twice, my rose, my pearl, my star.' He caught the hem of her veil.

Now I knew well from her eyes that he rushed on his fate, but it was written in the book of his destiny and who can avert fate?

She drew back a little and looked at him with soft eyes, wells of delicious darkness. Her voice was gentle as moonbeams and caressing, so that a man might well believe she would give all to please him whom she exalted with the sight of her. Said I not that the Moon has a side, dark, cold, and perilous?

'Fortunate cousin, I am a weak woman. How dare I face the wrath of the Padshah? He does not love your father's son. But if he did —' She drooped her head as with a soft shame overwhelming her in the deeps of modesty. O very woman, divine, yet a child!

He, trembling, and with eyes fixed,

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stammered out, 'Alas, I have dreamed of your sweetness, and what is the dream to the truth? Oh, make it mine that in life and death it may enfold me, and that I may never again behold a lesser light, having once seen the Ineffable.'

And very softly, like the breathing of a flute, she said, 'O my cousin, how should we face the wrath of the Padshah?' And he, kissing her hands with frenzy, said in broken words, 'Ah, Moon of my delight, that knows no wane, let me but watch with you through the starry hours of one night, and then, then, if the Padshah's will be to slay me, at least I shall have lived before I die.'

'And I also,' she said, looking down like the feminine incarnation of modesty, so that, enraptured, he kissed her on the mouth as a man in the desert grasps the cup nor can sever his lips from it. And when he would permit her to speak she leaned her head backward to gain space, and said, 'What is my lord's will; in what shall I obey him?'

Now I, standing half hidden in the marble recess, would have warned him if it had been possible, that not thus — oh, not thus, does the proudest and wisest of women abandon herself to such as he. For I had pity on his manhood and the Imperial blood that he shared with her. But who was this suppliant to obstruct the design of the Princess? And indeed I became at last uncertain that I guessed her meaning, with such submissive sweetness did she take his hand in hers and touch it to her lovely brows. And trembling like a man in an ague, he replied: —

'O darling little slave, since you give me the right to command what is wholly mine — I say this, let my slave, whose slave I am, expect me to-night when the moonlight touches the western corner of the Diwan-i-Am, and I shall come to the hidden chamber, and my life, my soul, are in the hand of my slave whose feet I kiss.'

And throwing himself on the marble like a worshiper, he kissed the flower-soft feet that showed like bare gold beneath the hem of her robe, and so, rising to his knee, looked up at her as an idolater at his goddess.

But she looked beyond him at the curtain which veiled the door. It lifted and Imami stood there, ash-pale, with a dish of gold in her hand and standing thereon a great goblet of jeweled glass with rose-red sherbet of pomegranate juice brimming in it and rose petals floating on the surface, and beside it two golden cups flashing with diamond sparks, and on her knee she offered it to the Princess, who took the goblet and a cup, smiling.

'Fortunate cousin, since this is so, and I, my father's best-beloved child, shall pray him to grant me my heart's desire, let us drink the cup of betrothal in the presence of the Hakim Abul Qasim and the lady Imami. But I warn you that long and doubtful will be my suit and if a word too soon reach him my life will be the price. Heart of my heart, I pledge you.'

And setting the blossom of her lips to the cup she drank, and filled the other cup for him. Even as he set his lips to it, suddenly Imami sprang to her feet.

'The Padshah comes!' she said, and fell again on her knees, hiding her face in her hands.

IV

I saw the dreadful terror that struck the color from the face of the lover. He knelt there with a glassy countenance like a man in the clutch of a nightmare. But Glory of Women, herself shuddering, caught him by the hand.

'There is but one way from these rooms and the Emperor closes it. To the room beyond my bedchamber, the room of the marble bath, and hide

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until he departs! Bismillah — in the name of Allah — flee!'

She pushed him from her and he fled. Then, most singular to see, she composed her veil, glancing in the mirror set in silver that was a gift from the Portuguese priests to the Emperor. The curtain lifted and Aurungzib Padshah entered and Imami prostrated herself and I also, but the Princess knelt.

Now I know not how this should be, but in a room where great events have just taken place it is as if the winds of passion beat about the walls and waft the garments of those who have shared them, and to my guilty heart it seemed as though the very lilies inlaid on the marble cried aloud, 'Majesty — Majesty, there is a man, a man in hiding!'

And certainly the Padshah halted and looked from one to the other of us with suspicion. He was ever a man of suspicion, narrow-browed, dry-lipped, sharp-eyed. The face of a man who sees not life as it is, but either as he hates or would have it — whom truth mocks in escaping. Weak; but of all terrible things on earth, beware the strength of a weak man in the grip of his belief.

So, looking hard at the kneeling Glory of Women, he said coldly, 'In the name of the most Merciful and Beneficent, what is this disturbance? Speak, Princess, daughter of the family of chastity! It is revealed to this suppliant at the Throne of Allah that there is a hidden thing in these chambers. What is it?'

She answered, 'May joy attend my exalted father, the adorner of the gardens of happiness, the decorator of the rose-parterre of enjoyment. There is surely a hidden thing in these chambers: your unworthy daughter, who is known by your august favor as Makhfi, the Hidden One. And I have read aloud a poem newly completed which has moved the Hakim Abul Qasim to great delight since it dwells on the perfections of the Giver who gives unasked.'

'It is well, sincere daughter. Presently we shall hear it.'

I saw his eyes fix on the golden dish that lay on the table with one cup emptied and a stream of the sherbet like a bloodstain on the marble below. 'This was set down in haste,' he said through clipped lips.

'In haste, O Glory of Allah,' said the Princess with the cold sweat clamming the silken tendrils on her forehead. 'I drank, and was about to drink the second when your auspicious feet blessed the threshold.'

'You are thirsty, happy daughter of sovereignty? Then drink the remainder. Permission is granted.'

I saw the gleam in either black eye of him as he spoke, watching her sidelong. She lifted the cup to her lips with a hand that shook so that it rattled against her teeth, though she struggled to command herself.

'No, do not drink, royal daughter. It is stale,' he said, still smiling with his mouth but not his eyes.

And the Princess replied with terror scarcely to be hidden, 'Will not the Mirror of God be seated and partake of refreshments from the hand of his slave?'

'Willingly, but of that cup — no,' said the Padshah. And I knew his thought as if he had spoken it, and Imami crawled to the door like a thing released to fetch sherbet and fruits, and I to the latticed marble window, while the Emperor walked about the hall leaning on the shoulder of the Princess, and I marveled if Allah would support her lest she should fall and die at his feet.

He was later to attend the Am-Khas, the Hall of Audience, and was attired kingly. A chain of mighty pearls hung to his knees, and above all these jewels was his cold repelling dignity as of a King too great to be approached even

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by the favored child of his pride. Very terrible are the Moghul Emperors and this most of all, remote and lonely as a moon at midnight. At length he spoke, as if in meditation.

'Glory of Women, you have grown into beauty like the virgins of Paradise. Your long lashes need no antimony, your eyes are wells of delight, and in that robe of gulnar (pomegranate red) you resemble that princess who bewildered the senses of the mighty Suleiman, King of Israel. (I saw her eyes quiver as she bowed her head under the weight of praise.) Does not the rose long for the nightingale? Does not your heart, happy daughter, turn to love?'

With her eyes on the ground, she answered.

'Exhibitor of Perfection, my heart is set elsewhere. If I be remembered as a poet I ask no more of destiny save that the rank of daughter of the greatest of Emperors be attached to my name forever.'

And he, 'It is well, yet marriage must be considered. Fortunate daughter, have you bathed to-day?'

And she, ash-pale, 'Benignity of the Creator, no.'

He called to Imami, kneeling again by the door. 'Hasten, lady, and light the fire beneath the great water-vessel in the bathing-room of the Begam and I shall hear her verses until it be ready.' And Imami, casting a dreadful glance on the Princess, moved slowly to the inner chamber and it is the truth that my soul all but died within me, for oh, most terrible was the doom of the Padshah, and who could tell that this young man, worthless and dissolute, would know how a prince should die to preserve the honor of a lady?

So the Emperor, laying aside his awful majesty, made his presence sweet as moonlight in the precious chamber, saying, 'Exalted daughter, it is but seldom we have leisure to relax, and yet the olfactory of my soul inhales with delight the ambergris-perfumed breezes of affection and concord. Yes, even when absent —

'I sit beside thee in thought and my heart is at ease,
For that is a union not followed by separation's pain.

'Read your verses to me that we may blend our souls in peace.'

She swayed as she knelt and leaned against the divan with closed eyes.

'Majesty, the perfume of the flowers and the rose-water fountain have given me faintness. May I retire with the Hakim to my inner chamber that he may give me a medicine. Then I return.'

He waved his hand and I came forward making the prescribed salutation, and helped the Princess to rise; she leaning on my ancient arm, and the lady Imami, kneeling, unrolled a Persian manuscript splendid with borders of illuminations in blue and crimson and gold while the Padshah composed himself with pleasure to listen, being, like all the Kings of his family, skilled in versifying.

As we moved forward, I supporting her, the Princess breathed in my ear, 'I meant his death for his insult, but Allah knows I am guiltless of this hideous thing. Oh, Abul Qasim, is there aid in earth or heaven?'

What could I say? Only the Great Physician of the Hidden Dispensary could avail to that unfortunate! 'Inshalla ta Allah — if the sublime God wills!' What more?

Now this inner chamber was all of pearl-pure marble, and in the midst a deeply sunk bath of marble, wide and long, its sides decorated with lotus flowers and their leaves; and a silver pipe led the water to this from a mighty reservoir six feet in height, raised on great claws of silver, and below it a

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place for fire to heat the water, enclosed and fed with sweet-scented woods and balls of perfumed gums. And, O Allah, most merciful, there had the lady Imami set a light and within could be seen the brilliant blue flames crawling like snakes among the cedar wood. And releasing the Princess I stood like a graven image of terror, expecting that at any moment the Padshah would follow. She laid her hand on the silver, and amid the crackling of the flames she whispered like a dying woman, 'What is your duty, exalted cousin?'

And from within he answered in a voice — O most Compassionate, grant that never again may I hear the like! — 'Silence. Yet because my love has loved me and I die for her, give me one word to carry with me to doom.'

So she fell on her knees as if before the Emperor. 'Keep silence if you love me, for honor is more than death. Yet take this with you. I love you, and for your sake no man shall kiss my lips. Only you are behind my veil forever.'

And he answered, 'On my head and eyes.'

By her command I gave her water to drink and applied an essence to her nostrils, and she rose and once more laid her hand on the silver. Then we came away and, clinging to me, she whispered, 'God send he keep silence, for the Emperor has worse torment in store than even this.' And the Padshah called us and we returned to where he sat in calm content, and he motioned my Princess to a seat, saying, 'I would hear your verses of "The Lover." What is the fate of a lover? It is to be crucified for the world's pleasure.'

And taking the manuscript from the hand of Imami, she read aloud: —

'Dust falls within the cup of Kaikhobad
And King Jamshid.
Nor recks the world if they were sad or glad,
Or what they did.
How many hearts, O Love, thy sword has slain,
And yet shall slay.
They bless thee, nor to Allah they complain
At Judgment Day.'

But here her voice broke, and she paused. 'Happy Father and Lord, there is a sweeter verse. Listen.

'O Love, I am thy thrall.
As on the tulip's burning petal glows
A spot, yet more intense, of deeper dye,
So in my heart a flower of passion blows,
See the dark stain of its intensity,
Deeper than all.

'O blessed pain,
O precious grief I keep and sweet unrest,
Desire that dies not, longing past control.
My heart is torn to pieces in my breast,
And for the shining diamond of the soul
I pine in vain.

'This is my pride — '

But her voice died away and she sank fainting at the Padshah's feet.

'Lay the Princess on the divan, and let the lady Imami continue the reading,' he commanded, and so it was done. She lay there, for a time unconscious, death-white and still, and the trembling voice of Imami continued with words so sweet that they might have moved the heart of an image of stone, and the Padshah sat immovable, hearing and praising for how long I know not nor shall ever know.

And at last he rose and said graciously, 'May the tree of hereditary affection watered by this hour of converse grow in leaf and fruit and overshadow us with peace. Go, exalted daughter, bathe your angelic person and rest with a soul sunned in the favor of the Emperor.'

And he went, we attending him to the door and beyond, and returning, we carried the Princess like a dead woman from the dreadful place, and the fire beneath the great vessel was red and silent, and within was silence also.

Of the days that followed I do not write.

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THE SETTING FOR JOHN W. DAVIS

WALTER LIPPMANN

I

No one, I think, can understand the deeper issues of this campaign who has not first understood how that passionately popular convention in New York turned against all its own preconceptions to nominate John W. Davis. For when it assembled very few delegates thought that he could be chosen. The jinxes of politics had apparently done their best to destroy him. He came from a small border state; he had been Ambassador to the Court of St. James; he was a Wall Street lawyer. Thus he violated all the tabus in the political ritual, and he was impossible. Yet two weeks later he was the inevitable choice of a convention which had displayed more unvarnished popular feeling than any important assembly of our time.

The delegates did this extraordinary thing because they had gone through an extraordinary experience. They had learned more at first hand about the really dangerous problems of America, they had learned more of the actual motives which move the great masses of men, than anyone of this generation had thought it possible to learn. In the face of what they saw, the standardized rules of the political game, reactionary, conservative, liberal, or radical, seemed remote and inconsequential.

For they saw the oldest American conflict renewed once more. There in Madison Square Garden was that same sectional division which arose over the adoption of the Constitution and the fiscal policy of Alexander Hamilton, took on the character of a social revolution in the victory of Andrew Jackson, played a determining part in the Civil War, and has since then inspired every important expression of political discontent from the Greenbackers through the Populists - to Bryan, the Bull Moose, and La Follette's candidacy in 1924. It is the division first between town and country, generalized into a conflict between those sections where the towns are dominant and those where the rural counties are dominant. The distress of the agrarian West during the last few years would in any case have revived this old sectional conflict. But it had been embittered by the historic coincidence that the old economic, social, and cultural division corresponds roughly to a new racial and religious division. The ancient suspicions of the countryside against the bankers, the wholesalers, and the magnates of the towns fused with the dislike of the older Protestant villages for the Catholic, Jewish, and foreign-born populations of the great cities. It happened that Mr. McAdoo became the rallying point of the antipathies of the West and South, Governor Smith for those of the North and East. They brought an historic conflict to a dramatic issue.

This conflict was suppressed in the Republican and in the La Follette conventions for the simple reason that neither was a true sample of the nation. The Republican Party is a sectional

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party. It does not exist in the South, and its Southern delegates are picked from rotten boroughs owned by absentee political landlords in the Northeast. There is no possibility, therefore, in a Republican Convention, of a coalition of South and West against the East. The West fights alone, and in such a contest it has no chance. It is easily overridden by the Eastern politicians whenever they are not engaged, as they were in 1912, in a factional quarrel which leads one faction to form a temporary alliance with the insurgent West. That is why the sectional conflict which prevails as truly in the Republican as in the Democratic Party came to nothing at Cleveland but an hour of jeering at the Wisconsin delegates. The Republican managers had no South to consider and, rather than debate with the West, they invited La Follette to leave the party. The President would have preferred not to appear as candidate of a purely sectional party, and at the eleventh hour attempted to cross the Mississippi in search of a Vice-President. But the sectional feeling of the Northeast, even in his own Massachusetts delegation, was too powerful to turn the convention toward any Western candidate who would accept its nomination. Thus the Republican Party avoided an open conflict in its convention by identifying itself entirely with one section of the country.

The La Follette Convention was in this respect the complement of the Republican. It, too, had no representation from the South; it had no significant connections with the East. The core, as distinguished from the fringe, was the most frankly sectional of all the conventions. Senator La Follette's managers refused to allow debate on any popular issue, much less on such burning issues as the Klan, Prohibition, and foreign policy, which would have revealed the actual emotional alignments within the convention. I am not criticizing them. They did what any politician would do if he could. I am simply trying to point out that Chairman Butler and Mr. La Follette could avoid the issue of sectionalism because the country was not truly represented in the conventions they had to deal with; and that it was not easy, probably it was impossible, for the Democrats to follow their example. For the Democratic Party is actually national in scope, and in its convention the main antagonisms within the nation were correctly represented.

II

The forces arrayed there were not two factions in the Democratic Party, but two cultures in America. They were divided by the suspicion that is engendered between divers communities, blind suspicion and misunderstanding and profound self-righteousness. They were not quarreling about the Mellon Plan, the Fordney-McCumber Tariff, the McNary-Haugen Bill, the League of Nations, Prohibition, or any other seizable, arguable, concrete thing. Should the Ku Klux Klan be denounced by name, or denounced not by name? A ridiculous issue to a cold observer, but a passionate one to those engaged, for on that triviality deep distrust was expended. The sheer emptiness of the ostensible issue made the passion engendered all the more significant to those who managed to look beyond the heat and noise, and the little personal destinies involved, to the meaning. For here, still within the bounds of a common patriotism and the narrower bounds of party loyalty, were the makings of exactly the sort of antagonism that lies between Ulster and the Irish Free State.

There were times when it seemed as

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if the Democratic Party must split, as the Republican Party had split, under the strain of the conflict. It would, I think, have been a bad day for America had that happened. The breakdown of the only remaining national party would have left the government at the mercy of three or four sectional parties, no one of them responsible for accommodating the differences that must of necessity exist in a continental nation. It would have surrendered American politics to that most wretchedly corrupt of all systems, the coalition of log-rolling blocs. We may still arrive at that. But as long as one party remains national in scope, the other cannot long remain divided. By some kind of realignment and accommodation, perhaps within both parties, unity will be restored, and while that unity exists the sectional conflict will remain under control. The danger point would have arrived were each party wholly identified with a section, and if every ambitious politician's personal interest lay in outbidding his rival by sharpening sectional complaints and sectional demands. But as long as one party bids for votes in every part of the country, the other party must do the same. And in the need to make a diverse appeal, though it means much ambiguity and hypocrisy, lies also the necessity of tolerance and moderation. And on the will to live and let live depends the ultimate safety of a varied commonwealth.

In the Democratic leaders who finally assumed control after ten days of factional warfare, the principle motive, of course, was to save the party. They had very little time to formulate conscious judgments. They obeyed an intuition which told them that in an extreme crisis only the ablest man is good enough. They were shocked into an agreement on John W. Davis by the realization that in such a storm the thing which counted was not what somebody might say of him, but what intrinsically he was. And every man of them knew, and had known long before he was seriously considered, that in sheer equipment, breadth of experience, and dignity of utterance he was the outstanding Democrat of his time.

That is how a most disorderly convention came to select a man with a deep sense of order; how a convention boiling with passion selected a man of serene temper; how a convention charged with ignorance and prejudice selected a man of lucid and judicious intelligence; how a convention filled with crusaders selected a man who has no trace of fanaticism in him; how a convention in which two factions utterly distrusted each other united at last on a man who gives at once a sense of assurance. I am no believer in the doctrine of the mysterious rightness of the popular will, but in this case men who had looked into a witches' cauldron of hatred and disunion yielded to a half-conscious judgment which was far more reliable than their common sense. For they turned to the one candidate who embodied preëminently those very qualities for lack of which the party had almost destroyed itself.

III

His nomination was the result of confidence in his character rather than of studied agreement with his views. He was assumed to be in the orthodox sense a conservative, partly because of his professional associations in the last three years, and partly because of his personal bearing. He had made no active campaign for the nomination, and had nearly broken the hearts of his friends by a cavalier refusal even to make one gesture which would seem to reflect on his clients, or to betray the slightest distrust of the soundness of the

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legal services he was engaged in. I have seen a good many men under the awful temptation of the Presidency. I have never seen another who had such absolute self-respect. The practice of hanging your soul out on the clothesline for an airing was not the fashion in West Virginia when John Davis's character was formed.

It was formed apparently in a society where itching ambition and the need to push did not prevail. He has retained that more old-fashioned tempo of soul. And this is, I think, the quality which causes people to call him distinguished. He is singularly distinct in a gathering of successful New Yorkers, for example, by the absence of that stress in his face and in his manner, which success under modern conditions costs most men. He seems more reserved, and gives a sense of having arrived without losing his breath. Yet he has made his own way in the world. Only he has made it somehow without wrenching himself, as a man might in a smaller community where outstanding ability and great personal charm advertise themselves. He has ambition, of course, for worldly things. But it does not torture him. Success has come to him in the ordinary course of events. He has little lust of power. He has exercised power in every community where he has lived from the time he was a country lawyer, and it seems to fascinate him far less than it does most men. He has a natural composure within him, which is a less tricky thing than self-control, in a man who sets out to deal dispassionately with the problems of the modern world.

The framework of his mind was formed in West Virginia. It is that of the traditional Democrat with the Jeffersonian distrust of centralization, a powerful dislike of bureaucracy, and a strong prejudice in favor of home rule. Ten years ago this was conservatism, for ten years ago progressivism was pledged to the aggrandizement of the federal power as the only quick and sure way of curing social evils. The war came, and the federal power was aggrandized with a vengeance. It 'took over' everything down to advising the cook how to cook. It told the farmer what to plant, and it told the workingman where to work. It managed credit, and imports and exports, and production and consumption, and wages, and hours and prices, and personal opinions, and school textbooks, and the hymns to be sung in church. It was all in a good cause and done, no doubt, with the noblest motives, but it concentrated upon the Federal Government a terrifying burden of expectations, ambitions, and complaints. You settled nothing at home after a while by agreement with your neighbor. You boarded a train for Washington and demanded a law compelling him to agree with you. And the more laws you had the more patriotic you were, and the more inspected you were the more moral you were, and the more laws you passed to 'curb' the other fellow the more progressive you were.

In the post-war world government has been the last thing to demobilize. It has remained inflated, pretentious, overnationalized, quarrelsome, and a perpetually tempting prize for quarrelsome people to seize. John Davis is a radical opponent of this whole tendency toward the aggrandizement of government. That makes him an opponent of some things that are no doubt in themselves desirable, and of many more things that are undesirable. Whether this is to be called progressive or conservative, I do not know, but that in the maladies of the modern world it is wise and liberal, I have little doubt.

And by the same token, Mr. Davis seems to me the only one of the three

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candidates whose mind actually deals with the post-war world. He alone in the last ten years has had direct experience of it, first as Solicitor-General and then as Ambassador to Great Britain. Mr. La Follette had a deep experience of the vindictive intolerance of war; he had no first-hand experience of its great problems. Mr. Coolidge was removed throughout from the main experience so far as it involved the taking of the important decisions. Mr. Davis was in the thick of it from start to finish. It is not surprising, therefore, that his mind defies classification as conservative, like Mr. Coolidge's, or as progressive, like Mr. La Follette's. If that seems unsatisfactory to anyone, let him try to classify under pre-war categories a man like Lord Robert Cecil, or Lord Haldane, or even Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He will find it difficult because the post-war world does not submit to the formulæ of orthodox progressivism and conservatism.

This is what makes Mr. Davis so bewildering to both camps of his opponents. American progressivism has not reconsidered its position for ten years, and American conservatism for about twenty-five. To both, the war was an interlude, and its conclusion a signal for the conservatives to return to Mark Hanna, and for the La Follette Progressives to return to the unfinished task of busting the unbustable trusts.

The real problems of government in the world after the war lie elsewhere. What government can do toward the actual 'solution' of post-war problems is, I believe, comparatively little. By means of high tariffs, armaments, adventures in security, and dishonest fiscal policies, it can do an enormous lot to prevent people from making the necessary post-war adjustments. It cannot direct them to make the right ones, because nobody in public office knows enough. The main task of government is, in the largest sense, so to police the world that individual and corporate arrangements can be made without resort to force. In that sense the Jeffersonian Doctrine is for the circumstances in which we find ourselves the most apt.

Mr. Coolidge's conservatism, involving economic concentration of power under a high tariff and political isolation through a refusal to share the burden of preserving order in the world, seems to be inspired by no sense of responsibility for any appreciable future. Mr. La Follette's progressivism is at least gallant, but from my point of view it is more the expression of pain than a cure for the malady. It is, of course, a movement of protest without a programme meant to be carried out, and it would not be fair to pick out this plank or that in the platform as the considered demand of all his followers. But if they have yet to draw up their programme, their tendency is evident. It is to increase the managing activity of government by entrusting it with a leading rôle in the solution of economic questions. That *was* the hopeful course ten years ago. Is it so to-day?

For to do that is to make the control of government a prize of such enormous consequence that men will contend for it fiercely. Is that desirable? Ten years ago we should have said that in such contention democracies are educated. To-day, with our experience of how the mind of the mass of men can be moved, with our enormously increased electorate and our greatly complicated life, we should be less certain that we wish to accentuate the fierceness of the struggle for power. For if it came, it would not come, I think, as a debate on the merits of economic issues. It would come, as it came in the Democratic Convention, in tidal waves of anger and

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sectional distrust, and I do not think the self-discipline of this country, or of any other, is sure enough to stand the strain of a fiercely prolonged sectional struggle to control the government because there are the levers which fix wages and prices, and raise or lower the standards of living.

They do a poor service to the country who provoke that struggle. They are blind, I think, to the experience of ten years, and blind to a plain truth that we all easily forget. It is a truth as old as Aristotle: you must not complicate your government beyond the capacity of its electorate to understand it; if you do, it will escape all control, turn corrupt and tyrannical, lose the popular confidence, offer real security to no man, and in the end it will let loose all the submerged antagonisms within the state. We have ignored that truth in the last ten years, partly because the war forced us to do it, partly because, as in the Eighteenth Amendment, many people demanded it. We are paying the price in a more embittered sectionalism than we have ever known in this generation. Anyone who proposes to go further into the jungles of centralization, bureaucracy, government interference, with all that they mean in the accentuating of conflict, is a hopeful person, but he is no modern Progressive, whatever he may call himself. He is inviting on an increasing scale that ominous antagonism which was revealed at something like its real intensity in the Democratic Convention.

IV

It follows that John W. Davis offers no support to those who think that the inequalities of wealth can be reduced by an increasing economic activity of the Federal Government. He looks for relief in the opposite direction, to the reduction of governmental activity, both where it favors the specially privileged and where it attempts to regulate and moralize the population at large. He would reduce the tariff privilege. He would throw the burden of taxation where it will least interfere with the standard of living. He would remove legislative and judicial interference with voluntary adjustment, such as the abuse of the injunction in labor disputes. His whole philosophy is to place the emphasis on voluntary, coöperative, state, regional, and local settlement of disputes and treatment of social evils.

He would expect by this political deflation to make government less intricate and much purer, less heady at the centre and more alive in the parts. To such a government, he would say, people might look again with sufficient confidence to keep their antagonisms within bounds and to face at last the almost unconsidered problem of their place in a new world.

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LA FOLLETTE AND LA FOLLETTISM

BY F. E. HAYNES

I

ANY study of Robert M. La Follette must include the consideration of three features in the development of contemporary American political and social thought. These features are: (*a*) the sectional differences between the East and the West due to the influences growing out of the settlement of the West; (*b*) the results of the period of economic and industrial development which followed the Civil War; and (*c*) the succession of third parties, which culminated in the Progressive Movement and the Progressive Party of 1912. All three of these factors, closely interwoven, made the United States of 1912, upon which the European War and its after-effects have reacted. La Follette is a representative of the combination of these influences, modified by a personality of great force and ability and of unusually pronounced individuality.

Sectional differences between the East and the West developed naturally and have persisted to the present time. The newer regions of the West have had different problems and experiences. Their need of more capital has led to paper-money agitations and to wildcat banking. More democratic suffrage and the spoils system had their origin in the West. The result has been antagonism between the sections, which appears in Western hostility to Wall Street and in Eastern criticism of Western demands for modifications of the national banking system. The West has been and still is the great source of democratic impulse in the United States. It is different from the East because it is nearer to the frontier and farther away from the Atlantic and Europe. Its centre of interest is 'the day after to-morrow' instead of 'the day before yesterday.'

After the Civil War industrial development became the dominant feature of American life. Industrial combinations replaced the small industries of earlier years. Big business assumed leadership while individual workers shrank into relative insignificance. Autocracy in industry appeared and reacted upon government and law. Great individual fortunes, the trust, and the material development of the West absorbed attention.

Under modern capitalistic conditions the settlement of the West was completed. The building of the transcontinental railroads resulted in an orgy of political corruption. The public lands and the natural resources of coal, of iron, and of timber were lavishly wasted in the great scramble for wealth and material power. The carnival of waste and plunder reached its climax about 1890. Evidences were abundant that the great business interests of the country were controlling the government for their own private benefit. The capitalists who financed the railroads, mines, mills, packing houses, grain elevators, and other great enterprises, received from Congress favors

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which destroyed competition and enormously increased private fortunes.

Such a condition produced reactions in the minds of the individuals and the communities which were directly affected by these activities. The succession of minor parties, beginning in the seventies, constituted the political phase of the gradual awakening to a realization of the situation. These parties were recurring protests against successive manifestations of the growing industrial power of the financiers and capitalists. The regulation of the railroads, the continued use of greenbacks, and the free coinage of silver were among the issues of the men who were waging war against special privilege.

A new social consciousness gradually emerged, resulting in the Progressive Movement in both the major parties, and culminating in the Progressive Party of 1912.

The influence of the succession of third parties, and their gradual conversion of the major parties to a serious estimation of social and economic issues, is one of the most significant phenomena in the United States of the first decades of the twentieth century. Apparently this accomplishment has reached a stage of relative completion, since no new minor or third parties have been formed since 1912.

Senator La Follette was one of the pioneer Progressives. He has lived through the developments that have just been summarized. The democratic influence of the frontier, the reaction against the effects of the material exploitations of Western resources, and the new social consciousness that grew out of it, have all formed a part of his intellectual make-up. He is a product of all these influences, and the La Follette ideas and ideals can only be understood by constant reference to the background out of which they have grown.

II

La Follette's career has had two distinct phases, breaking at the year 1912. These two periods subdivide again into: his Wisconsin activity up to 1906, and his service in the Senate before 1912; his position during the European War, and his return to influence since 1922.

During the period before 1912 his ideas were those of other Progressive leaders in the different states. His political experience in Wisconsin led him to emphasize the direct primary and the regulation and taxation of railroads. After his election to the Senate in 1906 he took a prominent part in the debates upon the Railroad Rate Bill and he was one of the small group of Republican Senators who refused to vote for the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act of 1909.

Senator La Follette's programme and his accomplishments in his own state came to be known as the Wisconsin Idea, and the state was regarded as the ideal type of a progressive democratic commonwealth. It was thought of as embodying in a peculiarly successful way the purposes of the Progressive Movement.

The Wisconsin Idea maintained the doctrine 'that business and human welfare can increase side by side' and 'that laws can be so constructed as to lead to progress and at the same time preserve to the fullest all human betterment.' The life of the community was brought into the closest relations with education. The University of Wisconsin, of which La Follette was himself a graduate, became the model for such state institutions in the United States. Railroad regulation, sanitation, and social legislation were placed in the hands of experts. The policy was to make use of the results of the work of scholars connected with

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the University in connection with the administrative routine of the state. Expert knowledge tempered by democracy was the objective. The ultimate success of democratic government depends upon the general application of similar methods, both in our national affairs and in the activities of local divisions. Somehow we must get away from the prevalent idea of public office as a reward for political service and base it upon competency to perform the work required of the official. The development of a body of expert officials would result from the application of the Wisconsin Idea.

Before 1912 La Follette was one of the group of leaders of the Progressive wing of the Republican Party; since 1912 he has followed in the main a solitary career of opposition. Only recently has he emerged from his isolation and become the leader of a group of Progressives and radicals in Congress and in the country.

The occasion for the momentous change in his career is to be found in the division which arose among the Progressive Republicans in 1911 and 1912 as to the candidate most likely to defeat President Taft for renomination. Senator La Follette was first encouraged to announce himself, but later he was urged to withdraw in favor of ex-President Roosevelt as a leader with a better chance of defeating the President. A bitter personal feud between La Follette and Roosevelt resulted. The former felt that he had been used to test the situation so that, when it had been found promising, Roosevelt might announce his candidacy as he had always intended to do. On the other hand, it was maintained that La Follette had been supported until his physical breakdown, in his Philadelphia speech in February 1912, made it plain that another candidate must be found. La Follette took no part in the formation of the Progressive Party and during the campaign he repeatedly made bitter personal attacks upon Mr. Roosevelt. He was understood to be throwing his influence privately for Mr. Wilson.

Personal egotism seems to have dominated this phase of his career. He could not adjust himself to the judgments of his fellow Progressives and take his place in the ranks. His resentment blinded him to everything except his own sense of unfair treatment. Admitting that he may have had some reason for his attitude, it remains true that he could not subordinate his own feelings and interests to those of the movement for which he had accomplished so much. This attitude was chiefly responsible for the course he has followed since 1912, which may be described as the playing of a lone hand in the political and legislative game. He cannot follow, but only lead. A friend who declines to follow his leadership can no longer be recognized by him as a friend. These are the characteristics, undoubtedly, of a man of great force and individuality. They are elements of strength as well as of weakness in the fashioning of a career.

From 1912 to 1922 La Follette continued to give expression to the ideas which he had developed as one of the leaders of the Progressive Movement. During these years his isolation undoubtedly accentuated his opposition to many of the prevailing policies. Personal bitterness unconsciously colored the opinions that he held. Even his more extreme views in regard to the war, and our relation to it as a nation, were not entirely unrepresentative of the people and the communities with which he was identified.

In the West popular opinion moved slowly away from the first reactions to the outbreak of the war in Europe.

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The campaign of 1916 was won largely upon the slogan that President Wilson had kept us out of the war. Only Germany's reckless disregard of American rights on the sea in the submarine warfare finally brought the United States into the European contest.

La Follette represented the Western viewpoint, remote from Europe and inclined to look with suspicion upon everything European and especially anything British. He blamed 'the money power and the subjugated press' for instigating and sustaining the 'clamor for war.' He urged that 'we should make it possible for the people to give voice to their deep convictions. Let us have an advisory vote upon this matter of war, that will serve as a dictaphone within the Chambers of Congress, through which the voice of the people — the people who pay and who suffer — shall indeed reach the ears of those who represent them and who have, under the Constitution, the sole power to declare war.'

Under the stress of war conditions he went far beyond the mere proposal of a popular referendum upon war. He advocated policies that would have made the United States an accomplice of German militarism. His course inevitably led to the charges of disloyalty which were brought against him on account of certain statements made in a speech delivered in St. Paul in September 1917. These charges were investigated by a Senate Committee, and were dismissed, upon recommendation of the Committee, by a vote of 50 to 21.

From April 7, 1917, to January 12, 1918, sixty different war measures were passed by Congress. La Follette supported and voted for fifty-five of these laws. He opposed only such measures as he regarded as undemocratic and un-American. At the same time, he acted throughout the war as if it were a matter of indifference to Americans whether or not the war ended with a victory for Germany. The local conditions in Wisconsin curiously fitted in with the attitudes he assumed. His practical pro-Germanism and his general opposition to war received widespread support in his own state because of its large German population and the strength of the local Socialist movement.

In spite of his sincerity and fearlessness, his ability as a political leader is so great that it is hardly conceivable that he failed to take account of these circumstances.

His return to influence and power in 1922 came as a result of the situation which developed in the West after the fall of the prices of agricultural products, which occurred in 1920. The lack of leadership and the policy of drift left the initiative to Congress. Dissatisfaction with existing conditions, and the failure of remedial action in Congress, brought Republican defeat in the Congressional elections of 1922. A combination of organized farmers and union labor elected Progressive or radical candidates in a number of Western states. These radicals or Progressives held the balance of power in both houses of Congress. They formed the so-called Progressive bloc, and under La Follette's leadership they dominated the last session of Congress. His survival as one of the early Progressives and his identification during the war with labor and radical movements made him the natural leader of the new opposition group. His own reëlection to the Senate at the same time confirmed his recognition as 'the leader of the opposition.' The accession to power in England of the Labor Party, under the leadership of Ramsay MacDonald, suggests a comparison between La Follette and MacDonald. A general

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similarity between the two men as to their attitude toward war and their rehabilitation as leaders, adds to the natural tendency to compare them. His emergence as a leader after ten years of isolation is the more remarkable since it has happened without any change in his official status as a Senator and without the formation of a new party.

III

In his new period of leadership La Follette represents the progressivism of 1912 brought down to date in the personality of one man and modified by the war experience. He seems now to appeal to the class interests of farmers and workers rather than to the general public welfare of the country as a whole. He is attempting to organize the forces of discontent for the accomplishment of immediate results. His programme is one of strategy rather than of statesmanship. He is the organizer of a bloc system intended to destroy the two-party system as it now exists, leaving to the future the problem of the formation of new parties to replace the old.

Fortunately we have his views fully expressed in the statement presented to the Cleveland Convention of the Conference for Progressive Political Action. Over and over again in that document he reiterates his belief that 'the paramount issue' of 1924 is 'to break the combined power of the private-monopoly system over the political and economic life of the American people.' He declares that this 'system has grown up only through long-continued violation of the law of the land and could not have attained its present proportions had either the Democratic or Republican parties faithfully and honestly enforced the law.' He refers to John Sherman as 'the clearest-visioned Republican statesman of his time,' and describes the Anti-Trust Act of 1890 as 'the most effective weapon that the ingenuity of man could devise against the power of monopoly while it was yet in its infancy.'

The statement then proceeds to review the history of the growth of monopoly and the failure of succeeding administrations to enforce the Sherman Act. He notes that in 1908 the Republicans promised to revise 'the prohibitive tariff duties from which the monopolies derive much of their power, but the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill was written in 1909 in admitted violation of the solemn pledges of the Republican Party.' Again, in 1912, he points out that the people voted that the power of monopoly must be destroyed and that President Wilson forcibly expressed himself in opposition to the power of the trusts and corporations. In spite of the vote of the people in 1912 and Wilson's recognition of the pledge in his campaign, La Follette declares that from 1912 to the present time 'no honest or continuous effort has been made by a single administration, either Republican or Democratic, to protect the American people from the exactions of private monopoly by enforcement of the anti-trust laws.'

In his opinion, in 1920 'the people expressed their resentment at their betrayal at the hands of the Democratic Party by defeating it with the greatest popular majority ever cast against a political party in the history of this country.' Since 1921 the American people have learned that monopoly can be as 'bold and ruthless in time of peace as in time of war.' He then refers to the oil monopoly, its resort to 'the outright corruption of a member of the President's Cabinet to attain its ends,' and its enlistment of the services of former members of the

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Cabinet of the preceding Democratic administration. 'Corruption,' he declares, 'is the inevitable result of monopoly control over government.'

Senator La Follette concludes his indictment of monopoly with the following statement: —

'Peace, liberty, and economic freedom are the great principles to which the American people are devoted. Progressives must champion these principles until they are firmly re-established in the life of this country.

'The organized banking interests which own the railroads, control credit, and dominate the industrial life of the nation, will further oppress labor, rob the consumer, and, by extortionate railroad rates and dictation of terms of credit, reduce agriculture to the level of European peasantry, if longer permitted to control this government.

'The ill-gotten surplus capital acquired by exploiting the resources and the people of our country begets the imperialism which hunts down and exploits the natural resources and the people of foreign countries, erects huge armaments for the protection of its investments, breeds international strife in the markets of the world, and inevitably leads to war.'

After certain applications of his paramount principle to European and domestic affairs, he declares that 'the Progressive Movement is the only political medium in our country to-day which can provide government in the interests of all classes of the people. We are unalterably opposed to any class government, whether it be the existing dictatorship of the plutocracy or the dictatorship of the proletariat. Both are essentially undemocratic and un-American. Both are destructive of private initiative liberty.'

Senator La Follette's attitude toward what he describes as the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' was also brought out in his letter in regard to the Farmer-Labor-Progressive Convention held at St. Paul in June. In this letter he called attention to the fact that he had devoted many years of his life to an 'effort to solve the problems which confront the American people by the ballot and not by force. I believe that the people through the ballot can completely control their government in every branch and compel it to serve them effectively. I have fought steadfastly to achieve this end, and I shall not abandon this fight as long as I may live. I believe, therefore, that all Progressives should refuse to participate in any movement which makes common cause with any communist organization.'

La Follette's paramount issue of 1924 looks back to the Sherman Act of 1890. His references to economic freedom suggest that he has still in mind the struggles before 1912 when his political ideas first took definite shape. He seems unconscious that the present situation has gone far beyond the imprisonment of the heads of big business and the dissolution of combinations. One misses the social emphasis that should characterize any forward-looking, constructive dealing with current economic and industrial problems.

A comparison of La Follette's platform of 1924 and the programme of the British Labor Party, adopted in 1918, drives home this lack of a constructive character in his work. No group of scholars and investigators like the English Fabians has been studying the situation in America for a generation and working out tentative solutions. Instead, one man, in the heat of the controversies in which he has been engaged, has merely adapted certain ideas to the changing demands of the time.

The succession of third parties and

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the Progressive Movement form together the source from which the platform of 1924 is fashioned. Great skill and ability in the arrangement of materials is shown, but the underlying idea remains the same. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people is a supreme principle, but it is not of itself and by itself sufficient to solve all the complex social and economic problems of the day. Just here is where La Follette fails to meet the test of constructive statesmanship. He is an individualist, a progressive, and a liberal democrat in a period in which the socialization of our politics is the great issue before the country.

Undoubtedly Senator La Follette's stand for a new alignment in American politics is the next step in any constructive approach to our problems. The need of readjustment has been recognized for many years by thoughtful observers. The inherent difficulty in our rigid two-party system of expressing intelligent and consistent judgments has been made hopeless by the divisions within the parties themselves. Somehow conservatives and progressives and radicals must be organized separately before there can be even an approximation to satisfactory results in our quadrennial electoral contests.

The hope of a new adjustment has been strengthened by the nominations of the two major parties. They have selected excellent representatives of conservative policies. La Follette sees the opportunity and will use all his remarkable talents for leadership to take advantage of it. In his statement he declares that 'permanent political parties have been born in this country after, and not before, national campaigns, and they have come from the people, not from the proclamations of individual leaders . . . If the hour is at hand for the birth of a new political party, the American people next November will register their will and their united purpose by a vote of such magnitude that a new political party will be inevitable.'

IV

An analysis of La Follette's experience and ideas brings out clearly the fact that he represents the point of view of the West as contrasted with that of the East. The conviction that the government is controlled by monopoly grows out of Western life and traditions. The opposition to the Esch-Cummins Act of 1920, and the demand for its repeal, is the present-day aspect of the Granger agitation for the regulation of the railroads of the seventies. The currency proposals of the Greenback and Populist Parties find their counterpart in the denunciations of 'deflation' and the insistence upon the reconstruction of the Federal Reserve System. Agricultural credit is the contemporary objective of those who in earlier years were condemning the money power and the gold standard. Monopoly must be destroyed in order to restore the government to the people. In reality, the warfare against monopoly is an indication of the persistence of Western democracy.

The hostility to the Federal courts is a manifestation of the same democratic impulse. A proposed amendment to the Constitution favors the election of all judges for fixed terms not exceeding ten years, by direct vote of the people. The judicial veto of laws enacted by the legislative branch of the government is described as 'usurpation' and as 'a plain violation of the Constitution.' The claim is made that all legislative power is vested in Congress because that body is given authority to override the veto of the President. To do away with the judi-

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cial veto an amendment is suggested specifically giving Congress the right to override nullification of laws by the Federal Courts. Western opposition to the appointive Federal Judiciary finds its explanation in the uniform custom of electing judges in that part of the country. Western democracy depends upon popular election as the best method by which the people can secure control of their representatives.

In recent years the condition of Western agriculture has given rise to a new farmers' movement. The centre of the disturbance seems to be in the trans-Missouri region rather than in the Mississippi Valley, where the unrest of the seventies, eighties, and nineties was most pronounced. The last American frontier section is true to the traditions established in the settlement of the West.

Since 1920 discussion of the condition of Western agriculture emphasizes the contrast between the increase in the dividends paid by the great corporations and the virtual bankruptcy of twenty-six per cent of all farmers in the fifteen principal wheat-growing states. Unlimited prosperity for the great corporations and ruin for the farmer is described as the direct result of the policy which deflated the farmer while extending credit to organized wealth. Manufactures and industry are protected by high tariffs, but the prices of farmers' products are depressed by financial manipulation. Excessive freight rates put a premium upon wasteful management and saddle an intolerable burden upon the farmer. Gambling in farm products results in loss to agriculture and gives great profit to the middleman. The growth of farm tenancy is explained solely as the outcome of the economic and political power of monopoly. To cure these evils, it is declared, the American people must resume and exercise their sovereign control over their government. Again the belief in democracy as the panacea for all ills is plainly evident. The Western farmer has a naïve faith in government by the people which the older East has lost.

The debate on the McNary-Haugen bill, to which so much attention was attracted during the last session of Congress, shows clearly that the attitude of the Western farmer is widely held by the people of the West. The bill was inspired by farm-implement manufacturers, bankers, and business men; much of the propaganda for it comes from the same sources. They are embarrassed by the inability of the farmers to pay their debts and they see no natural developments which are likely to improve the situation. They declare quite frankly that the bill undertakes to do for the farmer what the protective policy has been doing for the Eastern manufacturer and business man. The farmer, they assert, sells in the world market and buys in a protected domestic market. The prices of his products are competitive, while those of the goods for which he pays are artificially fixed by law as a result of the protective tariff.

One of the chief advocates of the proposed legislation is the present Secretary of Agriculture. A map, published in the farm paper which he owns, presents the vote graphically on what is described sarcastically as 'farm equality.' Tennessee, Arkansas, and Wisconsin joined with the seacoast states and a few of the larger inland cities to defeat the measure. Such a vote is suggestive of the continued sectional differences which underlie the complex economic and social conditions of the United States of 1924. They form the solid substratum on which the La Follette movement is founded. Any attempt to judge of the meaning and importance of the movement without

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taking these factors into consideration is bound to fail. Lack of comprehension of Western feeling, and indifference to local issues, which Western people thought paramount, lost the elections for the Republicans in 1912 and 1916.

V

What is the prospect of La Follette's programme being adopted? There is an immense amount of unrest, especially in the trans-Mississippi and trans-Missouri portions of the West. We are not fully readjusted after the disturbances of the war. The European situation is still an unsolved problem. How will these conditions express themselves politically? Will the percentage of non-voters remain as large as it has been in recent elections? Will they vote for La Follette or will they divide along traditional party lines and will only extremists and radicals vote for him?

Any estimate that dismisses lightly the possible strength of La Follette as an opposition candidate is likely to have a rude awakening in November. He is a remarkable leader. He represents the West in many of its fundamental ideas. He has been campaigning, lecturing before Chautauquas, and fighting the railroads and monopolies for thirty years. No one could listen for two days to the proceedings at Cleveland and not realize how correctly he understood the ideas and aspirations of the representatives of the people assembled there. The repeated applause that greeted the reading of his message by his son was spontaneous, without need for the mechanical devices used in ordinary political conventions. He knows the rank and file of laborers and farmers and voices their ideas and their wishes. Some of the ideas have a sinister sound to conservative and middle-class ears, but they cannot and must not be ignored.

The mistake of the East, when it dismisses La Follette as a demagogue, is the mistake of ignorance. It does not understand the West. It neglects to visualize the sources from which he gets his power. It denounces where it should try to understand. It should undertake to offer reasonable solutions to take the place of the crude projects often proposed to meet urgent needs. It should help the Western farmer readjust and not preach to him about the law of demand and supply when its own interests are fostered by the Tariff.

Furthermore, the East should remember that many present-day policies have come out of the West. The regulation of railroads, a more flexible currency and banking system, primary elections, and the initiative and referendum are a few examples. The Populist 'sub-treasury' of the nineties was the first crude suggestion for the later work of the War Finance Corporation and the Intermediate Credit Banks of 1923. The East has first ridiculed, then carefully examined, and at last adopted many Western proposals.

Finally, the strength of La Follette's hold and its firmness are based on the soundness of his interpretation of the ideas and the ideals of the West. In so far as La Follette is representative of the West as a whole, his power rests upon a solid foundation. As a leader of a class movement of laborers and farmers, no definite estimate can be made. It is an unknown quantity, not measurable by any established standards. We can only await the verdict of the voters at the coming general election.

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WHO'S WHO IN SOVIET RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THERE is something very conservative about the composition of the Russian revolutionary government. Under the Communist dictatorship there are no cabinet crises. The same Commissars hold their posts year in and year out; the same men are to be seen presiding at Party and Soviet Congresses. One can undertake to sketch the leading personalities of the Soviet régime without fearing that the outcome of an unfavorable election will banish them to private life and bring a new set of figures on the political stage. There may be minor changes and reshufflings now and then; but on the whole one can foresee pretty accurately who will be directing the various Russian governmental departments for years to come. For only old revolutionists are eligible for the highest administrative posts in Russia; and the strenuous experiences of the last seven years have pretty well sifted out the old revolutionists with practical ability from those who are only capable of agitation and propaganda.

Leon Trotzky is unquestionably the outstanding individual figure in Russian public life to-day. No one can rival him in personal magnetism, in widespread popular reputation, in capacity for inspiring prolonged ovations. That Trotzky to-day is not a member of the inmost Communist ruling group is only a sign that personal distinction does not necessarily involve political success. Trotzky owes his fame chiefly to his achievements in the civil war. Organizer of the Red Army that successfully defended the Soviet power against the attacks of the Allies and the Whites, Trotzky's part in the military victory of the Revolution can scarcely be overestimated. Almost legendary anecdotes have grown up about his reckless personal bravery and superhuman energy, about his spectacular trips in special trains from one front to another, often under fire.

As the civil war came to an end and the Soviet Government turned to the work of peace-time reconstruction, it became more and more clear that the War Commissariat scarcely afforded a sufficient outlet for Trotzky's abounding energy. Dzerzhinsky, the other outstanding man of action among the revolutionary leaders, delegated much of his work as head of the secret police to subordinates and threw himself into reconstruction activity, first as head of the transportation system, later as chief of the state industries. But Trotzky remained in glittering isolation in his post as War Commissar in a country where economic hardships made war, except in elementary self-defense, an almost impossible contingency. In the spring of 1923 rumors were circulated to the effect that Trotzky was destined for an extremely important post in the field of economic administration. But time passed; the rumors were not realized in fact.

Last winter, in December and January, Trotzky for the first time came openly into sharp conflict with the other leading members of the Communist Party Central Committee, such as Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and

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Bukharin. The Party had just passed through a period of intense internal discussion about the problem of making the Party organization more democratic. The Central Committee unanimously adopted a resolution prescribing certain democratic reforms in the constitution and management of the Party. Almost immediately after the publication of this resolution Trotzky published an open letter to the Moscow Party organizations expressing doubt whether the present personnel of the Party officialdom would carry out the resolution which had been adopted. This was the signal for a bitter struggle between Trotzky's partisans and those of the Central Committee majority. The issue of this struggle showed that in Russia, as elsewhere, personal ovations do not necessarily connote the ability to secure votes at the decisive time and place. Trotzky's point of view was solemnly condemned both at the Communist Party Conference in January and at the recent Party Congress late in May.

The defeat of Trotzky in the Party controversy can largely be explained by his failure to win over the ten or fifteen thousand prerevolutionary Communist Party members who control the machinery and dominate the conventions and conferences of the Party. There were several reasons for this failure. Perhaps because he had occupied such a commanding position in the early years of the Revolution, Trotzky has never troubled to build up any kind of personal political machine within the Party. He can go to a factory and carry thousands of workers off their feet with a fiery oration. But he would not be as likely as his Party opponents to know personally the little group of leading Communists in the factory who wield a decisive voice when it comes to electing delegates to a Party Congress or Conference. Then Trotzky labors under the disadvantage of having joined the Communist Party only in 1917, while his leading opponents can all boast themselves 'old Bolsheviki' of at least twenty years' standing. Then, deservedly or not, Trotzky has the reputation of being somewhat mercurial and quick to fly off at a tangent on any new idea. The seasoned old Communists generally prefer to follow leaders whom they regard as possessing more solid, if less brilliant attainments.

At the same time, despite his setback last winter, Trotzky is distinctly a figure to be reckoned with in Russian political life. He has accepted his temporary defeat gracefully, professing entire loyalty to the Party and thereby depriving his opponents of an excuse for accusing him of factionalism or breach of Party discipline. At the same time, in the course of his recent speech before the Party Congress, he nowhere conceded that he had been wrong in the controversy last winter. For the time being the leadership of the Communist Party seems securely lodged in the hands of his opponents. But a political or economic crisis sufficiently significant to change the mood of the Party might conceivably bring Trotzky to the fore as a successor to Lenin.

In a room in the huge building of the Communist Party Tseka, or Central Committee, a tall dark man paces up and down incessantly, like a caged lion, occasionally pausing to jot down a note or send off a message. This man is the Georgian Djugashvili, more generally known by his appropriate Russian revolutionary pseudonym of Stalin — steel. Stalin is Secretary of the Russian Communist Party and, although he occupies no official position, he holds in his hands more of the threads of the Russian revolutionary government than any other individual.

Stalin has always been a power be-

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hind the throne in the Russian Communist Party. In prerevolutionary days, when most of the Party leaders were abroad in exile, Stalin superintended the work of the Party in Russia. Following the Revolution he held the relatively inconspicuous post of Commissar for Nationalities until the adoption of the federal constitution brought about the abolition of this Commissariat as superfluous. But as Party Secretary — the secretary in Russian political organizations has wide executive powers — he was in a position to know the most intimate secrets of the Russian state organism and to exert a powerful influence upon the currents of political power.

'Lenin trusts Stalin; Stalin trusts no one,' was a current saying two years ago, and it adequately expressed the impression created by this silent and potent Caucasian, who has exploited his personality most effectively by consistently suppressing all visible manifestations of it. It was inevitable that Stalin, staunchest upholder of Party orthodoxy and the principles of 'Leninism,' should have come into conflict with Trotzky when the latter published his open letter with its spirit of criticism and innovation; and the conflict derived added piquancy because of the strikingly contrasted personalities of the two opponents.

Trotzky is a man of fire; Stalin is a man of ice. Trotzky is a frequent speaker and prolific writer; Stalin constantly holds himself behind a veil of reserve, only expressing himself on occasions of the first importance. Trotzky, himself a former journalist, has often chosen the press, even the foreign 'bourgeois' press, as a medium for declarations; Stalin has the reputation of never having granted an interview to anyone on any subject. If Trotzky is a figure who might fit into any great revolution, Stalin is a symbol and product of the Russian Bolshevist Revolution, with its emphasis on iron discipline and strict subordination of the individual to the Party organization. Just for this reason he will be a power in the Russian Communist Party as long as it retains anything like its present form.

One of the cleverest cartoons recently published in the Moscow newspapers showed a thickset man making an impassioned oration, while in the background Foreign Commissar Chicherin appeared in an attitude of extreme anxiety, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead. The caption under the cartoon read: 'Comrade Zinoviev Makes a Speech.' Because of his propensity for breathing fire and slaughter against the capitalist world in his speeches Zinoviev is something of an enfant terrible in the eyes of the Soviet diplomacy. Perhaps with a view to quieting the apprehensions of the Foreign Office, Zinoviev has recently made a point of emphasizing in his speeches that he is speaking only on behalf of the Communist International, of which he is President, and not of the Soviet Government.

That Zinoviev is a powerful figure in the councils of the Communist Party can scarcely be doubted. He delivered the leading reports at the two most important Congresses that have taken place in Russia recently, the Communist Party Congress late in May and the Congress of the Communist International in June and July. His control of the deliberations of the latter body has developed almost to perfection; and anyone with an eye for the technique of political steam-rollering must have admired the skill with which Zinoviev prepared and steered the proceedings of the Congress, isolating and suppressing, with an unerring eye, every deviation, either to the 'right' or to the 'left' of the programme which he advocated.

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At first sight Zinoviev's eminence in the Party is a little difficult to understand. He has neither the personal magnetism of Trotzky nor the stubborn strength of Stalin. His name is not associated with any of the great military achievements of the Revolution, and he has taken little part in the adminstrative work of the reconstruction period. But he possesses a certain faculty for appealing to the Communist rank-and-file, for exciting and exploiting to the utmost degree the mass emotions of class consciousness, fanaticism, hatred of the bourgeoisie, of the Mensheviki, of the intelligentsia, of any group that he denounces as hostile or lukewarm to the Party and the Revolution. Add to this a considerable skill in Communist political manipulation and the prestige which he derives from his years of prerevolutionary close association with Lenin, and one gets an idea of the secret of Zinoviev's steady rise to his present position of commanding leadership of the Party.

Leo Kamenev, third member of the Communist Party triumvirate of leaders that also includes Stalin and Zinoviev, is a brother-in-law of Trotzky. This circumstance, however, has not the slightest political significance, and Kamenev was quite as active as his two associates in rebutting Trotzky's arguments during the period of the Party controversy.

A stout man of medium height, with spectacles and a pointed professorial beard of moderate dimensions, Kamenev suggests a savant, rather than a revolutionary leader, when one sees him presiding over a formal meeting of the Moscow Soviet, of which he is President. Kamenev now has little to do with the local affairs of the Moscow municipality. In his capacity as one of Russia's three Vice-Premiers — the other two were Rykov and Tsurupa — Kamenev has taken on his shoulders an increasing share of the general administrative work of the Soviet Government. Following Lenin's death he became chairman of the Sto, or Council of Labor and Defense, a sort of inner cabinet which occupies itself with the consideration of economic affairs. During Rykov's absence last spring, due to ill health, Kamenev acted as Premier.

Kamenev conveys the impression of being a conciliatory, cautious, discreet personality. He showed conspicuous success in handling the relations between the Soviet Government and the American Relief Administration during the period of the famine, when the tense situation and the psychology produced in Russia by years of blockade and isolation made coöperation between the Soviet Government and representatives of a foreign relief organization, that was regarded as distinctly conservative in its political tendencies, more difficult than it might have been under more normal conditions. He probably owes his rise to power in large measure to the reputation which he enjoys as a level-headed man who can be relied on to look the facts of Russian reconstruction squarely in the face and not fly off on any eccentric economic tangents.

In the stormy early days of the Revolution a foreigner had business of a sufficiently pressing nature to warrant an interview with the head of the Chekha, or secret police. Ushered into a room he found himself face to face with a tall fair man, with furrowed countenance and deep-set blue eyes, sitting on a chair, his feet thrust into slippers. Within easy reach stood a machine-gun. After the effect of this somewhat startling introduction had worn off Dzerzhinsky explained the reason for his attire, remarking with a half-apologetic smile: 'You see, I never stir out of the office. I sleep here.'

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Felix Dzerzhinsky suffered perhaps more than any other prominent Bolshevist leader for his activities in the days before the Revolution. He went through the horrors of penal servitude in Siberia. Liberated by the overthrow of the Tsarist régime, this Polish revolutionist returned to become one of the great active figures of the Soviet régime. By organizing the Chekha, or Extraordinary Commission, the famous espionage organ of the Revolution, he made a contribution to the victory of the Communists in the civil war scarcely second to that of Trotzky. The Chekha discovered and broke up plot after plot organized by the Allied Powers and the Whites; it preserved order mercilessly in the large centres and safeguarded the rear and the lines of communication while the Red Army was defeating Kolchak and Denikin, Yudenitch and Wrangel.

After the civil war was over Russia was faced with another great crisis in the winter of 1921–1922. A huge famine was raging in the Volga region; American Relief Administration food-supplies were arriving at the ports; but the Russian railroad system, crippled beyond imagination as a result of years of war and blockade, was broken down and almost hopelessly clogged up. It seemed as if millions of lives might be lost because of defective transport. In this emergency Dzerzhinsky was thrown into the breach and nominated as Commissar for Transport. He immediately made a trip to the most congested traffic points, living in a box car and studying the situation on the ground. He introduced the principle of strictest accountability for all railroad officials. Any branch manager who promised more cars for food transportation than he actually delivered was to be handed over to a revolutionary tribunal, and, if the offense involved flagrant neglect of duty, was to be shot. As a result of Dzerzhinsky's merciless, devoted, driving leadership the worst of the transportation difficulties were surmounted and a regular flow of food from the ports to the famine area was assured.

Since Lenin's death Dzerzhinsky has occupied another difficult and responsible post as head of the Supreme Economic Council, the body which manages the Russian state industries. Here he has been at work for the last few months, hacking away at graft and bureaucracy on the part of management and at low productivity on the part of labor, shouldering the Herculean task of putting the Russian industries on their feet without the help of foreign capital.

Dzerzhinsky never takes any part in Party controversies. He is absolutely absorbed in his work and has no time for politics. No one is more universally respected by his Party associates; and even the non-Communists, who look on him with horror as head of the dreaded Chekha, concede his dauntless, fanatical singleness of character and purpose.

Shortly after Lenin's death, before the name of his successor had been announced, the writer was discussing the requisite qualifications of the future Premier with a member of the Communist Party Central Committee.

'A Russian Premier first of all has to be a Christian,' said this Communist with a smile. Of course this statement should not be taken literally, for no Communist Party member is permitted to profess any form of religion. But religion and race in Eastern Europe are carelessly interchangeable terms, and what the Communist meant was that the head of the Soviet State, out of deference to the susceptibilities of the vast masses of illiterate peasants, must be of Slavic Russian origin.

It is to his origin, perhaps, that Alexei Ivanovitch Rykov owes his eleva-

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tion to the post of Premier in preference to several other men who played more prominent parts in the revolutionary drama. To be sure Rykov was a well-known figure among the Soviet leaders. As head of the Supreme Economic Council and chairman of the Sto he worked in close coöperation with Lenin on problems of economic reconstruction. But he has figured as an economic expert rather than as a popular leader. Subject to fits of stammering, he has never been able to sway the masses like several of the other Communist leaders who are notable orators. His health has suffered from the strain of the Revolution; and immediately after his election as Premier he was compelled to go abroad, traveling under a strict incognito, for the purpose of receiving expert medical treatment in Germany.

Rykov has the reputation of being a moderate among the Communist leaders; his mind works along analytical rather than emotional lines, and his practical experience as an economic administrator has doubtless exerted a sobering effect upon his revolutionary theories. His election as Premier is something of a guaranty that there will be no serious tamperings with the New Economic Policy which was adopted by the Soviet Government in the spring of 1921 as a sort of compromise between revolutionary principles and Russian realities.

A popular speaker at Soviet and Party meetings is a slightly built man with a pointed beard, a resonant voice, and a splendid command of the Russian language. This is Nikolai Bukharin, editor of the official Communist organ, *Pravda*, leading Party theoretician and joint author with Evgeny Preobrazhensky of *The A B C of Communism*, the outstanding popular textbook on the subject. Bukharin is a favorite among the workers and the Communist youth, both for his fiery eloquence and for his austere life. He has never lived in the Kremlin, the residence of most of the leading Communists, but occupies simple quarters in the Hotel Metropole. The condition of this hotel, until it shared in the general renovation brought about by the New Economic Policy, made residence there a genuine test of asceticism.

There was a time when Bukharin was regarded as an untamed rebel in the Communist ranks. He led the fight against the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty and bitterly opposed Lenin's policy of paying high salaries to specialists in the interest of industrial efficiency. But Bukharin's outbursts of insurgency now seem to be over. He was not associated with any of the sporadic revolts against the New Economic Policy and its application which were headed by Shliapnikov, Kollontai, Lutovinov, and others. He was on the orthodox side in the Party controversy last winter, and the thunders of *Pravda* were directed exclusively against the opposition. Bukharin may still be a left-winger in temperament and theory; but he is a tame left-winger, well broken to the traces of Party discipline.

Besides being editor of *Pravda*, Bukharin is an outstanding figure in the councils of the Third International and a member of the powerful Political Bureau, the inner steering committee of seven members which leads and shapes the deliberations of the large Party Central Committee, which includes fifty-three members. The other members of the Political Bureau are Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Trotzky, Rykov, and Tomsky. The last-named is President of the All-Russian Trades-Union Council.

The only outstanding Communist leader who possesses previous experience as an economic administrator is

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Leonid Borisovitch Krassin, the Commissar for Foreign Trade. Krassin can claim to be an old revolutionist; his association with the Bolshevist Party antedates the unsuccessful 1905 Revolution. After 1905, however, instead of going into underground work as a professional revolutionist, he became a skilled engineer in the service of the well-known German firm, Siemens-Schueckert. After the November Revolution Krassin joined the Communists, and ever since he has been furnishing a certain amount of practical ballast for the more doctrinaire revolutionary theories of his associates in the government.

A witty Communist journalist once remarked: 'In Russia we regard Krassin as a good business-man but a poor Bolshevik; in England they look on him as a good Bolshevik but a poor business-man.'

There is a sting of unfairness about this remark; the journalist in question was not on good terms personally with Krassin. But it is true that Krassin has had to play a rather difficult and anomalous rôle in serving as a medium of connection between his own revolutionary government and the capitalist world. What sounds like stark radicalism to a London banker may often impress a Russian Communist Congress as Menshevist heresy. Krassin deserves most of the credit for the gradual resumption of commercial relations with most of the European countries. If his advice had been consistently followed Russia might have had more success in attracting foreign capital into the economic reconstruction of the country. But of course the Communist revolutionary psychology is a formidable obstacle in this connection.

Krassin gives the impression of being an anchor to windward for the Soviet Government. Should Russia's internal necessities demand a fundamental revision of the New Economic Policy in the direction of further concessions to capitalism, Krassin would seem ideally fitted to direct the necessary transitional steps. In such a contingency his political influence and prestige would be enormously increased. But until and unless some such situation arises Krassin is likely to go on occupying his present position — that of a specialist of proved loyalty who enjoys wide powers in his own field, but who wields comparatively little influence in the general councils of the Party. Not until the last Party Congress was Krassin elected a member of the Central Committee. He has never been a member of the Political Bureau.

George Chicherin, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, is a striking example of the aristocrat turned revolutionary. Born of a noble family and trained in the school of Tsarist diplomacy, Chicherin is probably the most cultured Foreign Minister in Europe to-day. He speaks a multitude of languages with absolute fluency; the writer has heard him pass from Russian to English, French, or German with the utmost ease. His knowledge of English is a scholar's knowledge, as one may recognize from the meticulous wording of his notes and communiqués.

Chicherin is a formidable controversialist. Along with his exhaustive knowledge of history, politics, and international law goes a keen, logical mind, quick to seize on every point of casuistry and make the most of it. His habits of work are unique. His favorite reception-hour is any time after midnight. This is due to his practice of beginning work about two or three in the afternoon and staying in his office until five or six the following morning. His secretaries work in two or three shifts, and even so they are worn out by Chicherin's insatiable thirst for work.

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Chicherin never seems to rest. His office is working even on Sundays and big holidays when every other government institution in Moscow is tightly closed. The only time he is known to have been lured away from his desk was on the occasion of a series of Scriabin concerts given last year in the State Opera House. Chicherin is an excellent amateur pianist himself and he stayed away from his masses of diplomatic papers, documents, and protocols long enough to lend an appreciative ear to the Scriabin concerts.

And interview with Chicherin is a notable experience. One is solemnly ushered by a Red Army soldier into a sumptuously furnished anteroom and left to meditate for a time in surroundings of solitary and rather oppressive splendor. What impresses one in talking with Chicherin, next to his remarkable courtesy and self-possession of manner, is a certain curious impersonality, which seems to connote absorption in some problem far away from the immediate present. He follows every question with the closest attention, carefully thinking out every detail of the answers. But one always has the impression that at least part of his mind is elsewhere, perhaps subconsciously absorbed in some of the complicated problems of Soviet diplomacy.

Quite unknown, probably, outside of Russia, but a formidable power in the Communist Party, is Jaroslavsky, secretary of the Party Control Committee. It is the business of this Committee to see that every Communist toes the line in observing Party ethics, and Jaroslavsky, as a result of his post, has sweeping disciplinary powers. To be summoned for an interview with Jaroslavsky is as ominous for the holder of a Communist Party card as for a college sophomore to be called up for a talk with the dean. Jaroslavsky is just the kind of man one would expect to find in such a responsible inquisitorial position. He is an old revolutionist, austere in his personal life, rooted in his convictions, and quite relentless in ferreting out offenses against Party discipline, whether these offenses take the form of extravagant living or of deviation from the straight line of orthodox Communist theory. Lenin himself is reported to have picked out Jaroslavsky for his post.

Authority is notably concentrated in Soviet Russia. The ten men I have just described hold in their hands the threads of leadership both of the Party and of the State apparatus. They control Russia's economic development, together with its relations, political and commercial, with other countries. Their removal would leave a huge vacuum in the place of the existing Soviet régime. But along with these foremost leaders there are other outstanding personalities in Russia, men who are already occupying important posts or who may occupy them in the future.

There is Mikhail Kalinin, President of the Union Soviet Executive Committee, a figure very typical of the hundred million Russian peasants, somewhat bent and worn from toil, with clear blue eyes, stubbly yellowish beard, and wrinkled face. Kalinin, who is himself of peasant origin, spends much of his time traveling in the peasant districts; and the anteroom of his simply furnished office in Moscow is always crowded with peasants from all over the Union waiting to lay their grievances and problems before him. In the Soviet State machinery he serves in the very useful capacity of a link between the government, with its preponderance of city-bred officials, and the masses of peasantry.

There was a time when Karl Radek might have claimed a place in the top-

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most tier of the Soviet hierarchy. But to-day this brilliant revolutionary Austrian pamphleteer is out of favor, having been made the scapegoat for the failure of the German revolutionary movement last autumn. It is scarcely probable that Radek's eclipse will be permanent; his mordant wit, facile pen, and vast store of political and historical knowledge are weapons with which the Communist International can ill afford to dispense.

As a member of the inner Party ruling group known as the Political Bureau, Tomsky is entitled to consideration in any enumeration of the Soviet leaders. A quiet and reserved man, his personality seems to afford little opportunity for extended comment. But he has held for some time the strategic post of President of the All-Russian Trades-Unions, and he has played an important part in the London Conference.

The Russian Revolution has been less dominated by military leaders than most similar upheavals; but among the Communists who rose to prominence through their army work may be mentioned Mikhail Vassilevich Frunze and the cavalry-general Budenny. Frunze is a veteran Bolshevik, who is said to have gained his first military experience by taking a pot shot at a Tsarist police chief. During the civil war he showed marked ability as a general on the southern front and became War Commissar for the Ukraine. He sided strongly with the Central Committee in the controversy last winter, and during Trotzky's absence he was transferred from his post in the Ukraine and made first assistant in the War Commissariat, where he undertook a sweeping programme of reorganization. Budenny, a huge Ukrainian peasant with drooping black moustaches, makes a striking impression when he appears at a Soviet Congress or in a box at the State Opera House. Budenny was a sergeant-major in the Tsar's cavalry. He came to the front in spectacular fashion during the civil war, when his hastily organized cavalry-corps broke through the ranks of the White General Denikin and harried the Polish army from Kiev almost to the gates of Warsaw.

Chicherin's two chief diplomatic lieutenants are Litvinov for the West and Karakhan for the East. Litvinov, who seems to be a red rag to the British Tory press, has a reputation as a shrewd and hard bargainer and has represented Russia at many conferences since the end of the period of civil war and blockade. He was at one time expelled from England by Lloyd George on the charge of circulating Bolshevist propaganda; he must have experienced a certain feeling of satisfaction on returning to England recently as a prominent member of the Russian delegation. Karakhan, an Armenian, is a typical oriental figure, tall, stout, dark. He has been carrying on the somewhat tortuous negotiations between Russia and China and Japan and deserves a reputation as a diplomat, if only because of the formula which he devised in order to be able to press the claim of the Soviet Government to control of the Chinese Eastern Railroad without appearing to revive the imperialistic claims of the Tsarist régime. The railroad, according to Karakhan, belonged to 'the toiling of Russia,' and starting from this base he has finally been able apparently to reach a satisfactory agreement with the Chinese Government on the question.

Another outstanding Soviet diplomat is Christian Rakovsky, the cultured and charming Bulgarian physician and Socialist leader who is now the Russian representative in England. Rakovsky, like Radek, is a foreigner who completely identified himself with the Russian Communist Party. For

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some time he was Premier of the Ukraine, a post which he left to succeed Krassin as Russian representative in London.

It is natural that the arduous work of economic reconstruction should have claimed some of the strongest and most prominent figures in the revolutionary ranks. One man who seems likely to go far in the future is Pyatakov, head of the committee that passes on concessions to foreigners. Pyatakov has had an exceptionally varied and picturesque career. Coming of an aristocratic Ukrainian family he, with his brother, threw himself into the Bolshevist movement. His brother was killed under revolting conditions by the Whites. Pyatakov was first President of the State Bank after the November Revolution, but soon laid down this post for the more congenial work of leading a Red Guard invasion of the Ukraine. During the civil war he filled various important administrative positions, restoring order in the Donetz Basin at one time with an iron hand. One need only take one look at Pyatakov's tense, set, fanatical countenance to be certain that no Teapot Dome concessions will be granted in Russia so long as he is at the head of the concessions committee.

Sokolnikov, Commissar for Finance, deserves much of the credit for giving Russia a stable currency in place of the uncounted trillions of worthless paper rubles that were circulating in 1921 and 1922. An old revolutionary theoretician, experience has taught him to be as ruthless as any capitalist banker in demanding that every state department cut its expenses to the bone in order to permit the balancing of the budget.

Tsurupa, an Ukrainian and a former agronome, Food Commissar during the years of greatest shortage, has the reputation of a capable administrator. He is head of the Gosplan, or State Planning Commission, a body which works out projects for the future development of Russia's industry, agriculture, and general economic life. His chief assistant is the Polish engineer Krzhizhanovsky, author of the famous scheme for the electrification of Russia that serves as the theoretical basis for the Communist reconstruction programme.

The manipulation of the Communist Party machinery has developed several leaders who may be considered understudies to Stalin and Zinoviev. Among these are Molotov, a relative of the composer Scriabin, an excellent organizer, who does much of the practical detail work of appointing and transferring Party officials from one post to another, and Andreev, one of the several assistant Party secretaries, who has devoted a good deal of attention to the problems of trades-union and coöperative organization.

The old saying that a prophet is without honor in his own country has some application to Anatole Lunacharsky, Commissar for Education. Lunacharsky's cultivated and attractive personality, his discriminating appreciation of music and the drama, his eloquent writings on educational subjects have won him many admirers among the foreigners who have visited Russia and spread his reputation as a great educator. But in Russia he is blamed, perhaps unjustly, for much of the poverty and disorder of the Russian educational system. Critical observers declare that things would go better if the Commissar for Education devoted less time to studying new forms of the ballet and delivering lectures on abstract philosophical subjects and more attention to improving the condition of the country teachers and schools.

Much of the difficult, thankless spade-work in the field of education is quietly and unostentatiously done by Lenin's widow, Nadyezhda Konstanti-

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novna Krupskaya. In quiet unspectacular submergence of her personality in the cause Krupskaya is a classical figure among the Communist leaders. Clad in sandals and old unfashionable clothes, stout in form, her large face lined with the marks of physical pain, Krupskaya can often be found addressing obscure conferences of teachers and librarians, throwing all her strength into the arduous task of bringing a little order into the Russian educational system and a little light into the dark, backward peasant villages. Indeed, nothing could have been truly finer than her appeal shortly after Lenin's death, when grief had added its strength to her persuasion.

'Don't waste money on pompous monuments which Lenin himself would have despised,' she said in substance. 'Let your sorrow for Lenin go into the building of a new life for our country. Let it find expression in the creation of schools and homes for orphaned children and hospitals for our war sufferers.'

It may be disputed whether Stalin or Zinoviev or Kamenev is Lenin's oldest disciple; but there can be little doubt that Krupskaya represents the true embodiment of the selfless Communist spirit.

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH LIBERALISM

BY E. T. RAYMOND

I

POLITICAL prophets, as Mr. Chesterton once remarked, owe a good deal of their reputation to their habit of predicting as likely to happen in a dozen years or so something that indubitably did happen a dozen years or so ago. Were they to turn their attention to matters with which the ordinary person is familiar, their methods would soon expose them to ridicule. If after some weeks of summer rain they were to hint that wet wickets would shortly be the rule, or that the trade in muslin frocks might before long be affected, they would call forth the smile of derision. But in politics they are free to be wise after the event, because, with nine people out of ten, political knowledge is merely verbal. The public has by rote a number of words that are frequently repeated on the platform and in the press but it has forgotten, if it ever knew, their meaning.

So it is that when one or another rises to tell us of the approaching demise of Liberalism in England, interested multitudes scan the heavens above and the earth beneath for confirmatory portents. And when a Liberal candidate runs third at a by-election, and forfeits his deposit money for polling no more than a trivial number of voters, great honor immediately accrues to the company of prophets. What the public does not notice is that the prophets are, in fact, simply prophesying the past. Liberalism, the creed of Bright and Cobden, the dogma of laissez faire, laissez aller, is dead already. As to the precise date of its death there may be

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argument, but certainly it did not survive the guardianship of Lord Rosebery in the nineties of the last century. Even earlier it had shown signs of internal decay. Gladstone's intervention in Egypt, as well as his alternating policies of boons and coercion in Ireland, had been serious departures from the golden rule of 'least done, soonest mended'; yet it had been possible to overlook them. Pure Liberalism, it could be urged, was the fine flower of English civilization and not an article of export suitable for men of color and Popish peasants; and the Home-Rule scheme was a return to the letter of the law, needing no sophistry for its justification. Home Rule split the Party, but it kept the true doctrine alive; for no idea could be more thoroughly Liberal than that of ending England's Irish difficulty by allowing the Irish to go their own way — although it might be a rather bad way.

Quite un-Liberal, on the other hand, were the concurrent plans for making the public sober by Act of Parliament. That the precisians came to accept them without question is a standing proof that in this world political philosophies will always yield to personal prejudices. If so disposed, a Liberal could, without violating his orthodoxy, proclaim that ale was the Devil in solution, and that sensible people would, therefore, eschew this Hell-brewed liquor, while the foolish died to the benefit of the body politic; but it was sheer heresy for such a Liberal to control by legislation the public taste in taps. All the same, it would be true to say that if the late Gladstonian Liberalism was in this direction obviously corrupt, it was, taking a wide view, recognizably Liberal. It stood for the theory that men were free and equal; must be allowed to make their way in the world on their own feet, and occasionally on the shoulders of others if they could mount so high unaided; go to Heaven by their own chosen roads, or, if they chose, to the Devil, provided it was not the Devil which publicans dispersed on Sunday afternoons. When all is said and done, the creed was less brutal than it sounds. It rested on the assumption that humanity was, in the lump, good.

The advent of Lord Rosebery wrought a change. It meant that the exception in regard to alcohol was to become the rule in regard to all human existence. The new leader called himself a Liberal mainly because he came of Whig stock, resented having to sit in the House of Lords, and had a personal affection for Gladstone. He was, in fact, a cross between a modern Conservative and a Fabian Socialist. In all directions he was activist, while the very essence of true Liberalism is, first to clear away all obstruction to the free play of forces, and then to give those forces the freest play. Lord Rosebery was Imperialist, and, despite all that ingenuous writers have said, there is a profound incompatibility between Imperialism and Liberalism. He was Socialist, in the sense that he desired to make the State, not merely the defender against foreign enemies, the keeper of domestic order, and the enforcer of contracts, but also the creator of happiness and prosperity. The dream was, and is, attractive, and perhaps it is wrong to call it a dream. But it was not Liberal. 'Social Reform,' whatever can be said for it, — and nobody nowadays dares to say a word against it, — does mean forcing some people to do what they dislike, and also forcing them to abstain from doing what they do like. And it is mostly based on the assumption that humanity is, in the lump, bad, and the very poor, rather worse.

When the Liberal Party came to power in 1906 with its sweeping victories, although there had been a consid-

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erable resurrection of Liberalism in the country, there was less in the Cabinet. The vote for Free Trade and against denominational education, as well as the condemnation of the Unionist policies in South Africa, seemed to show that the average man was anxious for a return to old ways. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself would have been quite agreeable. 'Trust the people' was the foundation of his statesmanship, and he probably would have given it as his opinion that the English had as much right to freedom as the Boers. But few of his Ministers shared his views. Among them were men such as Mr. John Burns and Mr. Lloyd George, whose desideratum was bureaucracy; others, such as Sir Edward Grey, in whose programme the needs of Empire stood first; and there was Mr. Haldane who, being at once Fabian and Imperialist, could be Liberal neither at home nor abroad. Mr. Asquith was by temperament a Simon-pure, but in practice ever ready to be swayed by whoever made the most noise. Lord Crewe and the other peers were Whigs. Lord Morley, indeed, had been Liberalism incarnate, if the expression may be employed in regard to one who himself seemed somehow incorporeal; but he was sent to the Indian Office where, after a spell of dealing with seditious Hindus, he wrote down the chief clauses of his former credo as a series of 'abstract catchwords.'

Nor did Mr. Asquith's attainment of the premiership change the character of the Government. True, he preached laissez faire in Parliament and on the platform, but he practised it mainly in the Cabinet, and when Mr. Lloyd George in the plentitude of his vigor suggested measures for turning the country upside down, and then regimenting it on German lines, the Prime Minister, while doing lip service to the Radical philosophers, remained true to his private principles by taking the line of least resistance.

In justice to the leader and all concerned it must be admitted that to an extent, at least, they were the slaves of circumstances. The great Liberals of the nineteenth century had seen very clearly as far as the tips of their noses — and not one inch farther. When they proposed that Government should confine itself to keeping the peace and coining money, they did not mean that things and people required no further regulation whatsoever. On the contrary, they believed that there was in the world, independent of Kings, Ministers, and assemblies, a great regulating force as constant as the sun and tides, and they called it 'Competition.' There was, they said, no need to legislate on such problems as prices, wages, hours, and conditions of labor, because competition would duly and satisfactorily settle these matters. The idea that a merchant could be what is now known as a profiteer did not occur to them. Other merchants, as far as they could see, would always bring him to order by selling at a more reasonable price. Still less did they imagine certain workmen bringing an industry to ruin by demanding more for their labor than the industry could produce. Other workers, they held, would always be ready to take their places on more reasonable terms.

In brief, the old Liberals did not foresee how competition was in almost every sphere to give way to combination. To-day it is obvious that their philosophy is in practical politics no longer tenable. The Government which acted on it, professing to leave the people free, would in fact be conferring freedom on sundry powerful corporations only, and delivering ordinary men, women, and children to a tyranny the like of which has never yet been known. A few, a very few

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Conservatives are now the sole upholders of the individualism that was the essence of Liberalism in the Victorian age.

II

From all this, two salient facts emerge. In the first place, Liberalism as understood in the nineteenth century is a thing of the past. Secondly, the Party which retains the name of Liberal is out of favor with the country, because, having lost its principles, it has nothing in particular to offer. 'Politics,' said an American divine of last century, 'is the science of exigencies'; but though this view may be taken by the spiritually minded man who contemplates mundane affairs, as well as by the complete cynic, it does not commend itself to the multitude. Tadpole and Taper, eternal types of the wirepuller, may be very disrespectful behind the scenes when principles are mentioned, but they know better than anybody else that a principle at the time of a general election is a sine qua non. It is the plank on which your party man stands; without it, he will be for a moment in mid-air, and the next sprawling in the mud. He who does not profess belief in some perfectly definite, comprehensible principle is naturally suspected like the candidate in the 'Biglow Papers.' Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition fell because it could not be recognized as fish, flesh, or fowl. The Liberal Party is moving toward collapse for the same reason.

Of the three Parties in the State, it shows, as a Party, the least character, and to-day is generally regarded as nothing but a halfway house between the Conservative and Labor camps. Its members, instead of attempting to dissipate that notion, encourage it by demanding a change in the electoral system which will, or may, bring them every voter's second vote. Such a change would, no doubt, alter the present face of politics; among other things it would make a Centre party permanent in Parliament. But it would do nothing toward a Liberal resurrection. For the genuine Liberal is neither a timorous wobbler nor a respectable trimmer; neither a moderate Tory nor a mild Socialist; but one who is bound to take strong views on all subjects, and on some to be an extremist.

Even at the present period of the Liberal Party's degeneracy, its members show by an occasional kick that they do not hold their duty fulfilled in maintaining the middle way. Thus, in their opposition to Protection or Preference, with few exceptions they are absolutely firm; whereas in the Labor ranks there is schism, doubt, and hesitation. Those Laborites who were graduated in the Liberal schools, and read from the primer of Mill before embarking on an advanced course in Marx, may still be Free-Traders. They hang to their thin relic of a childish faith as Vautrin clasped his soiled rags of virtue; but the genuine Socialist, commonly a Scot, has none of this weakness. Thus Mr. Johnston, editor of the Clydeside *Forward*, declared the other day in the House of Commons for a prohibitive tariff against the goods of countries which did not adopt a forty-eight hours' working week, and for 'the finest possible preference' to Australia, where a high minimum wage has been enforced in all skilled trades. Pledged to international solidarity of the proletariat, his associates must either support him or avow a derisory inconsistency. The logic of Socialism, as of Conservatism, leads inevitably to fiscal discrimination, just as surely as the logic of Liberalism means an open market.

Again, at several stages of the recent debate on the London Traffic Bill, Laborites and Tories have been seen

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working hand in hand. This measure for the control of the shockingly congested streets of the British capital appeared wise and necessary to both. It had been drafted under Mr. Baldwin's Government, and with some minor alterations it was accepted by Mr. MacDonald's Government. The Liberals, on the contrary, fought the bill on the ground that it would rivet a traffic monopoly on the metropolis, and deprive the 'pirate' — otherwise the owner of one or a dozen omnibuses — of his liberty to ply a trade. And, whatever the merits of the problem, there can be no question that they were fighting for elementary Liberalism when they pleaded the cause of green, blue, and chocolate omnibuses in competition with the red vehicles of Lord Ashfield's dominant combination.

On the increasingly rare occasions when the Liberal stands by his guns the taunt of pedantry is often raised against him. The taunt would lose its sting did he stand by them less seldom. Advocacy of freedom is certainly not pedantic, but there is a touch of buckram sentimentality about the politician who continues to insist on free imports while agreeing to every other sort of interference with the laws of supply and demand. Equally, it is absurd to demand freedom of the streets while voting for laws which will enchain a man under the roof he may not call his own, worry him in bed or at board, weigh upon him at business or at play. Apart from merely partisan attacks, the charge of pedantry is not made against the modern Liberal because he wears a calico shirt of the pattern of the fifties, but because he takes such inordinate pride in a garment so scanty and worn so thin that it cannot cover his nakedness. If he had maintained the full Cobdenic wardrobe — adapted sufficiently to the new time — all would have been well with him.

III

Yet chances of the Liberals regaining the ground lost of late to the Socialists ought by no means to be ignored. In the main, the appeal of the newer party has always been religious or emotional. 'Socialism,' wrote Mr. Wells, 'lights up certain once hopeless evils in human affairs and shows the path by which escape is possible. . . . Socialism is hope.' But with Labor in office Socialism has become hope deferred and is rapidly making the general heart sick. Should Labor attain to real power the hope may be destroyed. The Party, it would seem, is in the fairly near future bound to evolve in one of three directions. It may settle into the jog trot of solid Trades-Unionism, concentrating on the problem of raising the condition of the workers, and far too intent on bread and jam even to dream of the millennium. Or it may become revolutionary — in which case the bread and jam will probably be sacrificed to a dream ending in blood and hunger. Or, again, it may come to be directed by the coterie of intellectuals, which would mean a kind of lay theocracy and, consequently, a very horrid tyranny.

Should the Trades-Unionists prevail, there would certainly be a split in the party. The eager visionaries, the seekers after earthly paradises, could never accommodate their mental pace to the speed limit which a Henderson or a Walsh would impose in practical affairs. Should the revolutionaries take the lead it is equally sure that the English workingman would, after a few steps, refuse to follow. Whether unity could be preserved under 'intellectual' direction would depend almost entirely on the personal abilities of the directors, and at the moment the prospects are scarcely bright. Mr. MacDonald has a good presence, fluent command of commonplace, self-satisfaction, Parlia-

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mentary adroitness, the art of being all things to all men, but no streak of genius. His ingrained conventionality of mind has made him the ideal man to be first Labor Premier, but as the second he would strain the patience of his friends, and he would, I think, never be allowed a third term. Mr. Snowden, despite a popular Budget, has already shrunk to insignificance. Mr. Webb, with a library of Fabian tracts behind him, is rapidly qualifying for a seat in the Lords, where he will do nothing in particular and do it very well — superlatively well if only his chief will be so super-venturesome as at the same time to award another peerage to Mrs. Webb. With one exception, the other personages are even less impressive. Messrs. Trevelyan, Buxton, and Ponsonby have their Ministerial places only to remind us that Labor's occupation of the Treasury Bench has not so much as broken the line of succession of our ruling families. The solitary member of the Government who stands half a head above the rest is Mr. Wheatley; but Mr. Wheatley is hardly likely to go much further than he has gone already. He is what the late Lord Fisher would have called 'a great conceptionist,' and to Trades-Union secretaries and such as they he appears a dangerous visionary. On the other hand, the 'advanced' thinkers know perfectly well that, because he is a believing and practising Roman Catholic, there are a great many points beyond which he will not advance with them.

If the positions gained are to be held and improved, Labor in the next few years must discover to the world a new leader capable of translating into practical politics those high hopes raised by the evangelists of yesterday. He will have to be a statesman, but much more than an ordinary statesman; for he must at once satisfy the men and women whose thoughts of life are as humdrum as the toil by which they earn a living, and keep at the right pitch of exaltation the spirits of those who are yearning for Utopia. The first are the voting strength of the party; the second its sole spiritual driving force. Without the two together, Labor must relapse into impotence as a political body, though the idea that this can happen is now generally derided.

The Conservative Party has its ups and downs, but in comparison with the others is fixed and solid. Even under the ludicrously bad management of Mr. Baldwin it holds its place as the largest single Party in Great Britain, and there is no likelihood that it will be further reduced in the near future. The struggle of to-morrow and the day after will be between the 'Progressives' for second place.

In this combat two considerations must be taken into account. It is frequently stated as axiomatic that Labor will keep and improve its lead; but a merchant of bulls might be excused for saying that the odds are even. Until the last general election Mr. MacDonald's party had glamour as its prime asset. It was the unknown quantity — therefore magnificent. But the glamour is already going, and before long it will be gone, unless there should appear above the political horizon some inspired and inspiring leader as yet unknown. But when we come to consider the prospects for the Liberals, something more than a mere decline in Socialist prestige must be premised before a Liberal revival can be expected. As long as the Liberals choose to be no more than a right wing to the Socialists or a left wing to the Tories, there will be no improvement in their fortunes, and there may well be a declension. People who want Socialism will deal at Mr. MacDonald's store, where, if the goods do not come up to expectation, they are at all events the

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best available. People who want Toryism will still go to the old shop where, despite the outrageous blunders of the managing director, a fine tradition lingers. While Mr. Lloyd George continues to advertise something 'just as good as Socialism,' the public may gape about his stall as about a cheap-jack's, but they will not buy. The conservatively minded may secretly sigh for the wares which Mr. Asquith could give them if he were really in business. But he is like the superannuated tradesman who, while he cannot leave the shop altogether, does not trouble about selling anything. Like Dr. Johnson's reformed tallow-chandler, he loves to attend on 'melting days,' in order to sniff the familiar odors; but he is vastly more interested in the art and machinery of politics than in anything politics might produce. Further, he does not advertise at all.

IV

The Liberal Party, in fine, can, if it likes, recover much of its old power. But the condition of such revival is that Liberalism shall again mean something, if not precisely what the old Liberalism meant. And while adapting itself to the times, it must not belie its whole tradition; it must remain fundamentally Liberal. Every Liberal candidate must be able to go to his constituency with the words, 'I am a Liberal because I believe in Liberty,' and successful candidates will subsequently have to back their words by their votes. Mr. Lloyd George struck the right note the other day when he told his Welsh supporters that the traditional task of his party was 'defending and extending the boundaries of freedom.' Unfortunately, everybody knows that the tradition is no longer followed, and that few British statesmen have done more to curtail the boundaries than Mr. Lloyd George himself. In the ballad of the American flag, freedom is depicted as descending 'from her mountain height'; in Mr. George's opinion some uninhabitable crag of his native land is her proper abiding-place. On the lower planes, where we must live and work and die, he has no use for her save as a rhetorical figure. During the war he was but one of the many Ministers in all the Allied countries who were responsible for restrictive legislation; but with him it could never be felt, as with some others, that the laws he fathered or sanctioned were devised to meet an exceptional emergency. With him the country is always in danger, in peace as in war, and his invariable plan to meet the danger is some kind of interference with the right of ordinary men to order their lives as they please. His ideal seems to be a beneficent and energetic bureaucracy, with a general election every five years or so to confirm its decrees. Should confirmation not be forthcoming, one suspects that he would sacrifice the ballot box rather than the beneficence and the energy. Now and then, of course, he does almost persuade us that he is in earnest about freeing the land from 'the rusty chains of feudalism,' or, at least, he almost persuades those of us who live in towns. But in rural England they are more skeptical. The modern squire, as a squire, does not after all suggest feudalism to personal acquaintances. Either he is an impoverished person who can be pronounced harmless, or a wealthy townsman who spends in the village a little of the money he has made in the city. So long as this money lasts, he is a not unwelcome, though probably a derided, object of the countryside.

Under Mr. Lloyd George, no revival of Liberalism is, I imagine, possible. Nor is it much more likely should Mr. Asquith succeed in holding a position always threatened. Though without any burning faith in democracy, and

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even with a certain lawyerlike distrust of mankind in the mass, he is orthodox enough. With hand on heart he could repeat his predecessor's dictum that 'good government is no substitute for self-government.' But all the while he would be making the mental reservation that good government is a mere figment of the imagination. The real trouble about Mr. Asquith, however, is that he is an economist, and of late years has become an economist of energy. Were he Prime Minister again, with a number of faithful second lieutenants to drudge for him, and a substantial majority on the benches behind him, he would do respectably well; but he is not of those who 'face a hopeless hill with sparking and delight,' and he has got into the habit of regarding as hopeless every hill to be climbed. He could keep together an army (mostly marking time) that had never known rout or serious discomfiture. He is not the man to inspire courage in a Party that once, twice, and thrice has endured dire defeat.

But, whereas the Labor leader of tomorrow will require to be gifted with something very like supermanhood to satisfy the hopes set on him, the Liberal leadership could be successfully filled by one of abilities but a degree above mediocrity. The task before him is not particularly hard. It will not be his business to persuade the public to accompany him through several wildernesses into a promised but unglimpsed land of milk and honey. On the contrary, his main concern will be to urge them to follow their own noses. True, the advice will seem novel to them, and it will, therefore, have to be repeated several times, and with energy, before they grasp its implication. But it is impossible to think that liberty, either as word or fact, has lost all the lure it has exercised over humanity since the beginning of recorded time. Judged at its lowest, simply as a slogan, there is magic in it. 'The people have a right to make their own mistakes' — the essence of Liberalism is in that spell-binding phrase. It ought to be popular, and it is very hard to understand why none of our ambitious young politicians is shouting it from the housetops.

All this, of course, is not to hint that Liberals can go back to unmitigated laissez-faire, which modern conditions have made impossible. Young Manchester has killed the anarchical ideals of Old Manchester. 'Angels alone, that soar above, enjoy such liberty' as the early Cobdenites postulated for all and sundry; but there is no obvious reason why the Liberal Party should not again announce its championship of the individual both as regards his person and his property. Lest there should be any mistake as to their meaning, the word 'individual' would have to be emphasized.

As things are, control, and even increased control, may be necessary for the great Capitalist corporations, and checks against the tyranny of Labor combinations may have to be devised. But the right of the individual to go his own way as long as he remains an individual is quite another matter. A reformed Liberal Party might, in opposition, do worse than concentrate on safeguarding such personal liberties as the individual still possesses, and in office might set itself to the restoration of many that have been lost. The Party would thus regain its character, and, having once more a raison d'être, could no longer be treated by its adversaries with contempt. No special harm would be done to the community, and, it may be, much good. The ordinary swing of the political pendulum would be a guaranty against exaggerated licence, and, as periods of freedom would alternate with periods of paternal rule, the fear of paternalism harden-

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ing into oppressive Prussianism, which at present is very real, would be removed.

V

That Labor is making the way easy for such a Liberal revival, and may end by making it inevitable, leaps to the eyes. As yet the average Englishman only grumbles at the trammels put upon him by Government after Government, and is not actively in revolt against them. If he is not allowed to buy tobacco after eight o'clock in the evening, he calls the law an ass, and perhaps bribes the barmaid at the nearest public house to supply him with a packet of cigarettes; but his annoyance does not affect his vote at the next election. For one thing, none of the candidates offers to take up the question for him. If, again, he hears that the police now have the right to search private dwellings for improper books and pictures, his resentment against this potential invasion of his home is wholly abstract. The principle involved does not really stir him.

Principles, indeed, do not bulk largely in the English mind until and unless they are made matter for a political agitation. Then, they will often fill it to the exclusion of every material consideration. What happened when the Lords threw out Mr. George's Budget in 1909 is worth remembering. In advance, the man in the street did not seem to care much, one way or the other; but when the whole eloquence of the Liberal Party was employed in telling him that the Chamber in which he was represented had been flouted by the Chamber that represented a class only, his ire was aroused. That he would stand for defense of the House of Commons and not for the house in which he lives, is incredible. So far, however, no politician has thought it worth while to tell him that his house is seriously threatened. The middle-class elector still tries to fancy that, whatever else is taken from him, his house is his castle. The proletarian knows that it is nothing of the sort, and is sore about it; but nobody — least of all the Labor Party — offers him redress. Governments come and go, but, as far as he can see, he is going to be inspected and spied and pried on until the earth covers his coffin.

It is, however, clear that we are but at the beginning of the assault on the Englishman's status as a free man. Unless he happens to belong to the comparatively small section of the income-tax payers, in which case he is painfully aware of his obligation to work for the State during several months of the year, he is as yet far from accounting himself a serf. The assailing forces have been careful to advance little by little, with a law here and a by-law there, a restriction one year and a perquisition the next. Often the individual is unaware of the barriers erected about him until the inevitable moment arrives when he knocks his head against one of them. But an important fact has to be borne in mind. Labor cannot afford to advance quite as slowly and cautiously as the parties which have hitherto held office. Either it must put into operation some of its plans for the regeneration of Britain — or perish; and every intelligent Socialist agrees that without a number of new and drastic restraints on ordinary men and women these plans cannot be sensibly advanced. When, therefore, Labor starts its big push, the threat will be, not to our minor liberties, but to some or all of those rights which have ever been treated as inherent in each human being born outside servitude.

First and foremost, perhaps, is the whole question of a man's right to own property. The merely sentimental Laborite sometimes says he has no ob-

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jection to an individual owning a property provided it is a little one, and that if he favors confiscation at all it is only in the case of those of great possessions. As talk, this is pretty — but it is not practical politics. Tarquin struck down his largest adversaries first, and was deposed for his temerity. In these days his mistake is never repeated. The Socialist Minister, at war with property, will strike first at the small owners; and, though even at them he will strike indirectly, there is no reason why he should not strike hard. When he has disposed of them, he may turn his attention to the big men, who will then be friendless. No British Parliament will from start to finish be asked to pass a law for transferring lands or houses to the State, or even mines and railways; but the position of the existing owners can be made untenable within a short space of time. Mr. Wheatley's Housing Bill illustrates the point. Whether it will fulfill its ostensible purpose of obtaining houses in which people can live, remains to be seen; but it will certainly multiply the great present difficulties of every person to whom a house belongs and will break the poorer of them. As an act it will serve to prevent any individual of modest means from building or buying a house of his own. And so the attack on private ownership will continue.

Other Socialists, again, are fond of telling the public that it is only real property at which they aim, and that the acquisition of personal property has their warm approval. The distinction is unpractical. A house, a field, a garden, are real property, but they are also among the most personal things a man can have and hold, and, were they as widely distributed among the population in England as in France and Ireland, their transfer to municipalities or the State could not be contemplated. In existing conditions it would appear that the protection and restoration of small property might be made a prominent item in any programme of genuine Liberalism as a counter to the Socialist proposals. Something of the kind is occasionally mentioned in inconspicuous corners of Liberal addresses, but its vote-winning value has not been exploited since the days of three acres and a cow. That cry, or its topical equivalent — a four-roomed dwelling and a wireless installation, in some neighborhoods — is the obvious reply to such as Mr. Wheatley.

Intimately connected with the problem of nationalization is that of the right to work or to withhold work. During a recent railway strike a Labor Minister told the House of Commons that the Government could not be expected to carry on the services of a public-utility company run by private capital. Had the line belonged to and been managed by the State, what would he have said and done? Another Minister has lately refused reinstatement to certain police strikers, and, from the point of view of a logical Socialist, he was unquestionably right. Nationalization of an industry must mean that all employed in it are brought to the police level. The miner, for instance, is just as necessary to the community as the constable; but, although his immediate employer is, or can be envisaged as, a private person, he can 'down tools' at will. As an official, he would lose that privilege. That the rest of us might be more comfortable under those conditions may be granted or disputed, but it does not affect the issue. The Liberal, because presumably he values liberty as more precious than efficiency, must stand for the right to strike even though it involves many hardships. Equally, by the way, he must stand for the right to work. Just as he must oppose dragooning by the employer, public or private, so must

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he defend the individual who is ready to labor when a Trades-Union has ordered a stoppage. Socialism, of course, implies industrial conscription, and all Socialists must, on pain of stultification, approve Trotzky's dictum that those who will not work shall not eat. Choice of employment must evidently be restricted, if not abolished, under any system of bona fide Socialism.

But here, perhaps, we are looking rather far ahead. For the present Liberals can confine themselves to resisting nationalization, and can do so on two grounds. First, because it is the denial of a man's right to own property, and secondly, because it is the end of a man's right to own even himself.

It may be, however, that the greatest of all the struggles between the Socialist ideal of good government and the Liberal ideal of self-government will be waged over the question of marriage and the family. Nothing is more certain than that permanence can be given to the paradises of Labor only in a country where a perfect balance is struck between national wealth and national population. This is fully realized already by all save the most shallow thinkers in the Socialist Party. The Socialist who is not utterly befuddled by his visions is, of necessity, a Malthusian. So far he is only a propagandist, but, if he is sincere, he will be no more content to stop at propaganda than anybody else who sees a chance of imposing a sincerely held opinion. Gradually he is moving to the point where compulsory birth-control can be made a rule with no more than the usual number of exceptions. A people kept or employed by the State could quite easily be prohibited from having more than a certain number of children, and, in some cases, from having any children at all. A people increasingly dependent on the State could be regulated in the same way with only a little more difficulty. And here again Liberalism dictates unflinching opposition. Whatever else has been taken from individuals, this at least, Liberals would say, must be left to them. To have children or not — that is emphatically their affair. A thorough Liberal would of course add, 'But they must not expect others thereafter to maintain them.'

How England will decide between these two ideals, between Socialist and Liberal, cannot be foreseen; yet enough has been said to suggest that the Liberal still has good cards to play. One more thing is to be added. Liberalism, the defense of liberty, has the advantage of being unfamiliar in contemporary politics. Whenever its standard is raised, it will be mistaken for a brand-new standard. The English people will see over it the halo which till yesterday hung above the red flag of Labor. It will appeal as a novelty even if it does not at once convince as a philosophy.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHERE THERE ARE PIPES, THERE MAY BE SMOKE

'WHY don't you smoke a pipe? It 's so masculine, so homey.' If you are married, you have almost certainly heard this. And I, for one, will admit that the idea is not without appeal. There is something undeniably homey, and settled, and carpet-slippery, about the picture of one's self comfortably bogged in a deep chair, legs asprawl, and clouds of fragrant smoke drifting ceilingward through the mellow glow of the reading-lamp. And the Little Woman at hand, playing with the Mah Jongg tiles, or smiling at one over the *Home Companion*, ever and anon ecstatically sniffing the domestic incense — from a safe distance. So, straining for masculinity, I bought a pipe.

It cost more than I had expected to pay, but then, it was 'genuine briar-root from the sun-baked plains of Algeria, seasoned for fifteen years, beautifully grained,' as the crafty tobacconeer pointed out. It was a fine, rich, winey shade, one had to admit. And more wonders! With a deft twist he snitched out the stem and exposed a veritable maze of sanitary plumbing. Aluminum traps, odd cup-shaped catchalls, U joints to ensnare the insidious nicotine. My mechanical talents running solely to the withdrawal of balky nails or the pounding in of same, fingers and all, I contemplated the intricate piping with misgiving. 'How about a man to run the thing?' I inquired with a sickly attempt at humor. 'Ridiculous,' said the piper, 'it runs itself. Look!' A few twists, and inside of five minutes everything was back in place — and without the aid of a blueprint.

Tobacco presented the next difficulty. Something mild and fragrant, I decided. Something with the scent of new-mown hay, and the strength of a cubeb cigarette. There were some forty mixtures to choose from; it should have been easy. But unexpected difficulties arose — I should have one mixture for dry weather, another for damp, yet another for winter. When I finally shut the door behind me, I bulged with no less than five small tins, and had rushed forth in desperation lest he produce a special tobacco designed for use only on election days and school holidays.

The first filling and lighting was a momentous event, despite my effort to make it a casual one. After the last plate had been wiped and the checkered tea-towel pitched up over the stove-pipe to dry, we sauntered into the living-room, arm in arm. Assuming as nonchalant an air as possible, I sank into the large chair, and after the proper interval drew forth the new pipe and one of the mixtures. My wife's eyes widened, her mouth flew open, hands clasped in ecstasy. 'A pipe, a *real* pipe!' she crowed, quite as if she were agreeably surprised not to discover it made of celluloid or rosin. 'Where *did* you get it?'

'Thought I 'd try it,' said I, in an offhand manner, quite as though the idea had been my own from the start. 'It 's a man's smoke — ought to help cutting down on the cigarettes too. Let 's have it, before you drop it.' She finally relinquished the prize, perching on the arm of the chair like

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an inquisitive wren, bursting with suggestions and admiring comment. Clutching the bowl in my left hand, I sought to pour the tobacco into it from the round tin. I had seen this done in a most workmanlike fashion by a friend named Farrier — his long, bony forefinger went tap, tap, tap, like a methodical woodpecker on a dead limb, and just the proper amount of the fragrant granules popped out and into the bowl as though measured to fit. It looked simple. But with my first tap, nothing came out at all, and with the second tap half the contents of the tin cascaded forth. It filled the bowl, however, to say nothing of my lap and the cuffs of my trousers, and drew a peal of laughter from my wife.

'These new tins are slippery as the devil,' said I, assuming what I imagined to be an experienced air. She laughed again. Louder, I thought, than such a trivial incident warranted.

Next the packing down. My friend Farrier always used the index finger of the right hand, I recalled. This operation, while attended with a certain delicacy and precision, had never appeared difficult. The question was, just how much pressure to apply. Enough to hold the tobacco firmly in place, surely — I tamped it down with lusty pokes. A typhoon could scarcely have rippled the topmost layer when I finished. I drew forth the packet of matches.

'No, no! Me — let me light it! Me,' pleaded the wren, snatching the matches from my hands. 'All right,' I granted, 'but light the blame thing evenly, back and forth, and don't burn the er — er briar. It 's from Bulgaria.'

Never was temple fire attended with more rapt or devout ceremony. Never did two human beings approach a religious rite with more veneration. And never, I venture to state, were more surprising results returned. The steady yellow flame moved slowly across the tiny altar, the incense awaited its caress, and I leaned back and drew in a vast and tremendous pull on the stem. But no balmy cloud of soothing smoke rewarded; in fact, nothing came out. I pulled until my eyes crossed briskly, the veins in my forehead swelled ominously. I recalled the doctor's words, 'Your blood pressure is higher than I like to see it.' I stopped suddenly, slowly deflating to normal dimensions.

'Try once more; one more 'll do it,' urged the wren, too absorbed in the mechanics of the business to note my apoplectic hue. Again the flame swept the bowl; again I inflated and sucked in mightily. This time, things happened. From the depths of the pipe came first a subdued squeaking, a noise such as you hear on unearthing a newborn family of field mice. Then a low moan, and finally, a shrill, reedy peep, culminating in a veritable blast of tobacco into my mouth and throat. But no smoke. Subsequent examination revealed that I had not, as I feared, inhaled the sanitary plumbing system along with half of the bowl's contents. But it felt like it.

Nothing less than a woman's scorn could have brought me up to the starting-line again. Under alternate waves of pity and poorly concealed merriment, I packed the bowl for the second attempt — packed it loosely, and with misgiving. Corkscrewing my feet tightly around the chair legs, I shut my eyes and pulled gingerly, ready to hurl the entire works through the open window at the first sign of treachery. But lo, a mellow warmth filled my mouth; a cautious sniff revealed smoke in the air. Taking heart from the encouraging signs, I sucked strongly, and was rewarded by a rich billow which eddied into my throat. A live, breathing

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coal pulsated in that pipe, attuned to my very spirit.

'Wonderful,' cried my wife. 'Now, you look like a man!' Overlooking the obvious inference of the remark, I swelled with pride at the tone in which it was uttered, and blew forth a great gust which curled and writhed in a quiet atmosphere.

This was more like it, I thought. One bold puff succeeded another, the wren marveling at the blue clouds which issued from my mouth like the exhaust from a motor boat. The plumbing worked well, only an occasional cinder or a drop of some peculiarly pungent and biting liquid sifting through to dampen my enthusiasm momentarily.

Sitting far down in the deep upholstery, I endeavored to assume the beneficent, far-away expression which every right-thinking pipe-smoker seems to acquire. A new difficulty arose, however. After ten minutes of steady puffing, I became aware that my expectoratory powers had suddenly developed to an amazing degree. The hundred tiny unseen glands — which the tooth paste advertisements tell us must function twenty-four hours a day if we would avoid dental damnation — all began to work at once. Swallowing fiercely, I did my best to retain my dignity. Somehow, this exercise did not go with the calm, benign composure which a true lover of the pipe should exhibit. I recalled that my friend Farrier seldom expectorated, and that when he did, it was not from pressure within, but rather to confirm his skillful and deadly aim on a knot in the flooring, or on the person of some luckless beetle which happened to cross his path. Yet there it was. And with it came a faint but disturbing hint of light-headedness — a vague feeling that all within was not exactly as it should be — a slight unsteadiness upon arising suddenly —

'You know,' my wife's voice broke in on me as I was making a conscious effort to focus on a landscape which waggled oddly on the farther wall, 'every real home-man I know of smokes a pipe. You have no idea how kind of contented you look now — almost a part of the chair. A pipe 's so much more manly-looking than a cigarette, somehow. Why, what 's the matter — ' as I rose, wild-eyed, and floundered from the room.

That was eight months ago. Since that fateful day, my pipe and I have become nodding acquaintances, if not warm friends. He sits enshrined on a holder of hammered brass, on top of a fumed-oak cabinet, such as all regular homey smokers are presented with, if they live long enough. And I sit in my armchair across the room; I nod brightly at him, and sometimes, if the light catches him just right and he 's in the proper humor, he winks back — a brief, understanding wink from his silver band. Which leads me to conclude that there are pipes and pipes, and that he, apparently, is not a homey sort of pipe at all!

FIFTY–SEVEN OLD WOMEN WHO NEVER USED SOAP

When Thoreau immortalized the anonymous old woman who lived under a hill (and if she 's not dead, she 's living there still) he opened a vista into universal history that has many whimsical aspects. The comparative hygienic habits of this old woman and her predecessors are an aspect that can be treated with delicacy perhaps and still make the inquiry piquant.

If this old woman were a hundred years old and touched hands with another who lived a century before her, and so on back to Mother Eve, there

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would be only sixty, all in a row. Your great-grandmother, were she a hundred, back to Eve is a respectable party of only sixty old women. Not an unusual tea party, Thoreau says, but their gossip would be universal history, their customs a most enlightening insight into evolution, and their costumes a study in vogue such as no museum has ever attempted.

It is shocking to think that of these sixty old ladies only three of them could ever have used soap. The old woman who nursed Columbus was the fourth. She took a bath in the summer without a detergent and rubbed her skin with a coarse flaxen towel. The twentieth was Cleopatra, whose bath is no mystery in technique or detail. There is a popular impression that the essence of her bath was soap. Essential oils were used in the rite, but the cleansing agent was fine white sand applied by her maids. She came clean by erasure. The makers of abrasives have more right to Cleopatra than the makers of soap. Helen of Troy was the thirtieth, but neither history, legend, nor art has revealed the secret of her perfection, beauty, or hygienic ceremony. Susanna's bath was composed of the elements of surprise and delight.

But to return to your great-grandmother. Allow that she could procure and did use soap, and maybe so her great-grandmother. Further back than that, though they indexed themselves in the Modern Age, they were hygienic barbarians. Gradually the use of soap has become general, or nearly so, and Liebig says that a nation's degree of civilization may be judged by the amount of soap it consumes. Our present generation in America consumes more soap than any people in the world. Our use of cosmetics is increasing at almost the same rate, and it is interesting to relate soap to cosmetics in their historical origins.

Soap was made crudely centuries ago by the Gauls, but used as a cosmetic and not as a cleanser. This is recorded by the elder Pliny and we have no reason to doubt it. This cosmetic was made from tallow and ashes and it turned the hair a bright red. Goat suet and beechwood ashes produced the most popular and fashionable results. It is perplexing to evaluate the discovery of soap properly, for its origin is so confused in vanity. Another historian credits the invention of soap, or a mixture that perhaps was the genesis of soap, to a colony of Phœnician settlers in Gaul, who used it as a salve for eruptions on the body. The lye was made from water and ashes and olive oil was used for the fat. This source is of greater spiritual comfort, because the healing of diseases, while never a proper function of soap, is a more ennobling impulse than the false adornment of the person by discolored hair. Credit the forbears of the French *parfumeurs*, ironical as it may seem, with the discovery of soda ash made from common salt, and the exact constitution of the fatty acids and of processes for their separation. These two discoveries made possible the manufacture of soap as it is known to us in modern days. And this was at the end of the eighteenth century.

We of the twentieth century are apt to think of soap as a necessity. We feel that the Great Unwashed is a reducible minimum which is gradually being soaped and sudsed and made whiter than snow. Think back eighteen centuries, and then on back to the founding of Rome, to Romulus and Remus, whose mother did not use soap for her babies' skins but licked them with her tongue. Imagine the millions and millions of people in these ages without soap and then fancy with what pride Thoreau's old woman under the hill must have exhibited her

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inexpensive little concoction that gave her both health and social advantage. Poor but clean, she was. Next to her in line was a lady of great refinement, no doubt, but her hygienic habits had been formed in an environment that to us would seem heroic and discouraging. Next to her, was a lady of unascertainable nationality but of undisguised arrogance, for she, third from last in this formidable array of historical characters, was the first to taste the joy and display the benefits of chemically scientific cleanliness. She had reared many children, none of whom had ever discovered a continent or laid the foundation of a Columbian age, yet her nose tilted just a little when she was discussing the proper way to bring up a baby, and she said frankly that the Discoverer of this Continent might have established a more godly land, had he himself had the advantage of higher standards of personal cleanliness!

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION

It was a raw, damp, April Saturday; the chill of the lower New York air was doing its best to freeze up good intentions — a fine day for morbid souls to feed upon. Anything disagreeable might happen, unless you had a name that sounded Irish or knew you were born lucky.

I had been told that if I wanted a chance to get into Europe before the war business was entirely cleaned up (there was almost nothing left then but the S.O.S.) I was to get myself down to the French liner which was sailing for Marseilles the next afternoon. Try buying a complete outfit for nobody-knows-how-long a stay in Europe on twenty-four hours' notice and your last month's pay check!

Someone had told me that I could get first-class — though used — army blankets at the Red Cross shop down town. I boarded a Lexington Avenue surface car at Thirty-first Street and crawled down to Sixteenth Street, got off and turned east. I had walked about fifteen hurried paces when I became aware that my right hand felt queer. I did n't have my pocketbook — a medium-sized, rather flat (as I mentioned before) brown-leather affair. Surely I had paid my car fare on that Lexington Avenue car? True, my mind was distracted, but the conductor would n't have permitted such an omission. I must have left it on the car.

Here I was: not a cent of money, time as precious as platinum, and I miles from the few friends I had uptown. I retraced my steps to the corner, looking without faith along the sidewalk, and then gazing hopelessly down town after a car which must have been at Whitehall Street by that time.

On the corner was one of those red-gold-trimmed Meccas — a United Cigar Store. On its hospitable threshold stood a bluecoat, twirling his stick and gazing complacently at a seemingly peaceful world. He was built liberally — just as he should have been.

I crossed the street and stepped up in front of him. The stick stopped twirling and his eyes dropped — well, about six feet, I should say, judging from the size I felt as I began my story. As I remember, I omitted the date of the sailing of the liner and the reputed cheapness of the blankets. The omissions were probably due more to nervousness than to good judgment.

You know how some folks can make you seem to be lying when you are being so truthful that you feel almost naked. Looking at me, appraising me from my steady-going flat heels to my plain-band-around-straw hat and then down again, he said with a strong Donegal accent, 'Will, loidy, why don't ye tilephone your frinds?'

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That remark did much to give me poise. He was n't wholly logical, and anybody who is n't wholly logical may be weak and sympathetic at times. Had n't I told him I did n't have a cent of money?

Timidly I reminded him of the unresponsive ways of public telephones. Once again his gray eyes traveled up and down my ultra-respectable, uninteresting raiment. Then his stick slipped to his side and his right hand to his pocket.

'Here 's tin cents. Go over to the nixt block — take your subway up to One-sixty-eight. There 's the Lexington Avenue car bairns. Wait there and maybe whin the car comes up ye went down on ye can spot the conductor — and maybe ye can't. If ye can't, tell 'em at the bairns to tilephone the lost-and-found department. If ye can't git any satisfaction, ye can use the nickel ye 've lift to git back to your frinds.'

Did I thank him properly? Could he see the lump in my throat which was so rapidly closing my windpipe? Just before I turned away I made sure of the figures on the silver plate on that blue coat — 961.

It did n't take me long to make the subway. All the way up I was planning how to get along without the blanket — and then, as one always does, I enumerated dozens of things which I could have bought with that lost money. The way lost money bears interest and doubles its purchasing value is marvelous.

Heavens! the next thing I knew the train was pulling into One-hundred-eighty-first Street! And the policeman had told me to get off at One-sixty-eight. Wildly I rushed out and down the steps and into the down-town entrance. And wildly I squandered the remaining nickel to ride back to One-sixty-eight. Time passed like mad!

Just as No. 961 had said, the Lexington Avenue surface-car barns were right across the street. For the first hour and fifteen minutes I stood and watched and waited. Whenever a car from down-town pulled in, I stepped up close to the steps, making it necessary for each man to walk around me or over me if he got off his car. They all looked at me with open curiosity. Women are scarce around car barns, I gather.

One motorman said as he stepped off the front, 'Wonder if that 's Jim's wife, waiting for his pay envelope again?'

You 'd be surprised to see how conductors and motormen seem to resemble one another. By the end of an hour and a half I don't believe I 'd have recognized my own father in one of those uniforms. Despair settled thickly all over me.

Along came another car. This time I did n't step forward — just kept on leaning heavily against the brick wall of the entrance. Off stepped the conductor, slim, young, Danish-looking. He looked at me, dived into his coat pocket and held up *my purse*, grinned, and said, 'I got it, lady!'

Detaching myself abruptly from the brick wall, I rushed forward, expecting to clasp my treasure. He shook his head. According to the rules of the company he must turn in all articles found on cars at the desk upstairs. But, he said, I had better go upstairs with him and identify my property.

Nothing could have been more to my liking. As we climbed the stairs he remarked, 'Now you want to be sure you know just what is in it. I 'll tip you off. You have so many bills, so many pieces, and a little piece of pink stuff.' This last was really a sample of lavender voile.

Behind the grating in front of an office-window upstairs, sat a lean Uriah

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Heep model. Clearly, definitely, reassuringly, did that young Dane explain the situation, with the pocketbook still clutched in his hand. Eagerly I corroborated each statement. All the time the man inside kept shaking his head and I suffered a relapse in my spirits. Then in a bored, final tone, without apparently taking the least interest in either the conductor or myself, he said, 'I 'll have to have this purse and send it down to Ninety-sixth Street to our Lost and Found Department, and Monday you can go down and redeem it, madam, if it is yours.'

Monday! In vain we pleaded. That office clerk stretched long, thin, ink-stained fingers under the grating and I saw my wallet carried back to a desk on the other side of the room. I looked at the conductor. He looked at me. Then, with a sudden rush of masculine chivalry, he said, 'Can't you ride back on my car and get near where you live?'

I assured him I could. So we started out. If I had been president of the whole I. R. T. I could n't have ridden any cheaper than I did on that trip, and there was n't anybody in the whole world I liked any better at that moment than the honest, big-hearted boy at the back of the car. We had gone about ten blocks when he came down the aisle with a two-dollar bill in his hand. 'Would n't this help you out for a little while, ma'am?'

I want to tell you that the lump in my throat which I had swallowed earlier in the morning rose up bigger and harder; with blurry eyes I refused the two-dollar bill. But if ever I sit on a Board which is dividing up and apportioning Europe to different nations, I 'll use my influence to see that Denmark stretches well down toward the Mediterranean.

I got off at One-hundred-forty-fifth Street with this time a number on a brass plate stamped on what little mind I had left — Conductor 1078.

It did n't take me long to rush over to my room and friends, get the rest of my money, board a subway down to Fourteenth, walk back to Sixteenth, praying all the way that officer No. 961 might still be on duty during the noonday rush. Luck again! There in the middle of the street stood that bulwark of comfort. Adroitly I stepped up behind him, tapped him on the arm, and held out an open palm with a dime in it. He turned quickly, started to look as his job demanded, and then suddenly his face broke into folds of real pleasure. He grabbed my whole hand, saying, 'Will, will, loidy, did ye git it?'

In spite of three hours shot to the wind, I took time to tell him of the car-barn experience and the trip back (I wish now I had told him how I squandered the other nickel).

The last thing he said was, 'Here 's good luck to ye!'

Yes, I got the blanket. It was cheap. It was warm. With hurried directions left with my friends as to a reward to be sent to Conductor No. 1078, and a letter to the Chief commending Officer 961, and their promise to go for my purse on Monday, I started that afternoon for the steamer. I did n't miss it.

It 's a good old world and

> Ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
> It gives a lovely light.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

PURSUING the theme of Lord Moulton's now famous essay in which he sought to define the domain of Positive Law, the domain of Free Choice, and that larger territory which lies between them, where we are obedient to the 'unenforceable,' **William P. Gest** declares that no such willful boundaries exist in this country; rather we are fenced within a high-barred reform and saddled with 'a liberty created by law' — for the most part a galling harness. Students as well as lawyers will recognize the authority of Mr. Gest's quotations, though for convenience's sake we have eliminated the references from the text. **Samuel Taylor Moore,** formerly of the Publicity Department of the American Legion, has written extensively on aviation and other subjects in which veterans are particularly interested. During the war Mr. Moore was an officer in the Balloon Corps. ¶The Jew who defends his race against that national blackball, so often the mark of pride and prejudice, is an important member of a large institution where Jew and Gentile work together in business harmony. ¶**A. Cecil Edwards** has just resumed his London residence after thirteen years in Persia. His other miniature, 'Omar's Grave,' appeared in the September *Atlantic.*

* * *

When **James R. Nichols** was a boy, his grandmother told him stories of a revolutionary soldier whom she had known in her childhood. Some of these stories were taken from the soldier's diary, a hallowed heirloom. This in time descended to Mr. Nichols. From his transcription, we have selected the most characteristic entries. ¶It requires the even-tempered geniality of **Edward W. Bok** to consider the most offensive subject in the world — age — whether it be middle, ripe, or old. **George Villiers,** an English poet recently familiar to the *Atlantic,* here writes in happy accord with childhood and the season. **Simeon Strunsky,** whose *Post-Impressions* were formerly a part of a New York evening's entertainment, is now on the editorial staff of the *New York Times.* ¶As a practising member of the Philadelphia bar, **Walter Gilkyson** knows the way of the legal brotherhood from the inside. Mr. Gilkyson's first novel, *Oil,* has recently been published by Scribners.

* * *

That the Berkshire horizon once bounded the ideal of home and peace is the whimsical memory of **Carroll Perry.** ¶As editor of the *American Lawn Tennis Magazine,* **Stephen Wallis Merrihew** is particularly qualified to discuss tennis writers and tennis-players. Mr. Merrihew is one of the Committee of Seven which is to decide the Tilden case. **Ramsay Traquair** expresses the hearty wish that the scientist, the artist, and the mystic should untie the apron strings that bind them to the feminine and practical civilization of the United States. Why this civilization is both feminine and practical, Mr. Traquair explained in the *Atlantic* of last November. ¶With strong and fine old words has the English poet, **Wilfrid Gibson,** raised a spirit from the dead. **James Truslow Adams** is an American historian and the author of *The Founding of New England* and *Revolutionary New England* (1691–1776), both published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Mr. Adams is at present engaged on a third volume of Colonial history. ¶From Eastern lore, **L. Adams Beck** has chosen this story of a lover who suffered a sanitary, although none the less dramatic, sacrifice.

* * *

Walter Lippmann, as successor to **Frank I. Cobb,** is in charge of the editorial page of the *New York World.* **F. E. Haynes,** professor of sociology at the University of Iowa, and the author of *Social Politics in the United States,* here describes the political ideas and ideals suggested by a single name. **William Henry Chamberlin**

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is now in his third year of residence at Moscow as correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. During this time Mr. Chamberlin has seen at close hand the ten men who are steering the Russian State. **E. T. Raymond** is editor of the *London Evening Standard* and a student of political forces and personalities.

* * *

The gentleness of Friends.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was with the greatest pleasure that I read Miss Thompson's article on the Friendly days of her youth. My mother was also a Philadelphia Quaker and some of the tales of her youth are like Miss Thompson's.

My grandfather was a man who followed his own convictions and was very liberal for his day. Yet later when he found a flute on which his young son was learning to play, and which for safe-keeping the lad had hidden among the tablecloths, grandfather confiscated the little instrument and destroyed it. Music of course of any sort was forbidden, as having a pernicious influence on the young.

Once grandfather had burned a borrowed book, some harmless novel of the day, and great was my mother's fear that he would find *Pickwick* hidden under the sewing work in her basket. *Pickwick* had just come out and she was enjoying it greatly. He did find it, and opened it, as was inevitable, at the spot where the greatest freedom of language was set forth, the daughter holding her breath at the possible outcome. He closed the book and laid it down observing, 'I do not see, daughter, how thee can get pleasure or profit from such a book.'

He was an ardent Abolitionist and of course had many trials and provocations of spirit, but he never showed his perfectly justifiable irritation beyond a hand clenched tight and a fiery flush on head and face. His Quaker training had taught absolute control. Even when, on a visit of 'religious concern' to Delaware, he was tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail by the pro-slavery men of Salem, he offered no resistance to the insult, but spoke to them gently, and courteously invited them to visit him in Philadelphia.

The Yearly Meeting was truly a fearful time for the housekeepers. They stocked the larder with all sorts of food which could be prepared beforehand and could be counted on to keep, as well as with toothsome and more perishable viands. They set long tables in the dining-room never knowing whether there would be two guests or two dozen. Everybody kept open house and the out-of-town friends ate when they pleased. Every available bed in the house was made up fresh, and mother used to tell how she slept on the covered bathtub, and how John G. Whittier, coming upstairs to the room provided for him, met his young hostess bringing down a mattress on her head to spread on this improvised bedstead.

Speaking of Yearly Meeting reminds one of the tale of Lucretia Mott and a rather bashful stranger from the countryside. Dear Mrs. Mott trying to make him feel at ease asked in her gentle fashion, 'Thee has never been married, Friend Thomas?' 'Oh! frequently, Lucretia,' he hastened to reply.

In her article Miss Thompson criticizes the grammar of the American Quakers. We do not say 'thee' for 'thou,' and our English Friends do not, and I protest in memory of similar protests made by my mother that we American Quakers do not say 'thee' for 'thy.' That we elide the word and drop the *y*, saying 'th' hat' for 'thy hat' I agree to, just as we all say 'm' hat' instead of 'my hat.'

If Miss Thompson still uses the 'plain language' and will watch herself she will find she does it that way. We all do.

MARY OTIS WILLCOX.

* * *

A distinguished appreciation in the domain of good manners.

BISMARCK, N. D.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

Lord Moulton's discourse on 'Law and Manners' in the July *Atlantic*, is a classical presentation of the case against the vice of overprescribing by legislative fiat what one shall or shall not do. We live in a welter of regulatory law. Though it voice the will of the majority it is often a prohibition from without against which we inwardly rebel. If civilization is a growing thing, if human betterment is a reality, if the individual will, and hence the social will, can be educated, then the trend must be toward a narrowing of this domain and an expansion of the domain of good manners. If human progress is a fact there will be an ever increasing obedience to the unenforceable. This progress will voice itself in a common desire to perform duty as earnestly as it demands rights. And when men recognize their duties as they do their rights a social balance is struck which ends the need for defining the boundaries of conduct by positive law. When one sees what he ought to do he has at least made a fair start toward obedience, and having had so much of insight it may be reasonably expected that he will have

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the accompanying taste to dictate the manner of the doing. Where one's conduct is a response to the promptings of his knowledge and moral sense and good taste, all the faculties of the mind and all the resources of the spirit must be called in solemn conclave to determine the course. He who obeys the unenforceable is wholly a man if he would be.

In the field of positive law he has no responsibility beyond obedience. But there is a sense in which there is law even in the domain of manners. Take Lord Moulton's illustration as to the exhibition of gallantry upon the sinking of the Titanic. Did not the exigencies of that moment make a law as definite and positive and inviolable as any ever dictated in imperial Rome? He who would have dared to exercise his freedom against the rule of that moment could not have lived in peace either with himself or with his fellows. In the truest sense good manners are instinctive, yet to lessen our burdens as social beings the conventions have been established, and though each is free to defy them, they are scarcely less positive than are the laws of state. Their penalties are as certain and little less severe. Yet it is in the domain of good manners that the intellectual and spiritual development of man will assert itself. Where men are free to act there is incentive to shape their conduct in the light of duty. This discourse is a distinct contribution to the philosophy of government, and its thought needs to be widely disseminated.

CLYDE L. YOUNG.

* * *

FOR MATHEMATICIANS ONLY! We assume no responsibility for spectators who handle these figures.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Years ago I was a land surveyor in Northern Michigan and I then knew that there were 43,560 square feet in an acre, just as I now know that π is 3.14159 and that there are 29,166⅔ ounces troy in a ton of 2000 pounds avoirdupois.

But last night when I turned the pages of the *Atlantic* to Mr. McAdie's article on 'How Big Is an Acre?' I couldn't remember the answer. I did remember that a 40-acre tract was a quarter of a mile square and that a quarter of a mile was 1320 feet, from which easily followed that a 660-foot square would contain 10 acres. So with a pencil I multiplied 660 by 66 on the margin of page 78 and got the answer 43,560.

Why all this talk of links that are 7.92 inches? Who ever thinks of them? A chain is 66 feet long and is divided, to suit Mr. McAdie's metric-loving-soul, into 100 links so as to save him from having to think of 7.92. Eighty chains equal a mile and a square mile contains 6400 square chains or 640 acres, so that 10 square chains equal one acre.

Mr. McAdie must have been stargazing so much that he thinks in light-years and does not realize that our Anglo-Saxon system of weights and measures is quite simple and workable and is so woven into our land system, our railways, our machines, and our machines for making machines, that it would cost us hundreds of millions of dollars and years of work to change over to a metric system.

I wonder if Mr. McAdie knows that all the standard bolts and nuts in German and French machinery, though given metric values, are in reality made to English inches and fractions thereof.

J. PARKE CHANNING.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'How many square feet to the acre?' It is a query that has faintly stirred within me the memory of early ordeals that, like mumps and measles, have long since yielded to health and happiness.

The mensuration tables cited by Mr. McAdie have left no rancor in my heart. There were indeed perches and roods and rods and poles (immeasurably suggestive of fishing paraphernalia); but links and chains — here the curtains of my memory refold, or I would appear to be no longer coping with mathematics but with the moralities and Samson Agonistes at the hands of Mr. Jackson of the S. M. E. afternoon Sunday school.

Nevertheless, from another recess of my mind, there comes the saying of my father before me; if I had (presumably in driving the cows home from pasture) traversed the perimeter of a 'forty' (a quadrilateral comprising forty acres, be it known) I should have walked a mile. This, if true, appears to bear a relation to the problem before me! Can it be that I shall circumvent the links and shackles of Mr. McAdie? Another voice whispers to me that there are still, presumably, 5280 feet to the mile. This, too, I shall coördinate!

If, in the pleasant language of all the geometries, a fourth of a mile is a round and even 1320 feet, then it follows that this number squared and divided by forty, should (and in fact fortunately does) give the same answer, 43,560 square feet, as the one at which Mr. McAdie so ingeniously arrives.

Yet what matter to the mind of the usual gentle reader? This will be the first disturbance that his el Flemish and el English, his tierces and butts and hogsheads and scruples have suffered since his own early miseries. Should we

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not even tenderly cover once again their uncouth proportions, their frowning yet impotent brows?

Requiescant in pace!

C. P. CRUMB.

* * *

Of the many scores of grateful letters which we have forwarded to Glenn Clark, none rings more true than this.

AUGUST 11, 1924.

DEAR EDITOR, —

I want to thank somebody for Glenn Clark's article on prayer in the August *Atlantic*. I had that magazine, and that only, by me a week ago last Saturday, both before and after our baby girl was born. Those two articles were the first I read after she came. When I had finished the second one, the thought came so strongly to me that there was no message in Kirsopp Lake's article on that day for me, while 'The Soul's Sincere Desire' was as comforting and reassuring as the promise that had sung in my heart since morning, 'For lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.'

I don't know why I bother you with such confidences, unless it be that when an author shares his most intimate experiences with his readers, it inspires an answering desire to do likewise on the part of those readers.

G. A.

* * *

The jury sitting on Burnham Hall's case numbers apparently some hundreds of thousands. Judging from a multitude of letters their verdict will not be unanimous.

WOLCOTT, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR, —

I have just read Burnham Hall's 'Shall I Divorce My Wife?' Your footnote — 'This paper is, of course, an absolutely true record' — I assume, is to be accepted at its face value. Without this concise editorial statement, I should have regarded the article as fiction — really clever fiction and worthy of publication in the *Atlantic*, even though overdrawn. But it is fact, you state; and fact, of course, submits to no artistic restraints.

Here we have an anæmic, introspective, hair-splitting old maid in trousers, with whom no normal, red-blooded woman could live a year and retain her self-respect. He is devoid of whole-souled indignation and incapable of self-forgetting generosity; he hems, and haws, and hesitates; he is neither hot nor cold, and, like the Laodiceans, should be spued out.

Were the article a creation of fiction, we should say the author showed bad taste in representing a character as shying at pillorying his wife as an adultress in court, while, for a stipend, pillorying her to the extent of seven and one-half pages, in a magazine of international circulation. Of course, he pillories himself; but of that he is, no doubt, supremely unconscious.

In that case it would be merely bad taste (on the author's part); but for a human being — to do this thing —

Faugh! You say, 'We believe that Burnham Hall's question will unlock a store of understanding and sympathy.'

For his wife? Yes.

ROE L. HENDRICK.

GRAND ISLAND, NEB.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

After reading the article by Burnham Hall, 'Shall I Divorce My Wife?' I had a distinct feeling of regret that the wife does not desire to be his wife 'until death do us part,' and of a certain admiration for a man who remains so loyal under conditions that take from him his wife and child. Would there be any comfort for him in the belief that the child will suffer far less because of his attitude than many children of divorced parents?

I speak from experience. I was just graduating from high school when my father and mother were divorced. The shock of knowing that the father whom I had run blocks to greet as a child had been unfaithful to mother hurt most intensely. But torment followed in the next few years when some queer twist in mother's mind, perhaps some likeness of myself to father, more than any other child possessed, caused her to continually reproach me with having a good mind but no morals, of being like my father. This continued until I sometimes felt that I could laugh at a God who tortured one with high ideals and yet made them forever unattainable. If the Great Potter made the pottery so imperfect, with no possibility of improvement, had He the right to reject and condemn?

If the things mother said were true, then I would be robbed of all hope. It seemed to burn in my brain. Yet at last there came some understanding of why and how the marriage had failed. To-day I would rather take some of father's ideas of a happy home than mother's. He would be, with all his faults, more charitable and no less appreciative of fidelity and goodness.

The author of the article may some day receive his recompense in the faith of his daughter, for preserving her faith in her mother, and in their lack of bitterness toward each other. As she grows into womanhood, that may mean more than I can say.

A. S.

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